

Miscellaneous Writings,
IN
VERSE and PROSE,
BOTH
Serious and Comical,

CONTAINING,
Twenty One excellent Poems upon very
diverting Subjects.

ALSO
Several pleasant Letters upon various Occa-
sions both in Town and Country.
With Merry Observations and Predictions
upon every Month, and every remarkable
Day throughout the Year.

By Mr. EDWARD WARD.

VOL. III.

The Second Edition, with large Additions
and Amendments.

L O N D O N :

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M DCC XII.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILIP H. RAVEN

CHICAGO, ILL.

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TO AN
Anonymous Worthy Gentleman,
A
LOYAL SUBJECT,
A
GOOD PATRIOT,
AND A
True Churchman.

S I R,

Pardon me that I am bold to assure you, it is not the Vanity of acquainting you I am become an Author, or an Ambition of perswading the World to believe I have any just pretence to shelter my mean Performances, under the Protection of so Judicious a Patron, that are the Motives which induce me to this freedom: for I am too sensible, the latter is an Honour too great for so indifferent a Poet to plead the least Title to.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Therefore, Sir, I most humbly entreat you to be thorowly convinc'd, That nothing but a grateful remembrance of the Benefits I have receiv'd in my greener Years, from your most worthy Family, could have push'd me on to this boldness; which I am fearful will appear to you as a surprising Presumption, beyond all excuse; for I have nothing to offer in my own Defence, but that I could not suffer the deep Engagements I am under, to the Benefactors of my Youth, to pass away in Silence, and lie bury'd in Oblivion, without the blackest Ingratitude.

Nor could I indeed (without the greatest dissatisfaction to my own Conscience) have escap'd this publick Opportunity of most thankfully acknowledging, with all Humility, the indissoluble Obligations I am under (for the best and greatest share of my youthful Education) to that Beneficent and Noble Lady, from whose Illustrious Veins, as well as from your Fathers, you have not only deriv'd that ancient Blood, but likewise those excellent Qualities which have universally procur'd you the venerable

ble

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ble Character of a *True English Gentleman*.

I must confess, I had only the Honour to know you in the tenderest of your Years, tho', at that time, your early Spring produc'd all the promising appearances of those Masculine Vertues, which since (according to the great Examples of your Noble Ancestors) you have carefully improv'd to such manifest Perfection, that your Character is become a concise History of all Worthy Actions, and Generous Resolutions, notwithstanding the Industry of a Factious Race, to pervert, with envious Calumnies, your late good Intentions, which, at that time of Day was not only a piece of justifiable Conduct, but an Undertaking so highly approv'd by all *True Churchmen*, that the Memory of it, in spite of Malice, will always shine as an unextinguishable Glory round your other Vertues, when the mercenary Proceedings, and slavish Compliances of your detracting Opposers, shall be number'd among the Actions of the Wicked, and be odious in the Nostrils of all Posterity.

If a hearty Zeal for the Security of that
Church

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Church by which you hope to be fav'd, and a just and faithful Regard for the Welfare of your Native Country, in which, during this Life, you also hope to be happy, can be a diminution to the Merit of a true *English* Worthy, and a good Patriot, then may those Heroick Vertues, which have hitherto made you Famous, be by every designing Miscreant justly call'd in Question; and a *Grubstreet* List, under the villanous Comments of a mercenary Scribler, be held as a sufficient Authority for every mistaken Idiot and malicious Scoundrel to fally the Reputations of the best and wisest of Men, should they Act but opposite to the Sentiments of the misjudging Crowd, who are always too forward to pelt their faucy Calumnies at the brightest Characters: But still the danger of such Usage will never deterr a Noble Spirit from an earnest Prosecution of any Branch of his Duty, which he is convinc'd in his own Conscience to be both Just and Honourable: For the Malice of ill Tongues cast upon a good Man, is only like a mouthful of Smoke blown upon a Diamond, which,
tho'

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tho' it clouds its Beauty for the present,
yet it is easily rub'd off, and the Gem re-
stor'd with little trouble to its genuine
Lustre.

Pardon me, Sir, that I take this Liberty,
which I hope you will ascribe only to the
great Zeal and Veneration I am bound to
have for all that are honour'd with the
Name of -----: And that you will
not believe I have the Vanity to think the
deform'd Off-springs of my unpolish'd
Muse can in the least be worthy of so ex-
cellent a Patron. I therefore only beg you
to accept the following Trifles, as an hum-
ble acknowledgment of all the past Favours
I have receiv'd from your Family, on whose
behalf (most worthy Sir) I entreat you to
admit of these publick Thanks from him,
who, with all submission, begs leave to
subscribe himself,

S I R,

Your most Humble,

Dutiful, and

Obedient Servant,

EDWARD WARD.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

NEVER were Times more difficult and dangerous for the Sons of the Muses to be sporting in, than at this present; for formerly they had no other Enemies to dread but the By-blows of Apollo, called Criticks; who, because of their Illegitimacy, having no just Claim to the Inheritance of Parnassus, were always quarrelling with their Half-Brethren the Poets, about who had the best Title; proving as Vexatious to the true Off-spring, as Wasps and Drones are to the winged Family of Industrious Honey-suckers: But now the Criticks have suffer'd their ancient Property to be so far invaded, that they have utterly lost the Right of Censure; and every Poetical Flirt, that us'd to receive its Doom according to their Judgment, must now run the hazard of a worse Sentence, and be try'd by its Twelve Godfathers; yet I hope there will be nothing found in the following Collection, that will be thought worth a Fury-man's while to put his Conscience to the stretch.

If any body should wonder why I cou'd some of the Poems under such surprising Titles, I must
needs

The PREFACE.

needs tell 'em, I borrow'd my Method from our Moorfields Conjurers, who use their utmost Art to put on a terrible Countenance, that every body that gazes on their Outsides may think the Devil is in 'em; and they undoubtedly find it a very useful Policy; for I have commonly observ'd, that he thrives the best, and has his Door most crowded, that can look most frightful. I must either impose a Falsity upon the World, or else honestly confess, it is for the same Reasons that I have often amus'd the Town with such affrightning Satyrs, that have grin'd more terribly in the Face, than the Sign of a Saracen's-Head; yet their Insides have been as Morally Honest as a Bridewel-Beadle's, that never whip'd any body but those that truly deserv'd it; so that I hope no sanctify'd Reader will condemn any part of the Inside, for the sowre Aspect of a Title-Page, lest he makes himself equally guilty with that severe Judge, that should hang an honest Man for his Ill-Looks.

Perhaps it may be expected I should raise a Bulwark of Defence against the World's Ill-nature, and justify all the Errors I have committed, by the venerable Authority of some Ancient Bard, perhaps as guilty as myself; and so, by his Learned Example, perswade our Poetical Antiquaries to believe, that what some Readers may think to be my greatest Faults, are the only Beauties of the Work that deserve Commendation. Poetry, in this Case, is not unlike the Law, for both have a great many ill Precedents, that the Masters of either Science can trump up upon occasion, when they want to serve
their

The PREFACE.

their own Turns, by putting a blind upon the Publick: However, as to my part, I shall use no such Artifice to palliate my Failings; but let them run the Gantlet naked thro' the World, that every Firker of the Muses, that has less Wit than Ill-nature, may out with his Cat-a-nine-tails and Firk the Author till he's weary. Tho' I would have every Gentleman consider, (that has but as much Mercy as a Woodstreet Serjeant) that Blunders in Poetry are like Spots in the Moon, the longer you look at them the bigger they seem; therefore I would advise the Reader, when he finds a Blot in my Scutcheon, not to dwell too long upon it; for if he should, it may prove, without Jest, very hurtful to us both: For, in the first place, the Time that he wastes to so little purpose, will be but ill spent; and for every Error he magnifies, I that am the Author shall be but the worse thought on: So that at once he does but lavish away those Minutes that might be better employ'd, and myself lose that Reputation that might be better preserv'd.

*Considering the Necessitous Sphere that a Poet commonly moves in, I believe no Man, for the sake of his Function, is, at this time of Day, so pester'd as they are, with unmerciful Enemies: The most formidable of all, and those that we dread most, ought (by the Authority they hold, and the Title that they bear) to be the Fathers of the Scribes, because they more particularly precide over that unhappy Fraternity, who, tho' they are much blam'd of late for being ungracious Children, yet may they justly say by their Parent, as an honest Poet said by
the*

The P R E F A C E.

the Church of Rome, only turning the Word Mater,

Crudelis pater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque pater.

And indeed if they continue their Severity, they will force every Author in his turn, to say with another honest Brother of the Quill.

Ingenio perii, qui miser ipse meo?

Poets have another sort of Enemies, that lie skulking about in Ambush, and wound 'em so insensibly, that an Author shall often find an Arrow in his Side, and yet never discover who it was let fly at him. By these a Man may justly say, as Cesar did by the Scythians, viz. That they are harder to find out than they are to conquer. But the most implacable Enemies are those, who being troubled with a scribbling Itch, seek to raise a Reputation to themselves, by raking into the little Slips and Failings of other Mens Writings; in hopes, by piling up their Rubbish, to build a Monument of Praise to themselves, as a Reward for their unthankful Labours; wherein they seldom fail to exhibit more Ill-nature, than either Wit or Judgment. These are generally such indefatigable Teazers, that they are never tir'd with Contention: So that we may say by one of these, as Hannibal said by Marcellus, viz. That he would never be at quiet either Conqueror or Conquered,

The PREFACE.

As for my part, I have always that respect for the Sons of the Muses, as never to interrupt them in their peaceable Enjoyments : And I am of this Opinion, that I have not far'd the worse for it. Nor am I at all partial to the Failings of other Authors, thro' a fear of having my own expos'd, tho' I am sensible they are many; but out of a Moral Duty of using others as I would be us'd myself; for having often consider'd this demand of Claudian, viz.

Nonne mori satius, vitæ quam ferre pudorem?

I have from thence concluded it a piece of Inhuman Cruelty, to cast that Shame upon another, which is worse than Death itself : But that it is a common Practice among some Penmen, any body may convince themselves by the scandalous Invectives they are daily pelting at each other; as if they aim'd at no other Victory, but who should gain the Honour of being accounted the most compleat Billingsgate : A Character that, I must confess, makes some Men dreaded more than the Pestilence.

I have nothing to say in behalf of the following Collection, for these Reasons, viz. If what is contain'd therein be tolerably done, (like good Wine that needs no Bush) they will recommend themselves : If they are not, I should show myself a worse Fool to Justify 'em, than I was to Write 'em : Therefore I am willing to abide by the Judgment of the Publick, to whose Censure I heartily submit 'em, without the fear of Blame, or hope of Praise.

So farewell.

*The AUTHOR to the READER,
upon this Second Edition.*

I Have reason to suspect, from some Clamours I have heard against the Title of the first Poem, which was call'd, in the first Edition, *A Journey to H---* : or, *A Visit paid to the D-----*, that 'tis a very wicked Age we live in, since the very Name of *Hell* and the *Devil* are such wonderful Scare-crows to a parcel of Puritanical Fornicators, which, if they had been oftner put in mind of His Infernal Worship, and his dreadful Dominions, might have been a means, for ought I know, of frightening 'em from a Licentious and Wicked Life, into more Honesty and Vertue. Words in themselves are no more than Marks, by which we signify or express the Conceptions of our own Minds, or raise up Ideas of the things we represent in others.

Therefore to put the World in mind of *Hell* and the *Devil*, in a justifiable Way, representing both as terrible as the narrowness of my Capacity would give me leave, I hope can be no Fault, since it is reasonable enough to believe, the dread of Eternal Punishment deterrs more People from an Ill Life, than the hope of Everlasting Happiness induces to a Good One; for we may observe the weakness of Humane Nature to be such, that the fear of Wracks and Tortures have often brought Offenders and Conspirators to a Confession of their Guilt, when the Promise of Reward would not tempt them to a Discovery : And almost every Man may find, who will but examine himself, or observe others, that Prosperity

The Author to the Reader.

rity in this World does not so much elevate a Man, as Adversity depresses him; Pleasure does not so much affect us as Pain, which makes us more watchful to avoid the one, than industrious to obtain the other. declare my Intention to be good, and those that look into the Design without Prejudice must allow it to be so: But as for such kind of zealous Shop-Criticks, who are afraid to peep into a Book because they see the *Devil* in the Title-Page, I must needs tell 'em, it savours more of ridiculous Preciseness and Hypocrisy, than it does of true Zeal or good Judgment; and I think they deserve as much to be laugh'd at for being angry with the Title, upon that Account, as the Lady did for burning her Bed upon another, which affording something of a Jest, I'll proceed to the Story. In the Times of Confusion, when the Sword had cut down the Scepter, Purity knock'd down the Church, and a High-Court of Justice had destroy'd both Law and Equity, there happen'd then to be a very Devout Lady, who number'd herself amongst the prevailing Saints, and would not suffer any thing that had been polluted to harbour under her Roof; the more to strengthen her in her Religious Exercises and Heavenly Meditations, she kept a thumping lusty Precisian in her House, which she call'd her Chaplain, who was always wonderful busy in watching the Lambs of Grace in the Family, that they might not Err and Stray like lost Sheep; and at last happen'd, by his vigilance, to discover a Man-Servant and a Maid-Servant upon a Bed together, in very close Conjunction, and running presently to the good Lady, brought her to the Key-hole of the Door to be an Eye-witness of the Matter, who seeing such an Abomination committed in her House, call'd out to 'em with all impatience to open the Door, and for a Couple of unsanctify'd Wretches

The Author to the Reader.

Wretches to depart her House, which she fear'd would fall under some heavy Judgment for so vile a Transgression: Their business being done, in Obedience to their Lady's Commands, they drew the Bolt, and the enrag'd good Gentlewoman, with the assistance of her Holy Servant, turn'd 'em out into the Street by Head and Shoulders; which being done, they consulted together how they should punish the defiled Bed, for assisting them in their Wickedness, at last concluded it should be burnt, which was done accordingly; who should come by, when the sinful Utensils were in Flames, but the Fellow who had been the Transgressor, and being inform'd what the Fire was made on, *Egad*, says he, *they might as well have burnt all the Beds in the House, and most of the Chairs to boot; for there are none of the one, and very few of the other, but what, to my Knowledge, have been privy to the same business.*

I only give this Story as an Instance of the unaccountable Folly and Blindness of some Folks Zeal; for if every Bed was to be burnt that has been thus polluted, and every Book to be suppress'd that has *Hell* or the *Devil's* Name in it, our Libraries would be very thin, and our Houses but indifferently Furnish'd; besides, as to the latter, the drift of the whole *Poem* being to detect and Scourge the Frauds and Wickedness of Men, I say, they may as well Censure most Sermons preach'd in the Nation, wherein the same Bugbear Words are us'd with a good Intention. But however, because such Persons should not be Offended, I have, in this Edition, alter'd the Title to the *Infernal Vision*.

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The

The Infernal Vision.

A

SATYR:

PART I.

CANTO I.

WHEN Western Clouds involv'd the
God of Light,
And all the Eastern starry Orbs look'd
bright;

When Sots their Tavern Bacchanals begun,
And *Thetis* at a draught drank up the Sun;

Whilst *Luna* with her silver Horns drew near,

To bless the Night, and bear Dominion here;

'Twas then that I, my better self, my Soul,
Broke loose, and thro' my Prison Casements stole,

B

An

And glad I'd shifted off my Earthly Chains,
Danc'd like a flaming Vapour round the Plains.
Thro' Brakes, and over Whirly-Pools I flew,
'Till tir'd with only superficial View;
Then into subterranean Holes I div'd,
Where Badger, Fox, and sundry Vermin liv'd;
Where Moles were lab'ring to enlarge their Homes,
And buzzing Bees made Musick o'er their Combs.
Then farther darted thro' the porous Earth,
To seek that Womb whence Nature had her Birth,
But found the hidden Mystery too great,
And for a human Soul too intricate:
Causes with sundry Causes mix'd I found,
Each Matrix did with proper Seeds abound;
But why those Seeds their likeness shou'd produce,
Their Form preserve, be still the same in use,
My shallow Reason neither saw or knew,
But found each Cause did the Decrees pursue,
Of some eternal Pow'r beyond dim Reason's view.
Thro' deeper Caverns still I forc'd my way,
Where useless Dregs of the old Chaos lay,
Involv'd in Night, remote, and never seen by Day.
Where Plagues and Pestilential Fumes were pent,
Till Heav'ns Decree should give 'em fatal vent:

Whe

Where greater Serpents do the less devour,
And, Human-like, contend for Sov'reign Pow'r:
Where Streams thro' subterranean Channels run,
And fight with Winds far distant from the Sun;
Whose violent Shocks the Earth can scarce survive,
Whilst Mountains tremble at the Strokes they give.
And where Heaven's Judgments in subjection lay,
Ready the dreadful Trumpet to obey,
And work the World's destruction at the last sad Day.
Thus thro' Nights deep Avenues did I pass,
Where all was rude as in the uniform'd Mass,
Thro' Death's obscure Apartments then I went,
Where ghastly Sprites their Follies past lament,
And in despairing Sighs such Discord make,
That none could hear but of their Grief partake,
Dreading from thence their sad remove each Hour,
To endless Pains, where Time shall be no more.
So the poor Thief, when seiz'd for his Offence,
Finds his own Conscience Judge and Evidence.
And thus, before he to the Bar shall come,
Dreads, with sad Terror, his succeeding Doom.

I forward press'd, bemoaning of their Case,
Freed from my Clay, Death ask'd me for no Pass,
Thus

Thus boldly shot the Adamantine Gates,
Without repulse, unquestion'd by the Fates,
Who busie fate, with Distaff, Reel, and Knife,
Spining and cutting Man's short Threads of Life.
O'er scorching Sands, where fiery Seeds lay hid,
I travell'd till the *Avernuan* Hills I spy'd, (wide.
High were their gloomy Heads, the trodden Pathas
I ventur'd forwards till to *Styx* I came,
Which shone like humid Vapours in a flame ;
Its poysonous Fumes so fatal and impure,
None, lest immortal, could their stench endure.
I stood a while, and ponder'd by the Lake,
Upon the frightful Voyage I had still to take.

C A N T O II.

My Resolutions now much stronger grew,
My first Intentions to at last pursue,
Charon I call'd his leaky Boat to Freight,
Who in's infernal Pinnacle nodding fate :
Hearing a Voice he started, and with speed,
Drag'd his old rotten Bark from Mud and Weed :
With painful pulls he brought her to the Shore,
Black with the Guilt of those he'd waisted o'er.

The grisly Churl ask'd whither I wou'd go,
Up to *Elizium*, or the Shades below.
I told him, I to *Pluto's* Court was bound,
Where restless Souls amidst their Pains are found.
The frowning Pilot finding me alone,
E'en bid me wait, for he'd not carry One.
'Twas I, said he, this Ferry first began,
And held it ever since the Fall of Man,
But never yet, as *Pluto* knows full well,
E'er wafted o'er a single Soul to Hell.
On Earth of what Employment could'st thou be,
Who com'st so destitute of Company:
Hard was thy Fate, to these dark Shades unknown,
Thou art the first that e'er was damn'd alone.

I heard his Quèries, but no Answer made,
And what he further ask'd did still evade,
Using such Words, that with him might prevail,
To take his Fare on Board and hoist up Sail.
But all my soft Perswasions would not make
The grim Tarpaulin his old Custom break,
Who gently row'd his Ferry to and fro,
Bauling aloud, *Hey, downward, downward ho.*

Thus for more Company being forc'd to wait,
Upon the Bank, amongst the Weeds, I sat,
And looking round me, at a distance saw,
A loit'ring Crowd towards *Charon's* Ferry draw:
They gently crept along, oft seem'd to stay,
Then paus'd a little, as if bound my way:
So the Wretch, drove to suffer for his Crime,
Now steps, then stops, to lengthen out the Time.

Charon look'd out, the Multitude drew nigh,
P--- on 'em, says the Churl, this footy fry
Are Lawyers Souls, I know them by their dye.
Close to the *Stygian* Banks at last they came,
Some showing signs of Sorrow, some of Shame:
Despair and Anguish in their Looks I read,
Each did his sultry unknown Voyage dread;
And Transport-like, would rather have been drown'd,
Than see the slavish Shore to which they're bound.
Charon pull'd near, but grumbl'd in the Throat,
Your pondrous Ills will never let me float, (Boat.)
You always come in Crowds, enough to sink my
If Hell in such Course Traffick means to Trade,
Pluto must get a stronger Vessel made:

Part I. *The Infernal Vision.*

7

But come, step in, and do not make me stay,
Pray trim the Boat, whilst I my Stretcher lay.

Then in we hobbl'd from a steep Descent,
Hoisted up Sail, and on our way we went ;
I, not confin'd by the Decree of Fate,
Among the fighting Crew with pleasure sat,
Bearing some glim'rings of celestial Light,
With them compar'd, look'd innocent and bright,
Asth'tan'd Mariner 'mongst *Negro* Slaves looks white.
My Soul was light, and they so weighty were,
We held no poize, made *Charon* curse his Fare.
Who pull'd and puff'd, still roar'd with open Throat,
W-nds move your Shades, and better trim the Boat,
The Larboard Gunhil's almost under Water ;
For me, the Devil waft such Fares hereafter.
My Soul, considering her diviner Air,
No ballance with their heavy Crimes could bear ;
Into the Stern, to please the Looby, went,
And trim'd the Ferry to the Churl's Content,
Which *Charon* skull'd a head with mighty pains,
Deep Laden as a Western Barge from *Stains*.
Downwards our Course, and as more way we made,
The rocky Beach still loftier rais'd its Head ;

Whose thiftly Product all look'd parch'd and dry,
Like Weeds long how'd that in the Sun-shine lye;
Vapours condens'd hung low'ring o'er each Head,
And sporting Dæmons round the Vessel play'd;
Night-Ravens, Bats, and Screech-Owls now drew near,
To give old *Charon*, as he pass'd, a Chear; (Ear.
And with their horrid Shrieks alarm'd each frighted
Mix'd with the Groans of filthy Souls from Stews,
Condemn'd to Fetters in the stinking Owse.
Thus the black Judge such Punishment contrives,
As bears proportion to their odious Lives.
Serpents, like River-fish, their freaks would take,
And skip above the surface of the Lake;
Where Furies came from their more curs'd abodes,
To catch and bundle up their snaky Rods.

Charon now tir'd, his labouring Oar forsook,
A Dram of some infernal Spirits took,
And 'twixt his Jaws a Pipe of flaming Sulphur stuck;
Then to his Oars himself again apply'd,
And to his Fare the merry Slave thus cry'd,
Chear up, ye sullen Shades, and be not dull;
(Then adding strength, he gave a strenuous pull;)

You who'n the upper World, in long delays
Of Justice, and in Quarrels spent your Days,
Hold up your drooping Heads, more Courage show,
Than fear th' immortal Discords here below.

You that have pass'd the Adamantine Gates,
Grim King of Terrors, and the moody Fates,
Shake off your cowardly Fears, and with a Grace
Look the stern Prince of Darkness in the Face.

They shook their Ears, and signs of Horror show'd,
Great their Déspair, and great their sinful load :
Their guilty Forms no comfort cou'd receive,
Or could they one defensive Answer give,
But hung their thoughtful Heads, look'd *Al-a-mort*,
Like fullen Convicts in a *Tyburn*-Cart.

By this time to a narrow Gulph we came,
The Lake descending in a rapid Stream ;
Darkness all round above our Heads was set,
Lock'd in with Mountains in conjunction met ;
Where clacks of Whips, and distant Yells were heard,
But nothing seen, Night only here appear'd.
This Current brought us to the deep Abyfs,
Unknown to Light, to Harmony, and Peace,

Where

Where Souls the painful Stings of Conscience bear,
And nothing dwells but Horror and Despair.
B'ing come to th' brink of the Infernal Cell,
Our Pilot steering to the Wharf of Hell,
Landed his Fare, and bid us all farewell.

C A N T O III.

Now put on Shore upon the dismal Strand,
Where fiery Atoms sparkled from the Sand :
Sighing my Comrades stood, and made their moan,
Like Seamen Shipwreck'd on a Coast unknown,
Whilst I unforc'd had little cause to mourn,
But was commission'd safely to return.
Time prun'd his Wings, and hasten'd on with speed,
The dreadful Moment that the Gods decreed,
The drooping Wretches shou'd their entrance make
At Hell's Portcullis near the burning Lake.
Compel'd by the extrinsick Power of Fate,
The trembling Souls gave notice at the Gate,
Dreading those Torments which the Ills they'd done
Deserv'd, and was not in their power to shun.
Cerberus growl'd, his Three-tone Snarl we heard,
The Chain he rattled, and the Gate unbarr'd,

To *Pluto's* Court we thus admitted were,
 Dusky his Mansions, sultry hot the Air :
 The Door shut after's with a frightful Clap,
 That none from those sad Confines should escape:
 Fetters and Links did at a distance clink ;
 Sad Howls we heard, and nothing smelt but Stink,
 Nauseous as are the Fumes of smothering Straw,
 Great heat we felt, and gloomy Fires we saw,
 Sparkling like burning Piles of Turf or Peat,
 Whilst groaning Souls lay basking in the Heat.

My sad Companions were receiv'd by throngs
 Of envious Spirits, arm'd with fiery Prongs,
 Who clap'd their pointed Wings, and with a Yell,
 Gave 'em a dreadful Welcome into Hell,
 And led 'em Captive to a loathsome Cell ;
 Whilst I some Rays of Innocence diffus'd,
 Unquestion'd pass'd, by all the Guards excus'd :
 So he that visits *Bridewell*, with intent
 To Vertue learn from others Punishment,
 Does fearless thro' the Prison confines rove,
 Whilst guilty Slaves are to Correction drove.

Vast streams of melted Minerals ran down,
 Twixt glowing Banks of Adamantine Stone,

Roar-

Roaring like Cataracts on ev'ry side,
Flowing with violence, like an eager Tide :
VWhere Souls unpity'd were condemn'd to dwell,
VWhil'st Heav'ns without controul, or Hell is Hell.
They plow'd the fiery Surges to get free,
But sunk again, like Monsters in the Sea,
Or as a drowning Wretch born down by Destiny. }

Near these were punish'd in Ignifluous Vaults,
The greatest Spirits for the biggest Faults :
VWhere I with pity and amazement view'd,
Princes of old, once stil'd so Great and Good,
Held so Immaculate, so all Divine,
That Gods could scarce with greater Glories shine ;
High in the State, victorious in the Field,
Abroad had Conquer'd, and at Home had Kill'd ;
VWise in their Conduct, and approv'd their Cause,
Mighty in Pow'r, and equal in Applause :
Flatter'd on Earth by Poets and by Priests,
Yet doom'd at last to be Infernal Guests :
How much, thought I, do we mistake above,
VWho esteem Pow'r a mark of Heaven's Love.

VWhen thus I saw their grand Fatigues on Earth,
Their Noble Spirits and illustrious Birth,

Their

Their glorious Bloodshed in the wreaking Field,
For Crowns, or to enlarge Dominion, spill'd;
Resistless Arms, and Arbitrary sway,
Compelling ruin'd Countries to obey,
Their dangerous Battels, which they once might boast,
Crown'd with Success, by no ill-fortune cross'd,
Were punish'd here as Princely Ills, too great
For common sinful Slaves to perpetrate.

Some Crimson Hero's painted o'er with Blood,
Storming amidst their sweating Torments stood,
Rail'd against Kingdoms they had basely won,
And raving curs'd each sanguine Ill they'd done.
Exclaim'd against the harsh decrees of Fate,
And wish'd they had been Good instead of Great.

Thus Tyrants, who so lordly once appear'd,
Who rush'd at all, no God or Devil fear'd,
In these dark Regions are compel'd to know,
Tho' th' Rul'd above, they must Obey below,
And change that Splendor which deceiv'd the Croud,
For endless Pains and Cries in vain aloud.
So the proud Combatants, before they fell,
Look'd bright in Heav'n, but now look black in Hell.
Others

Others thro' moody Pride despis'd thèir Chains,
And bore with sullen hardiness their Pains,
Slighted their Sufferings, patient stood and mute,
As N-----l P-----n when tortur'd with the Boot ;
Whilst some bemoan'd their *Doom*, their Crimes expos'd,
And in deep Sighs their sad Despair disclos'd.
VVhose cow'rdly Souls bewail'd their wretched state
And beg'd for Mercy, but, alas, too late :
Railing at *Eve*, on her the blame they laid,
VVho to such Miseries had her Sons betray'd,
Cursing the time they were Immortal made.

From thence I wander'd to a stately Porch,
VVhere Carbuncles supply'd the Light of Torch :
Flashes of Fire they darted from on high,
Like Beams of Light'ning from a stormy Sky.
This Entry to a spacious Cavern led,
VVhere Azure Lamps with Oil of Sulphur fed.
Hung blinking round the subterranean Hall,
Num'rous as Beauties at a Prince's Ball,
But dim as Tapers at an Emperor's Funeral.
I gaz'd around, and at a distance off,
Saw Adamantine Pillars prop the Roof,

Compos'd of Coral, whose igniscent Red,
 Shone like forg'd Bars on Vulcan's Anvil laid,
 Beset with Gems that made a glorious show,
 And orient Pearl adorn'd the sides below;
 With Furies, Whips, and Prongs Infernal grac'd,
 Which were like Arms in a Guard-Chamber plac'd.
 Fearless I walk'd, still further did intrude,
 And *Pluto's* Palace with amazement view'd,
 Till to a Bar at th' upper-end I came,
 Gilded with Fire, and burnish'd o'er with Flame;
 Within whose Bounds was held th' Infernal Court,
 Without stood ghastly Prisoners *Al-a-mort* :
 Whilst *Radamanthus*, on his Judgment-seat,
 Like an old *Bridewel-Judge*, sat gravely Great.
 Awarding Pains proportion'd to the Sin
 Of Souls condemn'd, by *Pluto's* Guards brought in,
 From mighty *Jove's* High Court of Justice sent,
 As Convicts to receive their Punishment.
 Fresh enter'd Sinners made the Fiends new sport,
 Who haul'd th' unwilling wretches into Court,
 As Serjeants when their Prey want Coin or Bail,
 Lug the poor Prisoner headlong to a Goal.

C A N T O IV.

A Train of vicious Priests did first draw near,
Guarded as Crim'nals to a Sessions-Bar ; (Bands,
In Mourning Cloaks, and Gowns, great Coats and
With brainless Heads, grave Looks, and craving Hands,
For Spirits by report of old, appear
In the same Shape they did, when living, wear :
Or else when Goblins, being vex'd and crost,
At Midnight rove from Pillar unto Post,
How shou'd the frighted Bumpkin know his Neigh-
bour's Ghost ?

A prating Devil rises, and at large
Opens before the Court the following Charge.

The Culprits at the Bar, nor learn'd, nor wise,
Wanting the fear of Heaven before their Eyes,
Have with a carnal Weapon call'd the Tongue,
Abus'd what's righteous, and maintain'd what's wrong.
Wounded Religion, and oppos'd the Truth,
And with their Rhet'rick maim'd and cripp'd both,
Did also in their Lives too plainly shew
They ne'er would practice what they taught or knew

But by their Sins on Earth made Mortals think,
Their only Duty was to Eat and Drink.
On Pigs and Geese luxuriously they fed,
By humble Peasants at their Grounds laid :
Who were themselves content with Bread & Cheese,
Small-Beer, Skim-Milk, and such mean Fare as these,
Yet labour'd hard to keep their wanton Guides in ease :
Who Carous'd daily, did on Dainties Dine,
Squeezing each Bigots Cubbord, and his Vine,
As if their God was Meat, and Paradise was Wine.
And when they'd rais'd their Lust by luscious Food,
In hopes t'encrease the Pious Canting Brood,
To kiss the Godly Dame was held divinely Good.
Further, they would with things unjust comply
For Gain, and ask no other reason why :
Preach *Pro* and *Con*, with any Faction side,
To gain their Ends, and gratifie their Pride :
Yet made the Ign'rant by their Cant believe,
They could assurance of Salvation give,
To all that pin'd their Faith upon their Pastor's
The Rules they taught, their very Lives defy'd,
Enjoying all, to others they deny'd.
The Rich they envy'd, and the Poor abus'd,
Extolling Charity, but none they us'd :

Affirm'd such Gifts would be by Heaven restor'd;
Rail'd at the Miser and his rusty hoard,
Yet never lent themselves one Penny to the Lord;
Thus did like strangers to Compassion live,
Coveting all things, but would nothing give.

As walking in the upper World one Day,
A lame poor Wretch stood begging in their way;
Great were his Wants, but their Neglects were such
He nocht'd down nineteen Teachers on his Crutch,
On whom the Vagrant did for succour call,
But got not one small Alms amongst 'em all.
The Cripple turn'd to's mumping Mate, says he,
If Charity, alas, be Heaven's Key,
How will these stingy Souls admittance get,
From whom we ne'er obtain'd one Farthing yet.
Poh, says the other, I have beg'd of many,
When young I was, but never got one Penny;
And now I've learn'd more Wit than e'er to beg of (any)

The Hypocrite they damn'd, and set at nought
Yet play'd the same thro' ev'ry Hour they taught
With Eyes turn'd up, as a Religious Grace,
They daily flatter'd Heaven to its Face;

And the good Name of Lord they bawl'd aloud,
More to amuse, than to instruct the Croud.
When all their thoughtless Nonsense spoke beside,
If by the touch of common Reason try'd,
Was something that just nothing signify'd,
Preach'd up Forgiveness with dissembl'd Zeal,
But Injur'd once, reveng'd it Tooth and Nail.
Many commit, but no Affronts would bear;
And when provok'd they so Contentious were,
That with Stiff Necks, and Hearts as hard as Rocks,
Rather than lose an Egg, they'd spend an Ox.
Deliv'ring each poor En'my to the Jaws
Of that wild Monster the devouring Laws:
Where Justice is too oft so dearly bought,
That the Wrong's doubled if redress be sought.
These are the Ills for which they're hither sent
By Heav'ns Decree, to receive Punishment;
Therefore, my Lord, it now remains that you,
Award their Souls such Pains as are their due.

The Judge arising did his Pow'r assume,
And gravely standing, thus pronounc'd their Doom:
Altho', says he, in different Robes you came,
I find your Ills are equally the same:

I decree therefore you alike shall feel,
A Tythe of all the Punishments in Hell ;
And as you, when you did on Earth reside,
The Poor neglected, who on Alms rely'd,
So shall you Mercy crave, but always be deny'd.
They nothing had on their behalfs to say,
But sighing, were by Furies drag'd away.

C A N T O V.

Before the next surprising Scene appear'd,
A noise of strange tumultuous Tongues I heard,
They nearer still approach'd, till grown as loud
As the base Murmurs of a Trait'rous Croud,
Rais'd by some Statesman's Tool, to perpetrate
Some ill Design against a sinking State.
At last in view there came a wond'rous Throng
Of fetter'd Convicts, all upon the Tongue :
Each to the other did confus'dly Prate,
Like tat'ling Gossips in a drunken Chat :
Or else like *Temple* Students when they call,
To fright the crasse Bench, *A Hall, a Hall.*
Grave Robes and Gowns of sundry sorts they wore
And many Badges of Distinction bore ;

Some old Grey-Heads, with Silk and Flax adorn'd,
Whose wrinkled Brows, as well as Toes, were corn'd,
By Wives too young for Sixty, yet too old
To lose Enjoyment for the sake of Gold.
Gouty and Lame these Sages limp'd along,
And were advanc'd the foremost in the Throng;
All seeming by their mercenary Looks
Cunning as Foxes, and as sharp as Hawks:
Their Palms look'd black, by taking Bribes of Coin,
As Slaves who labour in an *Indian* Mine:
Methoughts I heard 'em cry, Ne'er fear, go on,
My Fee, my Fee, your Bus'ness shall be done;
Money's the Life, the Spirit of the Laws,
Find me but that, and never doubt your Cause.
These were succeeded by the Clerks o' th' Court,
The lesser Scribes, that do the greatest hurt,
Whose woful earnest of a Ten Groats Fee,
First leads the Client in'o Misery:
Of these, some Beaus, and some precise in Bands,
With Parchment Rolls, like Truncheons in their hands;
Their Pockets stuff'd with Scrawls, like Poet Bays,
For expedition some, and some delays;
Under their Arms green Woollen Snap-sacks hung,
Fill'd with learn'd Instruments of Right and Wrong.

There follow'd next to these a spurious sort
Of Pettyfogs, meer Locusts of the Court,
Who often help the former to deceive,
And eat up what the bigger Vermin leave,
Some by their Shop-board looks were Taylors bred,
But broke, and on their Backs had scarce a Shred;
Not only in their Lives, but Looks were Knaves,
Litigious from their Cradles to their Graves.
Vers'd in those Querks, they felt, before they saw:
After long Troubles did themselves withdraw,
From making Sutes of Cloaths, to manage Suits of ^{(Law,}
Well knowing it requires an equal Skill,
To make a Lawyer's, or a Taylor's Bill.
Amongst this paltry Crew were Ten to One
Bred up to Trades, but by the Law undone:
And thus distress'd most equitably fought
Relief from that which had their Ruin brought:
Or else resolv'd, from being basely us'd,
T' abuse the Law, by which they'd been abus'd.
So the poor Wretch, who Witchcraft has endur'd,
If once she claws the envious Hag, she's cur'd.
Some in Frize-Coats, strait Wigs, and flapping Ha
Great Beards, and dirty Hands, like Counter-Ra

With Looks undaunted, at their Heels a Straw,
Bold Teasers and Tormenters of the Law :
Tho' all the knavish Knowledge they had in't,
Was learn'd i'th' *Fryars*, *Newgate*, or the *Mint* :
These, in each Cause, to manifest their Care,
Wou'd, if well brib'd, Solicit or Forswear :
Stand stilly to the Point, to let us see,
Their Clients should, by them, no Sufferers be.

Bailiffs and Hangmen did the next appear,
And Goalers too, were crowded in the Rear ;
Why these were mix'd, I ask'd, and 'twas because
These were the Plagues and Periods of the Laws,
Who all Mankind with equal Odium hate,
For Rog'ries done so despicably great.
These hung an Arse, and crept so slow along,
A Devil spur'd them forward with his Prong :
And at their Laziness with Rage inflam'd,
Cry'd, move you Rogues, walk faster, and be damn'd.
A Hangman angry at the gross Affront,
Turn'd back his Head, and answer'd him as blunt,
Why Rogue, and please your worship, what d'ye mean?
I have as honest as my Masters been :

I from all blame by Humane Laws am freed,
And only finish'd what the Court decreed :
What if some Wretches did unjustly die,
The Fault was not in me or my Employ ;
Those that Convicted 'em were R--s, not I.
These, tho' alike, by no means could agree,
Or to each Brother Villain civil be.
The Bailiffs on the Hangmen look'd awry,
Each Carnifex return'd an evil Eye,
As theatning to be with them by and by ;
Like Signs of Terror on their Brows did sit ;
One fear'd a Rope, the other fear'd a Writ ;
Mutual Aversions were on each entail'd,
From Bailiffs oft b'ing Hang'd, and Hangmen Goal'd.
'Twixt Fear and Hate they did each other greet,
As a poor Bankrupt, who by chance shall meet
The Creditor he's Cozen'd, in the Street.

When round th' Infernal Court the Croud were haul'd,
The first Division to the Bar were call'd ;
The Charge was handed down from mighty Jove,
Of which they'd all Convicted been above :
Silence was first proclaim'd in the Divan,
And Hell's Attorney-General thus began :

My Lord, the Grave, Wife Culprits at the Bar,
Who rais'd amongst Mankind perpetual War;
By some call'd Lawyers, and by some Be-knav'd,
Who by sly Querks the Upper-World enslav'd;
By subtile Means prolong'd each doubtful Cause,
Dug themselves Holes, and burrow'd in the Laws;
Tho' skill'd t' unravel Justice, yet instead
Of one just Act, a hundred Wrongs they did;
Till by ill use they were so Cruel grown,
They valu'd no Man's Welfare but their own:
By study'd Tricks would tedious Suits create,
And spin each Contest to a long Debate;
For other Persons plead, but get themselves the ^{(Estate.}
Justice behind so many Querks they'd put,
None but the long full Purse could find her out.
In vain by Thousands has she oft been sought,
But seldom found but when too dearly bought.
These her dark Agents, to their Country's Shame,
Gilded their Frauds and Knaveries with her Name,
But seldom would regard the hoodwink'd heavenly
Bias'd by Briberies to the strongest side, ^{(Dame,}
Rich Men were serv'd, when Paupers were deny'd:
For golden Fees each sold his silver Tongue,
The Money'd Cause was right; if starv'd, 'twas wrong.
The

The Poor thus slighted seldom could prevail;
Large Fees the Pleader turn'd, and he the Scale,
From him to whom the Ballance should encline
By right, but was oppress'd for want of Coin.
Contentious Suits and Quarrels they began,
Oft to th' undoing of the Just Good Man,
Made wilful Flaws in Deeds they might avoid:
Err'd with their Pens, their tongues might be employ'd,
Till the poor Suff'rers Bags had largely paid,
For mending Faults their knavish Scribes had made.
If the rich Miser ask'd their sage Advice
In a bad Case, they'd only say 'twas Nice!
But if their Client to the Dregs was drawn,
And had no Money, or Estate to Pawn, (ing on.)
Tho' good his Cause, 'twas bad, not worth the carry-
So the Youth, poyson'd with the Harlot's Eye,
Is Hug'd and Flatter'd till she sucks him dry;
But when she's Jilted him of all she cou'd,
Foh! his Breath stinks, and all his Talk is rude.

Th' Infernal Orator now paus'd a space,
He hawk'd and spit, blow'd Nose, and wip'd his Face:
B'ing thus refresh'd, he turn'd his sawcer Eyes,
And to th' Attorneys thus himself applies,

You

You who in Times of old did Ink-horns wear
 In Leathern Zones, and Pens in twisted Hair ;
 Whose Locks were comb'd as lank, and cut as short,
 As best should suit the pleasure of the Court ;
 Who now on Earth as num'rously abound,
 As Rooks and Magpies in a new-sown Ground :
 Then turning to the Judge, he cry'd, My Lord,
 (And thus runs o'er their Crimes upon record ;) y'd,
 These by foul Practice and Extortion thriv'd, de.
 And beggar'd half the Country where they liv'd ;
 Reviv'd old Discords, kindl'd up new Flame,
 And sow'd Contention wheresoe'er they came,
 The Purfes pick'd of each laborious Slave,
 Who Plow'd and Thrash'd to feed some rooking Knave, n.
 Buoy'd up with hopes he should victorious be, y-}
 Would sweat and toil a Week to earn a Fee.
 Then to next Market ride before his Dame,
 And give his Scribe, with scraping Leg, the same ;
 Who bids the Booby Client chear his Heart,
 And haughtily does bad Advice impart, }
 Fear not, says he, I'll make the Rascal smart ;
 But when his Purse has yielded up its Store, Face:
 His Cause proves bad, if he can bleed no more : You

You

You told me wrong, did many things misplace,
Agree, agree, it proves an ugly Case.

Thus by long Bills, stuff'd with unlawful Fees,
They'd tax the Farmer as themselves should please:

Improve litigious Suits by ill Advice,

Eat up full Barns and Acres in a trice,

And plague the sinful Land like *Egypt's* Frogs and } (Lice,

As they from Leathern Belt to Sword arose,

And from a rural Grey to Town-made Cloaths,

The greater value on their Pains they laid,

The more impos'd, the Client still obey'd,

And scrap'd and bow'd more low at ev'ry word they } (said,

These were the Locust first by Envy bred,

Who, like the Drone, on others Labours fed ;

And such insatiate Appetites would shew,

As still devour'd and still more hungry grew.

So the lean Miser that improves his Store,

Becomes more close and greedy than before, } (Poor.

And as he grows more rich, the more he grinds the }

This said, the pensive Scribes were all set by,

And to the Bar they call'd the lesser Fry,

Those ill-look'd Knaves, that Pestilential Throng,

Who in the Rear Division march'd along;

The Court amaz'd to see so vile a Train,
The sable Pleader thus again began :
Of these, my Lord, but little need be said,
The worst of Rogues that Human Race e'er bred.
In Fraud's and Cheats all others they excell,
A curse to Earth, and now a Shame to Hell.
Treach'rous their Trade, and odious as its Name,
Abhorr'd of all the World from whence they came:
These at no Crime or Villany would start,
But boast and glory in each roguish part,
Hell's sharpest Pains scarce equal their Desert.
Concluding thus, the Judge himself began,
And pronounc'd Sentence on the sinful Train :
You in grave Robes, most learn'd in Human Laws,
Who by locutious Arts could damn a Cause,
Tho' n'er so just, and make the wrong appear,
When e'er you pleas'd, indisputably clear :
And since these Ills were all for Riches done,
A Melted Mine of Gold shall ever run
Upon your greedy palms, and drop upon each tongue.
Thus shall your Crimes (by this my just Decree,)
Done for the lucre of a golden Fee,
With Gold be punish'd to Eternity.

And

And you the mercenary Clerks o' th' Court,
Who made your Clients ruin but your Sport,
And by Neglect, or by unlawful Speed,
Gave Mortals twice the trouble that you need ;
Who held it Just in practice of the Laws,
To widen Discords, and prolong each Cause,
Whilst the large Purse did with advantage fight,
And conquer'd him that had the greatest Right ;
Then with long Bills would vanquish'd Fools pursue
And make them pay half double what was due :
To you a new-found Punishment I'll give,
Amongst old Hags and Furies shall you live,
There Scratch and Claw, and in confusion fight,
Till Hell wants Darkness, and the Heavens Light:
There shall you strive to mitigate your Pain,
And reconcile your Foes, but all in vain.
Furies shall scourge you with their Scorpion Rods
Beneath the reach of Mercy from the Gods,
Thus dwell involv'd in Night, eternally at odds.
And as for you, * curs'd even from your Birth,
The very dregs of all the Rogues on Earth,

* *Bailiffs and Hangmen.*

Offspring of Devils and by Nature base,
Ne'er blest'd with one small Ray of Heav'n's Grace,
But led to Crimes, by such degen'rate Wills,
That knew no Pleasure but in acting Ills,
The hottest Mansions of the deep Abyfs,
Where fiery Snakes and Salamanders hiss,
To those dire Confines shall you all be sent,
Where Fires at once shall quicken and torment;
And as you burn, Hell's Roof shall open be,
That you the Souls in Paradise may see,
And by their Joy, encrease your own sad Misery.
Thus *Radamanthus* spoke ———

Then did the Guards their fainting Pris'ners take,
And, by force, drag them to the burning Lake,
Who hung like Bears, when hauling to the Stake.

C A N T O III.

Soon as the Scribes were to their Torments gone,
I heard another Crowd come trampling on;
Grave Seigniors led the *Æsculapian* Rout,
Some crying, Oh! the Stone; some, Oh! the Gout;
Holding in ev'ry Interval a Chat,
Of *Acids*, *Alkalies*, and Hell knows what.

Some

One boasting of a *Nostrum* of his own,
To all the College but himself unknown.
Another prais'd an universal Slop,
Made from the sweepings of a Drugster's Shop ;
Whose wond'rous Vertues might be seen in Print,
Tho' he that made it never knew what's in't.
Another wisely had acquir'd an Art,
To make a Man Immortal by a Squirt.
Some with two Talents were profusely blest,
And seem'd to study least what they profess,
In earnest Poetry, and Physick but in jest.
One hop'd by Satyr, he himself should raise
To the same Honour some had done by Praise,
But angry seem'd, cause he had lost his Aim,
And did th' Ingratitude of Princes blame,
Who gave not that Reward he might in Justice claim.
As they mov'd forwards great Complaints they made
Against the crafty Pharmaceutick Trade ;
Bad were their Med'cines, and too great their Price
Little their Care, and ign'rant their Advice ;
Who from the Bills they'd fil'd had found a way,
To seem as Wise, and be as Rich as they.
Ne'er fear, says one, a Project I'll advance,
Shall bring them back to their first Ignorance.

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The Means propos'd were neither wise nor fair,
A frothy Thought that vanish'd into Air,
And left the wrinkled Consult in a deep despair.
Graduates and Emp'ricks here did well agree,
And kindly mix'd like Gold and Mercury.
Both had their Bands, their Canes Japan'd with black,
Each in their Carriage had the same grave knock,
Twas hard to know the Doctor from the Quack.
Both skill'd to sift the Patient's Worth, or Want,
And furnish'd were alike with Chamber-Cant:
Both could advance their Cane-heads to their Nose,
And bid the Nurse take off, or lay on Cloaths;
Judge the sick Pulse, pursuant to the Rule,
And ask the Patient when he'd last a Stool:
Both talk'd alike, alike did understand,
Each had hard Words as plenty at command;
But that which some small distance had begot,
One knew from whence deriv'd, the other not.
The Emperick therefore in Dispute oft yields,
And gives the College D---ce the mast'ry of *Moorfields*.
Thus he that's Sick to either may address,
For both administer with like Success,
The Quack oft kills, the Doctor does no less.

Next these a Troop of Med'cine Mongers went
With Cordials in their hands, they should not faint
Who rail'd against the College Dons, and swore
Themselves as Wise as those that went before.
One much disturb'd in mind above the rest,
Attention begg'd, and thus he spoke his best :
Thro' Zeal to's Trade, he rashly did begin,
Talking as if on Earth he still had been :
If to our Wrong Physicians stoop so low,
To keep a Med'cine Warehouse, let 'em know,
We'll practice Physick till we kill and slay
As many Thousands in a Year as they.
The Poor they promis'd should have Med'cines free
Instead of that the Upper-World may see,
They make 'em pay great Rates for as bad Goods as we
Therefore in just Revenge let's drive at all,
Advise, Bleed, Purge, and no Physician call.
Thus into obstinate Resolves they broke,
And wisely, like Apothecaries, spoke,
We'll practice as we please, and let them see,
That they're no wiser or more learn'd than we.

St. Barth'lomew's Physicians next came up,
Some bred *Tom-Fools*, and some to Dance the Ro

One Month employ'd i'th' Business of the Fair,
The oth'r Eleven stroling Doctors were.
Of Learning these no Portion had, or sence.
Their only Gift was downright Impudence :
Chiefly in *Germany* and *Holland* born, *
But *England's* Plague, and their own Country's Scorn.
The Poor Fool's Idol, and the Wiseman's Scoff;
Yet often cur'd what Learned Heads left off,
With these were *Sow-gelders* and *Tooth-draw'rs* mixt.
With Barber-Surgeons here and there betwixt.
Some round their Necks had Chains and Medals got,
For Curing some strange Prince of God knows what :
Others who Bulls, and Boars, and Colts had Gelt,
Wore silver Horse-shoes on a Scarlet Belt.
Whilst Spoon-Promoters with the rest came on,
Adorn'd with Sets of good sound Teeth they'd drawn.
Illustrate all, from painful Study freed,
Scarce one could Write, and very few could Read.
Themselves they Extol'd, on others heaping Blame,
Their Bills and their Discourse were much the same :
When e'er they spoke their barren Nonsense shew'd,
Their Med'cines and their Talk alike were good,
Some from the Loom, some from the Lath arose,
Others from making or from mending Cloaths.

Pretending all such useful Truths they'd found
In Physick's Riddle, which but few expound,
That were most pleasant, speedy, safe, and sure,
And in the twinkling of an Eye would Cure (dure.)
The worst Disease on Earth, that Mortal cou'd en-

Close to the Bar they now began to Crowd,
Hoping for Mercy, very low they bow'd.
The Judge b'ing tir'd, did for some Hours adjourn,
And left 'em there to wait the Court's return.

The End of the First Part.

The Infernal Vision.

A

SATYR.

PART II.

IN the Court's absence hot Disputes arose,
 Betwixt the Doctors and their Dogst--d Foes;
 No Blows they had, but every warm Debate
 Did in abusive Language terminate;
 Quick, Emp'rick, Clyster-giver, Fool and Knave
 Close-stool-Promoter, Buttock-peeping Slave,
 Physician's Vassal * kept at first to Trot
 With Vomit, Vial, Purge, and Gally-Pot,

* Apothecaries originally Servants to Physicians.

To pick our Drugs and Herbs, and what is worse,
To bear the Teaze of ev'ry tatt'ling Nurse;
Drudge to the Pestel and a Charcoal Fire,
Only maintain'd to save a Porter's Hire;
And now ! to thus audaciously presume
To prescribe Physick in a Doctor's room,
When you no more of Theory understand,
Than Monsters in the Ocean do of Land :
Whence sprang this unaccountable advance,
But from base Impudence and Ignorance?
Whence can you boast your Knowledge, lest you own
By study of your Files you're Learned grown?
And if you do, 'tis but a weak defence,
For none but Quacks from *Recipes* Commence :
If from Prescriptions you could once attain
To be a competent Physician,
Read *Usher's* Sermons, where the Gospel shines,
And you as well may make yourselves Divines :
How will ye find, by an old musty Bill,
New Patients Constitutions when they're Ill ?
Or if unlearn'd in Physick's crabbed Laws,
How the Distemper judge, or guess the Cause ?
No, your pretended Skill's a dangerous Cheat,
To bubble those who want both Health and Wit.

e, If an old File can such Instructions give,
As teach you how to make the Dying live,
How far must we Excel, what Wonders do,
Who gave at first those *Recipes* to you !

own, This Scourge made all the Crabs-Eye Crew run mad,
Who answer'd 'em in Language full as bad,
They hum'd and buz'd about like angry Bees,
And look'd as poys'nous as *Cantharides*,
Vex'd at the two-edg'd Sayings of the Bard,
Thus they began, spoke loud, and wou'd be heard:
Cast on your selves but an impartial Eye,
Look round your ill-compos'd Society,
And you as empty Dunces there may find,
Quite deaf to Learning, and to Reason blind,
As'er swept Shop, or did a Counter wipe,
Or ey'd a Bladder to a Clyster-Pipe:
Some *Hogen Mogen* Quacks, first Taylors bred,
And from the Shop-board were Physicians made.
By old Receipts of others, not their own,
Grow famous Curers of the *Gout* or *Stone* :
Why may not we Prescribe as well as these,
Who ne'er read *Galen* or *Hippocrates*,

Or any part of Physick's System know,
Beyond what our *Dispensatories* show.
Others of *Oxford* may, or *Cambridge* boast,
Who had a Twelve-month's standing there at most,
Where what he learn'd at School he not improv'd,
(but lost,
Whose wand'ring Thoughts no Study could entice,
But is expell'd for Negligence or Vice,
And thus the Rake, fall'n short of a Degree,
Chaplain or Curate he despairs to be,
At last Physician turns, thro' meer Necessitie.
When thus resolv'd he does to *Holland* go,
Where *Quacks* and *Mountebanks* like Mushrones grow
Spring up as fast; a *Recipe's* their rise,
And thus they're made Physicians in a trice.
But he more learn'd in School-Boy Rules, repairs
To *Leyden*, where he's taught to stand the Bears,
There spends Six Months, and at a small expence
Does two or three Degrees at once Commence:
Then Home he comes and does admittance gain,
Amongst the grave old Dons in *Warwick-Lane*;
Adorns his Copy'd Prescripts well as they,
With the learn'd Capitals, *M. F. S. A.*

A Pill made publick is his main support,
Which he takes care does neither good nor hurt,
Fam'd for some wond'rous Cure at some strange
(Prince's Court; }

He's always hasty, trots a Coach-Horse pace,
And wears the Title (Doctor) in his Face:
Furnish'd with Terms, he can the Patient pose,
And runs at all, tho' nothing truly knows;
Undertakes desp'rate Cures for weighty Sums,
Coz'ning the Patient wheresoe'er he comes.
Why may not we, to make up Med'cines bred,
The same Admin'ster, and as well succeed
As this unskilful interloping Crew,
Ign'rant of Physick, nay, and Med'cine too.
A *Leyden* Quack, and *Salamanca* Priest,
All Men of Learning make a common Jest:
Therefore —————

The Judge returning, ended the Dispute,
And with his awful Presence struck 'em Mute;
As wrangling Mob, together by the Ears,
Grow silent when the Constable appears.
Down in great Pomp the Moody Churl now sits,
The Lamps grew dim, the Cryer call'd fresh Lights.
Then

Then Hell's Attorney did his Papers spread,
And to the Court this short Oration made :
My Lord ———

Within each Circle of a solar Year,
Such numbers of these Criminals appear
At this last Bar of Justice, that there needs
But short recital of their sinful Deeds :
A long *Exordium* therefore I'll forbear,
And just remind your Lordship what they are.

These were the Enemies to Humane Good,
Who did the languishing Diseas'd delude,
With gilded Poysonsto abuse their Blood ;
And did to the mistaken World pretend
Man's Life from Fate, *pro Temp're*, to defend.
Instead of which, to one their Art could save,
They hasten'd Legions headlong to the Grave ;
And by their Pills, so *speedy, safe, and sure*,
Begot more Evils than their Art could Cure.
Some Fools and Tumblers, some Mechanicks bred,
Who quitted Needle, Latt, or some such Trade,
To barb'rously encrease the numbers of the Dead.
When lustful Brutes were weary of old Wives,
And wanted younger Flesh to bless their Lives,

These were the Artists, who by Med'cines force,
Gave, on good Terms, a Physical Divorce,
And often help'd, at reasonable Rates,
Impatient Heirs much sooner to Estates,
Well knowing whenso'er th' exert their Skill,
The rich old Dad, or homely Spouse to kill,
The Son or Husband ne'er dispute the Doctor's Bill,
If to a Patient call'd, to them unknown,
When first into the House or Room they're shown,
The mercenary Quacks look round to see
What signs of Want, or of Prosperity
Appear about the Chamber, and from thence
Do their Advice accordingly dispence :
If meanly Furnish'd, and coarse Sheets, they're Poor.
The Country Air must then perform the Cure ;
But if the Patient's Rich, Lie still, dear Sir,
; Nurse keep him warm, 'tis present Death to stir,
I'll send a Drink shall rectifie his Blood,
Drenches and Drops can only do him good, (Food.
red, Pearl-Cordials, made of Crabs-eyes, must be now his)
e, Thus is the Wretch with Physick stuff'd and cloy'd,
ad. And what he begs for most, is most deny'd,
, Till pin'd away at last to Skin and Bone,
s, Only for want of Food to live upon :

But

But when giv'n o'er, if Nature be but strong,
The Cook oft proves the Doctor in the wrong,
And does by wholesome Kitchin Phyfick save
The Patient, brought by Art so near the Grave.

Besides, my Lord, it plainly does appear,
These Doctors kill for want of Good small Beer,
Thousands, *Secundum Artem*, in a Year.
Thus is the noblest Science most abus'd,
And Patients by unskilful Quacks misus'd.
These Mercenary Methods they pursu'd,
Regarding nothing but their own Self-Good.
What Pains to these inhumane Crimes are due,
My Lord, I humbly must submit to you.

The Judge arose, his Countenance compos'd,
And to the Pris'ners thus his Mind disclos'd ;
You who, pursuant to the Gods Decree,
Are to receive your final Doom from me,
Your Crimes are great, which you yourselves well know
Expect no Mercy, for I none can show ;
Since you with loathsome Slops have Crouds destroy'd
Whilst you yourselves good wholesome Food enjoy

Kill'd on, without regard to dying Groans,
And fill'd Church-yards with poyson'd Skeletons,
To Pains I'll doom ye, yet to Hell unknown,
Proportion'd to the heinous Ills you've done :
Such pois'nous Drenches shall you always swill,
As more and more torment, but never kill :
Each loathsome draught shall still encrease your hate,
And gripe you worse than *Asnick* does a Rat.
As close as barrel'd Figs you shall be cram'd,
Without the hopes of being e'er undamn'd :
There Purge, Spue, Pifs, and Sweat, to th' worst degree,
And sink together to Eternity.

The Doctors at their Sentence hawk'd and spit,
The Apothecaries puk'd with meer conceit,
And with sad sickly Looks did humbly pray
The Court, they might be damn'd the common way.
The Judge to their Request had no regard,
But sent 'em to receive their just Reward.

C A N T O VII.

These were succeeded by a num'rous Throng,
Who scan'd their Paces as they march'd along,
Some

Some in their hands had Songs, and some Lampoon
Some read, whilst others sung *White-Fryars* Tunes
Amongst 'em here and there, a stanch'd old Wit,
Who long had stood the Censure of the Pit,
Emphatically mouthing to the rest,
Some Madman's Rant, or some Fool's barren Jest
Repeating all things like a Man Inspir'd,
Storming or Smiling as the Sense requir'd.
Some who had Lyrick'd o'er a lucky Strain,
Look'd as if lately Rig'd in *Drury-Lane*;
Whilst others, banter'd by their Jilting Muse,
Appear'd in Thread-bear Coats and Cobbl'd Shoes
Yet all had Swords hung on strange awkward way
From Poet *Ninny* to the worthy Bays;
Not wore as Soldiers do their Arms, to fight,
But for distinction, as an Author's Right,
Who tho' he hurts sometimes, yet hates to kill,
And never Wounds but with a Goose's Quill.

The mungril Bard whose works could stand no Test
Bow'd low with Veneration to the rest,
Entreating some grave *Seignior* to peruse,
A Leathern Satyr against Wooden Shoes;

Or else a Poem, praising to the Skies,
The Cook that first projected Farthing-Pies,
Crying it was not heighten'd to his Power,
Because he loosely wrote it in an Hour;
The haughty Bard with sundry Trifles teaz'd,
Made his Lines worfe, and then the Fool was pleas'd.

Some about preference of Wit fell out,
And made a Riot in the Rhiming Rout,
Wounded each other with Poetick Darts,
And rail'd like *Billingsgates* about their Parts;
Each envious Wasp stung t'other at no rate,
Expressing not his Judgment, but his Hate.
Thus did the partial Rhimers all run Mad,
And fiercely struggl'd for what neither had;
As Whores their Reputation oft defend,
And for a Good Name, which they want, contend;
Whilst ev'ry stander-by the Feud derides,
Takes neither part, but ridicules both sides.
When round the Bar *Apollo's* Sons were spread,
And Proclamation was for Silence made,
Hell's Advocate began his just Report,
Opening their Accusations to the Court.

May't

May't please your Lordship ———
——— these the Taglines are,
Who softly Write, and very hardly Fare;
They tune their Words as *Tubal* did his Shells,
And Chime 'em as a Green-Bird does his Bells:
Their Muses leisure wait, and Rave by fits,
By some thought madmen, by themselves thought Wits
Who, to improve, and please a vicious Age,
Lampoon'd the Pulpit, and debauch'd the Stage;
And to Encourage Lewdness would Contest
Wit was best relish'd in a Bawdy Jest;
Writ wanton Songs t' inflame a Virgin's Blood,
And make her covet what's against her good:
Laid such obscene Intrigues in every Play,
That sent warm Youth with lustful Thoughts away.
Yet when thus guilty, a defence they'd urge,
And justify those Ills they ought to scourge.

These are the Flatterers, who with fulsome Lies
Made Knaves seem honest, and rich Fools seem wise
Misplac'd the Epithets, Great, Good, and Just,
Us'd them as Masks to cover Pride and Lust:
Virtues to each vain gilded Fop they gave,
Made Niggards generous and Cowards Brave;

Found

Sound Charms and Graces for each homely She,
And highly prais'd each Jilt of Quality ;
Made her all Beauty, Innocent, Divine,
And like a Goddess in their Poems shine,
Who whilst they sung her Praise, in Fact was lewd,
And lawless Pleasures ev'ry Hour pursu'd ;
If lib'ral of her Gold they'd give her Charms,
And sell their Praise as Heralds do their Arms.

The World they cheated into base Mistakes,
And gull'd 'em with a thousand Rhiming Knacks ;
With Fancies, witty Flirts, and musing Dreams,
Extravagantly heighten'd to Extreams.

Praise they wrote, then ev'ry partial Line,
You'd make the *Bristol* Stone like Diamond shine ;
Or vouch a Nosegay of some Lady's Farts,
More fragrant than a Rose, to shew their Parts.
Their Works are all false Mirrors, where Men see
Not what they should, but what they cannot, be :
Such luscious Flatt'ries drop'd from ev'ry Pen,
That made their Patrons Gods, not Mortal Men.
Thus some affecting Grandeur, by the Cheat
Poets Pens, grow Popular and Great.

As the proud *Sapho* did by Parrots praise,
Himself above bare Humane Glory raise ;
And by his subtile and amusing Fraud,
Procur'd the Veneration of a God.
So are the Prisoners at the Bar (my Lords)
A jingling Consort of deceitful Birds,
Who sung about the World, like common Fame,
Hyperboles of Praise to each great Name,
And made those *Actions* glorious which deserv'd shame
The lewd Great Man, that banter'd Holy Writ,
And ridicul'd Relig'on, was a Wit ;
For all things render'd able, tho' for nothing fit.
Sublime his Notions, and refin'd his Thoughts,
Their Dedications wip'd away all Blots,
And made the *wild young Fop* an Angel without Faults
The Patron of his Gold profusely free,
To indulge himself in his Debauchery,
Was generously Great, to a laudable degree.
If love of Money was their Patrons Vice,
He did the Pleasures of the World despise,
And was with them no less than provident and wise
Tho' ne'er so vile, if Liberal Friends they were,
For every Vice a Virtue shou'd appear,

y fulsome Flatt'ries they were made as bright
 and spotless as the Sun, tho' black as Night.
 When they writ Satyr, 'twas their artful Care
 To render Men more wicked than they were;
 Each Mole-hill Fault they'd to a Mountain swell,
 That their dull Works might for their scandal fell.
 Make the best Creatures to their Lash submit,
 And stile the Virtuous She a Counterfeit;
 Alas! those Charms they were too mean to share,
 And with ignoble Pens reproach the Fair.
 The Saving-Man in Satyr should be call'd,
 The wretched Miser, wedded to his Gold:
 The gen'rous Worthy should be made profuse
 And his best Deeds be loaded with abuse.
 The sober Student deem'd a Bookish Dunce,
 The Wit a Fool that spends his Brains at once.
 The daring Soldier who had bravely fought,
 Still'd a Clod-skull'd Hero void of Thought.
 Religion, when they pleas'd, was made a Trick,
 The Priest a Hound that hunts a Bishoprick,
 Who for the like Reward would change his Gown,
 And what he preaches up would prattle down.

Thus Cause or Person, whether bad or good,
That in the bias'd Path of Interest stood,
Were without Merit prais'd, or falsely render'd Lewd.

Thus, may it please your Lordship, have I run
Thro' the chief Ills their wicked Pens have done,
And must conclude, 'tis now the Bench's part
To give the Rhiming Paupers their desert.

Their Accusations being all made plain,
The Judge himself austere thus began :
You who by Nature had such Gifts allow'd,
As rais'd your Minds above the common Crowd.
When thus enrich'd, to condescend so low
As to rail falsely, and to Flatt'ry bow;
Shame on your Cow'rdly Souls, to so abuse
That *Genius* giv'n you for a nobler use,
To've heighten'd Virtue should have been your task
And shew'd the Strumpet Vice without her Mask
To've giv'n the Wise respect, taught Fools more
Reprov'd, and not have rais'd vain Self-Conceit
By Flatt'ring some for Int'rest, who abhor
Those very Virtues you have prais'd 'em for,

Whilst the Great Soul who true desert contains,
 Render'd Odious by your envious Pens.
 For these Offences, which your Charge makes plain
 Destructive to the common Peace of Man,
 This Sentence I Decree ———

To Hell's remotest Caves ye shall be sent,
 In woful Verse you shall your Crimes recant,
 And Criticising Devils shall your Souls Torment. }
 Nay, further, to encrease your wretched State,
 You shall praise none but Bailiffs, whom you hate,
 And all your florid Epithets bestow,
 On the worst Rogues that plague us here below.
 Ask Clarret, and th' obliging Mifs dispraise;
 Thus shall you scribble 'gainst your wills both ways, }
 And ev'ry Imp shall make Bumfodder of your Lays.

C A N T O VIII.

This Scene being ended, and the Poets gone,
 After some space a new Parrade came on;
 A Throng of angry Ghosts that next drew near,
 As large as a *Persian* Army did appear;

Each to the rest show'd Envy in his Looks,
Some Writings in their hands, some printed Books;
The learn'd Contents of which they knew no more,
Than the Calves-skins their sundry Volumes wore,
Down from the bulky Folio to the Twenty-Four.
As they press'd on, confus'dly in a Crowd,
Piracy, Piracy, they cry'd aloud,
What made you print my Copy, Sir, says one,
You're a meer Knave, 'tis very basely done.
You did the like, the other would reply,
And therefore you're as great a Knave as I.
By their own Words I found alike they were,
The Dev'l a Barrel better Herring there.

Printers, their Slaves, b'ing mix'd among the rest
Betwixt 'em both arose a great Contest :
Th' ungrateful *Bibliopoles* swoln big with Rage,
Did thus their servile *Typographs* engage :
You Letter-picking Juglers at the Case,
And you Illic'rate Slaves that work at Press,
How dare you thus unlawfully invade
Our Properties, and trespass on our Trade,
Print Copies for yourselves, and fill the Town,
Instead of ours, with Pamphlets of your own ;

publish upon your own Accounts each Day,
 and buy our Authors off with better Pay?
 How can you justify such Wrongs as these, (Knees,
 When both, by right, shou'd bow your Heads and }
 To write and print for us, and at what rates we please. }

This Arrogance inflam'd the Printing Crew,
 And from their Tongues these sharp reflections drew:
 Ye proud but poultry Tribe, we bow to you!
 Pray when, or how, became this Homage due?
 What has possess'd your Noddles with this Dream,
 Our Trade's an Art soars high i'th' World's esteem?
 'Tis we the Labours of the Learn'd disperse,
 And diffuse Knowledge thro' the Universe;
 We give new Light, Obscurities remove,
 All Sciences preserve, the same improve?
 Which were they not for us would quickly die,
 And must in dark Oblivion bury'd lie.
 Nay, I may boldly say, the Church and State
 Are by our means supported and made great:
 Yet Gratitude obliges us to give,
 Reference to Authors, 'tis by them we live.
 We did at first, and still alone can do
 Their Business, and no Aid require of you,

Who were at first but Hawkers, and no more,
Impley'd to range the Town and Country o'er;
Travel'd with Asses to convey your Books,
And kept no Shops but Panniers, Bags, and Pokes.
Thus trudg'd to Markets, strol'd to ev'ry Fair,
Open'd your Wallets on the Ground, and there,
Amongst Hogs, Pigs, and Geese expos'd your learned
(Ware.

Thus you at first were neither more nor less,
Than servile Pedlars to the fruitful Press;
No Copies cou'd ye buy, no Charter boast,
But now, alas, those good old Times are lost.
In Corners, Nooks, and Gateways of the Town,
Where Apple-mongers sit, your Stocks were shown;
There, like poor Women with their Curds and Whey,
Had none, or very little Rent to pay:
Sold Ballads, Peny-Books, young Fools to please,
Tom Thumb's old Tales, or such like whims as these.
At last, by Time and Chance more prosp'rous made
Leap'd into Shops, and so advanc'd your Trade;
As you grew Rich, still proving greater K--ves,
Made Authors Hacknies, and the Press your slaves:
Why should we thus your Impositions bear,
Who rais'd you first to be what now ye are?

both, to our Grief, have been too long your Tools,
 they sell their Brains, and we our Pains like Fools.
 At this the Libel-Venders Wrath run high,
 Who shew'd their Teeth and made a warm Reply;
 But now the Cryer call'd 'em to the Bar,
 And the Court's Awe suppress'd the rising War,
 Knowing their Guilt, they humble rev'rence paid,
 When all their Evils were before 'em laid.
 Hell's Council thus began the Culprits Charge,
 Whose Crimes stupendious as their number large.

My Lord, —————

This Sheepish Flock so pale and wan,
 Corrupted by a strong desire of Gain,
 Kingdoms inflam'd, disturb'd the Peace of Man.
 These were the discontented Statesman's Tools,
 Who spread his Malice and impos'd on Fools;
 Princes abus'd, against their Thrones inveigh'd,
 Affronting Pow'rs, by them should be obey'd.
 Base mercenary Scriblers did imploy,
 And when the Troubles of a State ran high,
 Pour'd out their Pamphlets, did the World bewitch,
 And with their Paper-Bombs enlarg'd the Breach,

Re-

Regarding not the Right of either side,
But made the Mob's mistaken Zeal their Guide,
Observ'd which way the the Peoples Whimsies run,
And follow'd them with Books to drive 'em on.
Would treasonable Lyes accumulate
And pelt 'em at a weak declining State,
Oft to a King's undoing, and the Nation's Fate.
Printed both *Pro* and *Con*, no matter what,
Serv'd that Cause most, where most was to be got.
No publick Ill could reach the End desir'd,
But their assistance must be first requir'd :
Who Midwiv'd the Designs of restless Men,
Which ought to have dy'd Abortives in the Brain.
With hurtful Whims they kept the World in play,
And introduc'd new Mischiefs ev'ry Day ;
Which the blind Crowd believing were misl'd,
And still were greater Fools the more they read.
When things accru'd they'd to some Scribe repair,
Hid in some lofty Turret L--d knows where:
Where for small Pay, his mercenary Quill.
Rob'd some of their good Names, gave others ill,
Either to rail or flatter would be hir'd,
Just as the Pris'ners at the Bar requir'd, (spir'd.
Who, fond of what he Writ thought all his Lines in-
The

These Barren Scribes of Sense and Manners void,
 In Rhime and Scandal daily they imploy'd,
 To abuse their Wits, and teaz'd 'em on to Write,
 That whilst they starv'd, the Press might flourish by't;
 Kept 'em to raise up Jealousies and Fears,
 And set Mankind together by the Ears,
 As wifling Curs make Mastiffs oft engage,
 And keep a yelping to foment their Rage;
 But at a distance stand behind a Skreen,
 And, like true Cowards, shun the dang'rous Scene.

Next these, my Lord, my Breviate does include,
 The blackest of all Crimes, Ingratitude,
 Distinguish'd as so vile, so foul a Stain,
 hateful to Beasts, nay, Devils, well as Men.
 This Sin was epidemically spread,
 And by long use corrupted all the Trade, (Bread. }
 Towards *Authors practis'd most*, by whom they got their }
 Which aggravates their Evils, and does make
 Their sullied Consciences appear more black.

When the pert Youth the Rhiming Trade began,
 Fond of his Genious prodigal and vain,

Large Promises they'd make to draw him in,
But their Performance he shou'd find but thin.
If's Writings pleas'd they gently fed his Wants,
And tho' things Sold, yet vex'd him with Complaints:
Instead of giving him that due Reward
His Pains deserv'd, and they might well afford,
They'd awe his Muse by some old Debt or Score,
And find a thousand ways to keep him Poor.
Then mould him *with their Smiles, their Threats, or Frowns,*
And buy him as their Slave by lent Half-Crowns ;
Arrest him, plague him, thus should he be teas'd,
Unless he drudg'd and scribbl'd as they pleas'd :
In Print abuse him, scourge him round the Town,
And make his Reputation like their own.
Thus did they feed on Authors teeming Brains,
And kept 'em Starving to Reward their Pains,
Till their Muse fail'd, as crazy Age crept on,
And when their sprightly *thoughts* were fled and gone, }
They'd leave the Wretch most mis'rably undone. }
So Maggots that in Nuts have long been f. d, }
Devour the Kernel till they fat are made, (bred. }
Then quit the empty Shell wherein they first were)

Besides,

Besides, my Lord, themselves could not agree,
Or would they honest to each other be,
But each in turn his Neighbour's Right invade,
To the great shame and ruin of their Trade.
He that to's own Fraternity is base,
Can ne'er be just, whilst Int'rest's in the Case;
But will, for mercenary Ends, pursue
The worst of Ills, that's in his Power to do:
An Adage has declar'd, the Bird, at best,
Is but an ill one that befouls his Nest.
As such ill Birds, my Lord, for such they are,
I represent the Pris'ners at the Bar,
To punish these their *Crimes*, deserves your Lordship's

(Care.)

Th' impartial Judge deliberation took,
And when determin'd, thus he gravely spoke:
You who before me do Convicted stand,
Of publick Mischiefs to your Native Land,
Besides Ingratitude, Fraud, Piracy,
Unreasonable Gain, and Calumny,
Souls blacken'd with such deep infernal Stains,
I'm bound to punish with the greatest Pains.
Beneath the Poets shall your Station be,
From their *Invective* you shall ne'er be free:

With

With flaming Satyrs they shall singe your Souls,
As Farmers do their Hogs, or Cooks their Fowls.
Pamphlets and Plays shall feed your burning Pile,
And Author's Dung shall baste you as you broil.
And there, for ever to encrease your Woes,
Read *Oldish's* dull Rhimes, or *Shirley's* Prose.

A trembling Bookseller, amidst the Crowd,
When Sentence was pronounc'd, cry'd out aloud,
Ah! Neighbours, Neighbours, wou'd we'd honest bin
Why, what a sad Condition are we in!
Poets, you know, were such faint-hearted Wretches,
That when their Plays were damn'd they'd foul their Breeches
Indeed I dread them most of all our Evils,
For now they're *damn'd themselves they'll drip like Devils*

C A N T O IX.

Next came a jolly Troop of stagg'ring Sots,
Arm'd, some with Glassees, some with Pewter Pots;
Who round their Hips had azure Ensigns ty'd,
Put on for use, but hanging low for Pride.

Some who were bound the bleeding Grape to thank,
Had Noses dy'd with Noble Juice they'd drank:

Others

Others crept after whose Consumptive Looks,
Were paler far than either Smiths or Cooks:
Who wanting strength of Nature for their Trade,
By excess of Wine meer Skeletons were made.
Among the rest some bulky Forms appear'd,
Huge strenuous Souls to be admir'd and fear'd;
Each at his Middle had a sharp ground Adds,
Looking like Giants that oppos'd the Gods.
Some Nippers in their Hands, as if they meant,
To catch the Devil's Nose, as did the Saint.
As they went on amongst the Tipling Train,
About Precedence some Disputes began;
The Hoghead Drummers, who, to please the Mob,
Could make such Musick with an empty Tub,
Took some distaste, their friendly Union broke,
And thus in Anger to the Vintners spoke;
Have we taught you the Practical Deceits,
Of Cider, Stum, the Whites of Eggs, and Sweets,
How to Ferment, to Rack, to Mix, and Fine,
And all our pretty Knacks, and Tricks with Wine,
And will you now, in this presume to show
More Skill than we, who taught you what you know?
Nay, claim Precedence, take th' upper-hand,
And think us servile Tools at your Command:
No,

No, you shall find that we have had the Wit,
To reserve some things from your Knowledge yet:
Such secret Tricks as with yourselves we play,
Practis'd in Merchants-Cellars ev'ry Day.
Therefore since we in brewing Wines know most,
You ought to give us the superior Post.

The Vintners to the Coopers thus reply'd,
Strutting like Turkey-Cocks in all their Pride,
Can you, proud Slaves, of us Precedence ask,
Whose bus'ness chiefly is to hoop a Cask,
Our Vaults and Cellars in due order keep,
And stop our Pipes and Hogheads when they seep
Tho' you're thus Prodigal, we'd have you know,
Our Station is above, and yours below ;
We us'd no Arts to adult'rate our Wine,
Or with pernicious Slip-Slops made it fine :
We only mix'd together Strong and Small,
And gave 'em Natures course to rise and fall.

The Coopers, what the Vintners urg'd, deny'd,
And, in a mighty Passion, swore they Ly'd.
Just as the swelling Feud thus high was grown,
And pointed Words were at each other thrown,

the Cryer call'd the Pris'ners to the Bar,
 the Vintners answ'ring, *Coming, Coming, Sir,*
 then round the Court the Topping Crew were spread,
 their sinful Charge was thus exhibited.

May't please your Lordship ———

the num'rous throng of Fuddle-Caps, that here
 promiscuously before the Bar appear,
 on others ruin have themselves enrich'd,
 and with their charming Juice the World bewitch'd,
 crowds of poor Mortals in a Year they flew,
 with base adulterated Stuffs they drew;
 expos'd on Customers when Drunk and Mad,
 and with good Words wou'd put off Wine that's bad.
 fault, altho' deservedly, was found,
 they'd tell ye, if they search'd the Cellar round,
 they had no better, but with all their Heart,
 they'd change it for a strong or smaller sort,
 please you better, but with some new Name
 you'd bring the cred'lous Bubble back the same,
 and falsly swear his Pallat was amiss,
 he found fault with noble Wine like this,
 it drawn from out a New broach'd fresher Piece.

Kept *Cider* in their Vaults with ill Design,
Yet vow they never mix'd but Wine with Wine ;
Bought Eggs by Hundreds for their Cellars use,
The Yolks made Puddings, but the Whites for Juice
For common Wine, unreasonably would ask
Six-pence the more because 'twas in a Flask,
Bound with large Wickers, fill'd with heavy Port,
Sold for *French* Claret, wanting of a Quart,
And that their Crimes a deeper dye should take,
Ingratitude made all their Actions black ;
For him wh'amongst 'em his Estate had spent,
When Poverty had brought him to repent
His Follies past, the Gainers in the end,
Would blame him most, and be the least his Friend
Thus, says Hell's Pleader, I my Charge conclude,
And to your Lordship leave the Tipling Multitude
The Judge sum'd up, in a short Speech, their Sins
And then the Culprits Doom he thus begins.

For Ills you've done above, from whence you came
Infernal Fevers shall your Souls inflame ;
Eternal Drowth upon your Tongues shall dwell,
And all be fetter'd near an empty Well ;

Fine Rivers at a distance shall you see,
Burnt Brandy shall your only Liquor be,
There shall you rave for Water, or small Beer,
Which shall in Pitchers, Bowls, and Jugs stand near,
But when you reach to guzzle, all shall disappear.

The End of the Second Part.

The Infernal Vision.

A

S A T Y R

P A R T III.

C A N T O X.

AFTER some short retirement from the Bench,
 Their *fiery Drowths* with *Stygian Juice* to quench
 Th' infernal Judge refresh'd with his retreat,
 Return'd, and reassum'd his Judgment-seat :
 The grave Chief-Justice thus in order plac'd,
 And Hell's black Bar with Learned Council grac'd
 The loud-mouth Cryer, in King *Pluto's* Name,
 (Commanding Silence) did the Court proclaim.
 This done, the Turnkey of the deep Abyfs,
 Where Souls lay scorching for their Wickedness,

as loudly call'd, in order to prepare
 his sinful Remnants for the *Stygian* Bar,
 the swarthy ill-look'd Goaler soon appear'd,
 with his grim Whiskers, and his grisly Beard,
 arm'd with dire Serpents of a size o'ergrown,
 and Rods of Scorpions tuck'd in Leathern Zone;
 follow'd by fighting Troops, thin-jaw'd and pale,
 clanking their Chains like Fellons in a Goal.
 The languid Tribe all sorrowful appear'd,
 moaning that eternal Doom they fear'd,
 foretold by Conscience e're their Souls were try'd,
 the sad Rewards of Avarice and Pride;
 for Conscience will fore-judge, tho' ne'er so fear'd,
 and damn the Guilty e're their Cause be heard.
 When the stern *Cerb'rus* had with painful Care,
 Marshal'd his drooping Pris'ners round the Bar,
 the awful Court beheld the trembling Sprites,
 and thus the Clerk the sinful Herd indicts.

My Lord, these impious Shades behind the Bar,
 whose guilty Looks their horrid Crimes declare,
 wanting the Grace of G--d before their Eyes,
 did, upon Earth, most trait'rously devise,

Sundry base means to trouble and inflame
Their native Kingdom, whence the Pris'ners came,
In foreign fruitless Wars involv'd the State;
Cheated the Publick and by Fraud grew Great;
Crept slyly into every Place of Trust,
By branding with false Infamy the Just;
Advanc'd new Projects, subtly to ingross
The Nations Treasure, to the Nations loss.
And then at Usurers Extortion lent
Their ill got Thousands, with a base intent (ment)
To serve their wicked selves, and not the Govern-
So faithless Stewards basely act their Cheats,
Who at a distance manage great Estates,
Oft receive Money, to their Lords unknown, (own
And make them, when they want, pay Int'rest for their

Further, my Lord, the Pris'ners at the Bar,
Who so demure before the Court appear,
By lying Pamphlets labour'd to delude
And lead astray the brainless Multitude;
Fill'd with vile Notions ev'ry empty Pate,
Bad for their Souls, and dangerous for the State;
Render'd all those that did their Ends oppose,
To the believing Crowd, the Nation's Foes:

employ'd each scandalous invective Pen,
 To abuse and stigmatize the best of Men;
 Friends to the Church, to Pop'ry disavow'd,
 With odious Names, obnoxious to the Crowd,
 That the rude Mob might take the wicked cry,
 And hunt down those did their Intrigues defy,
 Who would, for no bye Ends, with base Designs comply;
 But like wise Patriots always firmly stood,
 To save the Nation from a factious Brood;
 True to the Church, their Country, and the State,
 And only aim'd to be in Goodness Great:
 Such in their barren Pamphlets they bely'd;
 Such they perplex'd, and such they villify'd.
 So mercenary Jilts, bred up in Stews,
 Do the most virtuous of their Sex abuse,
 And to excuse their own lascivious Fau't,
 Will swear the modest are in private naught,
 Those silent Sows that drink up all the draught.

Nay, more, my Lord, dead Worthies they defam'd,
 Whose Reliques justly Veneration claim'd,
 Rak'd up false Annals, and revil'd their Dust,
 With base Reports, unchristian and unjust;

What Truths they found that would their Work supply,
Their Malice still improv'd into a Lye:
Pass'd by their Vertues which will outlive Time,
And magnify'd each Slip into a Crime,
So angry Statesmen, enviously bent
To harraſs or ſubvert the Government,
Select their Kings bad Actions from the good,
And ſhew him monſtrous to the Multitude.

In cloſe Cabals they wicked Plots contriv'd,
And ev'ry old rebellious Fewd reviv'd;
The good old Laws they flyly undermin'd,
And ſtep by ſtep for Pow'r ſupream design'd;
Labour'd the Church eſtabliſh'd to ſubdue;
But, to conceal their Plots from common view,
Did Reformation to the Crowd pretend,
To draw them in to work their wicked End;
But whiſt their ſecret Ills in Embrio lay,
Advancing to Perfection day by day,
To improve their Projects and conceal their aim,
They made the Pope and Devil bear the blame;
Their Plots they hid, by ſome ſham Godly blind,
That broke and vaniſh'd into Smoke and Wind,
And in the Miſt they manag'd what themſelves design'd.

cunning Divers oft cry out aloud,
Beware your Pockets, to amuse the Crowd,
That by such Cautions they may pass as Friends,
And creep the closer to effect their Ends.

For Liberty aloud they croak'd and cry'd,
Which, when they'd Pow'r, to others they deny'd,
Nor ever could they peaceably enjoy
Kind Indulgence, or a great Employ,
But when obtain'd, the favour they abus'd,
And clamour'd when the Throne their Suit refus'd:
Forgot the former Bounties they receiv'd,
And were, at one Repulse, so vex'd and griev'd,
That all the Thanks and Duty which they ow'd,
Were basely turn'd into Ingratitude,
Envious Witches, on the least disgust,
Perment their greatest Benefactors most;
Because Infernal Malice but extends,
Instead of hurting Foes, to injure Friends.

The Church, for Persecution, they arraign'd,
Her Sacred Altars slighted and profan'd;
Condemn'd her Doctrines to a vile degree,
And call'd her decent Rites, rank Popery;

Re-

Revil'd her Members, did her Priests disgrace,
And stil'd her Common-Pray'r, the dregs of Mass;
Despis'd her Prelates and the Robes they wore,
As Marks and Badges of the Scarlet Whore;
Did for no Cause her Hierarchy degrade,
And ridicul'd with Spight her Female Head.
So murm'ring Fools, illiterate and rude,
Too oft reproach the Vertuous and th' Good,
And Cavil at those things they never understood.
In the High-Church they Moderation lov'd,
Tho' never us'd the Vertue they approv'd,
But show'd invet'rate Enmity to those
Which their own Malice had proclaim'd their Foes
Thus did to others those Abuses give,
Themselves deserv'd, but hated to receive.
They rent God's House, and did Divisions sow,
One part they call'd High-Church, the other Low
The High they held as Papists, in disdain,
But prais'd the Low as just and mod'rate Men,
Whose cool Indifference to their Faith was such,
They serv'd God little, and themselves too much.
These by the grunting Faction were carest,
As mod'rate Saints, with tender Conscience blest
Altho' but Lukewarm Christians at the best.

the way they Look'd, and did the other Row,
 could little Zeal, except for Int'rest show ;
 an with the Church, and with Dissenters hold,
 and would comply with any side for Gold:
 made that the standard of their wavering Faith,
 and thought the richest way the surest Path ;
 which, to their Sorrow, they at last have found,
 has brought them to the place they'd fain have shun'd.
 harden'd Thieves pursue their Ills with hope
 to baffle Justice, and escape the Rope ;
 but Justice still o'ertakes them in the end,
 and punishes as sure as they offend.

Now, my good Lord, I've open'd to the Court,
 Catalogue of Crimes o'th' blacker sort ;
 the Spirits of Integrity and Worth
 ready to witness what the Charge sets forth.

The stubborn Sinners thus arraign'd at Bar,
 pleaded Not-guilty, tho' they guilty were ;
 but Pluto's Evidence soon stretch'd their Throats,
 and made the false Offenders change their Notes,
 who having not one Plea in their defence,
 in spiteful words they abus'd th' Evidence,

Call'd

Call'd them High-flyers, mercenary Rogues,
Non-jurants, Perkenites, and Popish Dogs,
Fools, Traytors, Jacobites, and fawning Slaves,
Tories, French Pensioners, and perjur'd Knaves.
This sawcy usage in the open Court,
Inflam'd the Bench, and did themselves most hurt:
The Judge provok'd with this revengeful Huff,
Gave the rash Pris'ners a severe reproof:
The Jury mov'd to hear them so enrag'd,
Found them all guilty of the Crimes alledg'd;
Which being done, the angry Judge arose,
Turn'd up his sable Whiskers to his Nose,
Compos'd his Looks, then gravely as he cou'd,
Pronounc'd the following Sentence as he stood.

Ye restless Souls that plagu'd your native Land,
Too proud t'Obey, too rigid to Command;
That no Abuse would take, or Mercy give,
Do no Man Right, nor any Wrong receive;
That made, with your loud Pray'rs, your Parlors ring
Yet never truly serv'd your God or King,
But 'twixt Self-Interest and dissembled Zeal,
With both did hypocritically deal.

You who on Earth did Satan's Wiles defy,
 And still made Reformation all your cry;
 Who Canted in your Shops, yet chous'd each Friend
 That did on your starch'd Honesty depend;
 Who fool'd yourselves, yet play'd the Knave with Fools,
 And damn'd, betwixt two Sacraments, your Souls:
 Thus barter'd, to your own eternal loss,
 Heaven's everlasting Joys for wordly Dross,
 Which cannot here th' infernal Wrath appease,
 Or purchase for your selves one Moment's ease.
 On your sad Soul, this Sentence must I give,
 Which none can e'er reverse, or Time retrieve.

What you most hate, you shall for ever see,
 Devils and Popes shall your Tormenters be:
 Th' Egyptian Creed, which you so much despise,
 Two Jesuits shall support before your Eyes;
 And ev'ry time you're seen to look ascue,
 Nine *Salamanca* Flogs shall be your due.
 Hell's smutty Scullion shall with mighty Bowls
 Of scalding Porridge feed your thirsty Souls,
 That ev'ry reaking Spoonful you receive,
 May a fresh *Item* to your Mem'ry give,

And

And make you mindful how profane you were
To, with that *bodge-podge name*, revile the Common-Prayer
High-Church Religion, mingled with no Craft,
Is that alone which carries Souls aloft ;
Whilst you too late by sad experience know,
Low-Church has brought your sinful Shades thus low
Where all these Pains pronounc'd you must endure
And weeping gnash your Teeth for evermore.

Here, take 'em Goaler to their final home,
And punish them according to their Doom :
If any Mercy by your Imps be shown,
The Convicts Torment shall become your own ;
Mercy's an Attribute above our Sphere,
Our only Talent must be Justice here,
Heav'n may be kind, but Hell must be severe.

C A N T O XI.

When these were gone, a distant Noise I heard
From num'rous Crowds that afar off appear'd,
And Voices crying out, Make room, make room,
For here th' Oppressors of the wretched come,

whose Gluttons that their own Tun-bellies fed,
 the Poors cost, whose Bowels pin'd for Bread,
 Whilst these Sack-bibing Knaves in Taverns lay,
 and din'd on Pig and Capon ev'ry day:
 Thus on that Charity themselves would feast,
 giv'n by the Rich to succour the Distrest.
 The fat wheezing bulky Tribe drew nigh,
 This with the Rabble was the common cry,
 At last to th' Bar a near approach they made,
 And to the Court their due Obeisance paid,
 Which was no sooner by the Culprits done,
 Than their infernal Charge was thus begun.

These Souls, my Lord, assembled at the Bar,
 That look so bluff, and seem so fat and fair,
 Were, upon Earth, appointed to secure
 Their Parish Rights, and to subsist the Poor,
 By well dispensing to the needy Crew,
 Whose Charities by Gift or Claim their due,
 That what good Christians for their succour spar'd,
 Might be amongst the hungry Wretches shar'd.
 Instead of this they basely prov'd unjust,
 And fill'd their own Bags, and falsify'd their Trust;

Drown'd

Drown'd half the Parish Charity in Wine,
To fill the Guts of the insatiate Swine :
Could never meet, or publick Business do,
Without Canary and a Fowl or two.
Nor End the meanest Trifle in Debate,
Without the Pleasures of a Tavern-Treat.
If some poor crasie Alms-man, Lame or Sick,
Decreed to starve on Nine-Pence for a Week,
Petition'd these proud Masters of the Poor,
To make the scanty Sum but Three-Pence more,
So many Tavern Consults must be held,
Before they to the Pauper's Suit would yield,
That Pounds in VVine of the Poors Money flew,
E're the dull Sots determin'd what to do :
At last, perhaps, 'twas gen'rously agreed,
He should have half the Sum to serve his need ;
Three-half-pence weekly added to his Store,
To keep the wretch still miserably Poor,
That Want and Sicknes, meeting with Old-Age,
Might hurry his starv'd Carcass off the Stage,
VVhen due Subsistence might his Life preserve,
But 'twas their Will that all the Poor should starve;
For ev'ry one they hasten'd to the Grave,
Themselves, not Parish, did their Pensions save:

Th

thus on the Poors just Dues they swill'd and fed,
and were their Lords alive, and Heirs when dead.

When *Mars* and *Venus* in conjunction were,
and, by their Influence, mov'd some wanton Pair,
to taste Loves Joys, without the Parson's leave,
and mutual Pleasures to each other give :

the kind Lass too forward in her Lust,
receiv'd the Blessing with too great a gust,
and in nine Months brought forth a Girl or Boy,
the squawling Fruits of their unlicens'd Joy,
such a discov'ry prov'd a gainful Matter

to these, the Plagues of each poor Fornicator;
no the kind welcome News no sooner heard,
but the stern Lobcocks in a Gang appear'd,
and with their awful Frowns, and woful Threats,
frighted the Female Sinner into Fits :

no, coming to her foolish self again,
declares the Father, where 'twas got, and when,
how many times she'd sin'd, and what he said,
coax her to resign her Maidenhead ?

whether the Gem upon a Bed was lost,
standing with her Rump against a Post?

Whether her kind Consent was fairly won,
Or if the pleasing Job by force was done ?
Whether fair Promises her Heart ensnar'd,
Or Money gain'd admission to her Beard ?
What she first thought on't, how she lik'd the Sport
Whether it pleas'd her well, or if it hurt ?
Whether she cry'd, or had a greater Will,
When once engag'd, to struggle or lie still ?
And whether, when attack'd in Loves surprise,
She open'd not her Legs, but shut her Eyes ?
Thus each old bawdy Sot, with ruby Face,
In Gold Twine Buttons, and a Band of Lace,
Would take his turn th' Offender to torment,
With Questions fulsome and impertinent :
Thus listen with a lank lascivious Ear,
To bawdy Secrets told them out of fear,
Shameful to own, and scandalous to hear :
And when they've pump'd the silly Female dry,
To persecute the Father then they fly,
And take th' advantage they have basely gain'd,
Of the Poor Girl against her am'rous Friend,
Next to some neighbouring Tavern they adjourn,
From whence the Constable, with Whiskers stern,

with his Worship's *Coram nobis* sent
 To bring the wanton Knave to Punishment;
 The frightful Scrawle with privacy is serv'd,
 And all respect to the new Chub observ'd.
 Trembling before his Betters then he's led,
 Who wait for some Proposals to be made,
 With hints of Passages they shame the Youth;
 Who wonders how they came by so much Truth;
 Not thinking that the Partner in his Play,
 Would all the Secrets of their Game betray:
 An' Offender cautious of his good Repute,
 Entreats the guzling Catchpoles to be mute;
 And that for silence sake he'll gladly close
 With any Terms, in reason, they'll propose:
 They promise him to be his faithful Friends;
 Tho' all they aim at is their own bye Ends:
 New Friendship, Secrecy, and all that's kind,
 Till they have charm'd the Bubble to their Mind;
 Then tell him 'tis the best and surest way,
 That he the Sum of Twenty Pounds shou'd pay;
 And the whole Parish they'll take care shall be
 A Father to his hopeful Progeny.
 The fearful Sinner chearfully complies,
 Thinks them most honest, and himself most wise,
G 2
Pays

Pays down the Sum, and gives a noble Treat,
To have the Infant made some Beggars Brat.
They share the Booty, by themselves conceal'd,
Thus cheat the Parish and abuse the Child.
These Ills, and more notorious Crimes, my Lord,
In Hell's black Book appear upon Record,
Against these Sots so stuff'd with flowing Bowls,
Their bloated Looks betray their guilty Souls;
Therefore, my Lord, I beg that you'll decree,
Their Pains may equal to their Merit be.
The bulky Cormorants stood *al-a-mort*,
And pleaded Guilty to the awful Court,
Beg'd hard for Mercy, bowing very low,
But Hell's just Judge would no Compassion show
Who with stern Looks that did his Pow'r become,
Tuck'd Thumb in Girdle and pronounc'd their Doom

It is my final Judgment and Command,
That you Chin-high in mull'd Canary stand,
Longing to drink your fill, but shall not stoop
To bless your thirsty Gullets with a drop:
Fat Thumping roasted Fowls, with each a Pound
Of sav'ry Links or Sausages girt round,

shall at a distance tantalize your sight,
 but not a Morfel shall your taste delight ;
 eternal Thirst and Hunger shall you feel,
 behold good Food, but never make one Meal.
 Ten Thousand Hags shall your Tormenters be,
 from their curs'd Tongues you shall be never free,
 but bear their brawling Jars to all Eternity.

The End of the Third Part.

The Wealthy Shop-keeper :

O R,

The Charitable Citizen.

C A N T O I.

BY Stars Propitious at his Birth he's blest,
 Got by some Yeoman, or the Parish Priest,
 Who strengthen'd by *March* Beer, fat Beef
 (and Pork

Are pleas'd sometimes to do their Neighbour's Work
 The doubtful Offspring is, with Cost and Care,
 Train'd up at School until his Fifteenth Year;
 Whose painful Learning does at last amount,
 To construe *Lilly's* Rules, and Cast-Account.
 Design'd a Parson, but the hopeful Lad,
 By kinder Fortune's destin'd to a Trade :

When

Where darling Int'rest is alone carest,
 And the least Merit always thrives the best.
 In Leathern Breeches, and a course gray Coat,
 With Shoe-ties made of Thongs, to Town he's brought
 In Waggon, or on Carriers gall'd Horse back,
 Mounted like *Northern Tike* upon a Pack,
 His Friends seek out, some crafty Dealer's found,
 To whom the Youth is, after Liking, Bound ;
 He hopes to learn, from the experienc'd Knave,
 To Buy, to Sell, to Cozen, Gain, and Save ;
 Fir'd with old *Whittington's* Prosperity,
 He hopes to be Lord-Mayor as well as he,
 And strokes his Master's Cat, whilst jangling Bells,
 As the Fool thinks, his wond'rous Rise foretels.
 Thus by Friends Counsel, and his own Consent,
 Seven *junior* Years in Servitude are spent,
 Beneath a subtle crabbed Master's Care,
 Whose cunning Frauds his great Examples are ;
 Till by Experience he expert is made,
 In all the sinful Myst'ries of his Trade.
 Thus qualify'd, when Time at length has broke
 The Bonds that bound him to his servile Yoke,
 No sooner Free, but eager of a Wife,
 He seeks to be Apprentic'd now for Life ;

B'ing made by Sev'n Years Service truly fit,
To be a Woman's Slave, a marry'd Cit.
The Dame not with her Eyes, but Portion wounds,
Whose Faults perhaps are num'rous as her Pounds.
For Gold, which does the thrifty Fool enslave,
The Trader Charms, as Beauty does the Brave.
At *Hackney*-School the awkward Thing is bred,
There taught, with pains, to bridle up her Head,
Does Natures more becoming freedom lose,
On Tip-toe juts about in high-heel'd Shoes,
And with a formal stiffness ev'ry thing outdoes.

The Coin she brings sets up the crafty Blade,
Careful t'improve the Int'rest of his Trade,
Thus settled in the World, he thrives apace,
Thinks nothing that is gainful can be base ;
But labours, cuts, and shuffles 'twixt the Fate
Of Begg'ry and an Alderman's Estate ;
Not knowing which he shall at last possess,
A Parish-Pension, or the Sword and Mace.
Yet boundless are his Hopes, as is his Gain,
And, as a Wolf on Sheep, he preys on Men ;
Does the most Weak and Innocent betray,
Yet strives to be as guiltless thought as they.

Friendship and Faith he both alike explodes,
Rocks are his Friends, and Guineas are his Gods;
Gold is his Heav'n, his Refuge and Defence,
His Hopes and Fears are all deriv'd from thence :
One mighty Sum would make his Joys compleat,
But want of this does all his Ends defeat.
The Mine he seeks, he covets but in vain,
His more than Heav'n will grant, or Man obtain.
Like *Tantalus* he labours but to catch
The tempting Fruit that hangs beyond his reach.
For Av'rice and Ambition always soar,
For something that is still beyond their pow'r :
Therefore the proud and craving tho' possess'd
Of mighty Wealth they still must be unblest.

Relations are his Enemies, if Poor,
Whom he does more than midnight Thieves abhor :
And if they press him to relieve their Need,
He gives them *Stones* and bitter Words for Bread.

His fraudulent Designs with Zeal he hides,
And with some rich Dissenting Party sides ;
Not that his Conscience guides him to his choice,
But Int'rest calls him with her charming Voice.
Who

Who leads her greedy list'ners to the Grave,
Still short of something they wou'd further have.

Tho' ne'er so large, deficient is his Store,
As his Wealth rises, still his Wants are more,
His fatal Temper keeps him always Poor.
That Passion Fear, and sad Disease Despair,
His dark unquiet Soul's Companions are:
One cries, Beware of Loss, whene'er he Lends;
The other threatens want of what he Spends:
Thus the ungodly Mammon so belov'd,
Must no way stir, except to be improv'd.
If good round Int'rest and a clear Estate,
Wants a supply, they're welcome to his Gate;
But if a Neighbour (for a Friend he's none)
Should *Gratis* beg some reasonable Boon,
The Beggar's hopes are equally as good,
That asks a hungry Tyger for his Food.
Misers in Health, have little Pow'r we see
To do one deed of Christian Charity:
But dying, none more forward to atone,
By Pious Acts, for wretched Ills they've done.
Therefore, to please the Gen'rous, here 'tis show
How their Wealths rais'd, and how at last bestow

For Wedlock's Woes, and wealthy Cares design'd,
To Shop and Wife he's slavishly confin'd :
That each requires he with submission doth,
And gives severe attendance unto both.
Being settled in a thriving part o'th' Town,
With cautious Steps he prosp'rously goes on,
Greedy t'impose, poor-spirited and base,
He grows, by knavish Conduct, rich apace :
Whilst the good Man, who with a Conscience deals,
Moves slow, and follows Fortune at the heels.

Proud is his Heart, yet humble is his Mein.
A Saint without, but Hypocrite within.
Each gainful Lye he does for Truth protest,
Can his own Words to various Senses wrest :
The way you take 'em will your self deceive,
You're surely chous'd if you his Cant believe.
You and the Dev'l he strives alike to serve,
Cheats both, and saves himself by a reserve :
All useful Frauds that to his Int'rest tend,
Or false Assertions that can serve his End,
To him by Custom are as lawful grown,
Deeds, an honest Man dare do and own.

Watch-

Watchful behind his Compter he appears,
And there all Day imprison'd sits, for Years :
Except when Business calls, he takes a loose,
At Noon to *Change*, or Night to Coffee-House.
His vacant Minutes in his Shop he spends
O'er News, to which he great attention lends;
Till he by reading *Gazetts* is become,
A Statesman in th' Affairs of Christendom:
And sundry ways can form, to regulate
The worst Disorders of a drooping State :
The cause of all its Miseries can tell,
And is as wise, in Thought, as *Matchiavel* :
Does the success of each attempt foresee,
Informs his Wife, who knows as well as he,
What the great End of all these things shall be.

Fore-sight to Fools is something hard to grant,
Since Wisemen oft the Heavenly Knowledge want
Yet who can tell how Gods their Gifts bestow,
An Ass we find has Prophesied e're now.

C A N T O II.

Thus he plods on for Twenty Years, or more,

ays Scot and Lot to th' Parson and the Poor:

his Dealings large, extravagant his Gain,

esteem'd a sharp, but very honest Man.

As for Religion, he agrees with two,

A Christian he's at Church, in Shop a Jew,

He twice each *Sunday* in Communion meets,

And Prays at Home as often as he Cheats.

Longwinded Graces at short Meals he makes,

and blesses every Morning's Toast he breaks.

Hears ev'ry Night his youngest Prentice read,

some long hard Chapter e're he goes to Bed.

Whilst his own Thoughts are busi'd to *Out-wit*

The World, which smoother Phrase in all Deceit,

Our well-bred City use instead of Cheat.

Thus with mild Terms they take away the Stain,

And call a Knave in Trade a *Cunning-Man*.

Extravagance, like Popery, he hates,

And ne'er beyond a Dish of Coffee treats.

Will talk and wrangle, like the meanest Scrub,
Two Hours, to save a Farthing in his Club.
Wine he drinks seldom, 'less his Stomach's chill,
And then he never does exceed a Jill,
Except some mighty Reason should induce
The Niggard, to debauch beyond his use ;
As Loyalty ; he alters then his stint,
And, on the King's Birth-Day, drinks half a Pint,
Which Three-Pence extraordinary spent,
Is a sure Sign he loves the Government.
And that the World may see, by partial Fate,
He's destin'd to be Rich and Fortunate,
In a small tract of Time three Wives at least,
Are rescu'd from his mercenary Breast,
By that grim Spright the wretched oft invoke,
To end their Cares and Mis'ries with a Stroke.
Each Helpmate worth a Thousand Pounds or more,
Whose Portions much encrease his ill-got Store.
The Wife he minds not, but adores the Pence ;
No Nights endearments does the Churl dispence,
But kills her with the want of due Penevolence.

Large Sums with 'Prentices his Bags enrich,
And help to flatter his insatiate Itch.

Some die, whilst others backward to obey,
Complaining of hard usage, run away ;
Curse his thin Beer, and rail at *Suffolk-Cheese*,
Forfake their Int'rest to pursue their Ease.
One *Crop* no sooner runs, but in his room,
A new comes laden with a welcome Sum.
Thus, by good-luck, assisted with small Thought,
His thriving Pence to num'rous Pounds are brought.
So Fortune's Minions, from a low degree,
Climb the top Branches of her golden Tree ;
There cull the precious Fruit, and with disdain,
Behold th' unlucky Gape below in vain.

He now looks big, and does to Pow'r incline,
Will no small Parish-Office serve, but Fine.
The midnight King of Clubs he scorns to be,
And to some Barber leaves th' Authority.
Above his Neighbours he exalts his Horn,
And with impatience waits till chofe Church-ward'n.
Where Gain and Reputation jointly meet,
And Homage makes the Office still more sweet.
These two Compliments, there's none more sure,
Flows from the Parish, Curses from the Poor.

He

He and the Parson now grow wondrous great,
And from the Paupers Box pinch many a Treat ;
Whilst the starv'd Wretches, whose Relief they spend
By shameful Wants are hasten'd to their End.
When thus elected Ward'n, the Church in haste,
Must be repair'd, er else the Bells new Cast,
A Gall'ry added, or an Organ rais'd,
That heav'n, with hearts more chearful, may be prais'd
The Steeple mended, or the Dial gilt,
The Chancel painted, or a Porch new built,
Not thro' a Christian Zeal, or good Design,
To make the Temple of the Lord more fine,
But his own Bags with Parish Cash to fill,
By Coz'nage in the payment of each Bill,
In which the Workmen knavishly accord,
And make so large, they well may bate a third.
He bids 'em write, Receiv'd the full Contents,
And thus discov'ry of the Fraud prevents.
So those who did the Project first invent,
Of building *Bedlam* and the *Monument*,
Like good Trustees, the Orphans Bank ingross,
And sunk much more than both the Baubles cost.
If any curious Christian should desire,
To know who lin'd the Pews, or rais'd 'em high

The World may read, inscrib'd upon a Stone,
John Sharp Church-Ward'n when these good things were done.

His Word goes current now the City round,
Reported worth perhaps Ten Thousand Pound :
Great in his Company he's also grown,
Thro' ev'ry Station gradually has run,
And greedy of that honourable sway,
Is chosen Master, next Election-Day :
Who in his Liv'ry Grown and Band precise,
Looks very burly, and as gravely Wise;
At th' upper-end of th' upper Table sits,
And culls from ev'ry Dish his dainty Bits.
To th' Venson and the Fowl he gives applause,
And stoutly labours Knuckle-deep in Sauce.
If th' Custard sorely is oppress'd,
If he pleas'd, he with full *Mouth* commends the Feast,
And eats, by computation, half a Stone at least.

Long has the Pulpit labour'd hard to free
The City, from the sin of Gluttonie ;
To still her Sons Heaven's plenteous Gifts prophane,
To Gormandize, like Beasts, not eat like Men.

C A N T O III.

Now swell'd with Pride, he does majestick grow
And with a Nod returns his Neighbour's Bow.
In all Affairs, talks gravely as a Judge,
And Bellies like a Hog'shead in the boudge.
Looks high, will none beneath himself regard,
And often Dines with th' Alderman o'ph' Ward.
He's now much alter'd, and the *Change* he keeps
Each Day as constant, as at Night he sleeps.
Establish'd in the World, he takes good Heart,
And his Half-Pint he turns into a Quart.
To th' Coffee-house too becomes a mighty Guest,
And reads the News five times a Day at least,
From whence he wisely does assert, 'tis plain,
The Duke of *Anjou* has no right to *Spain*;
But is for so dividing it, that some
May go to ev'ry part of Christendom :
Which he does eas'ly, as a Man may cut
A Twelfth-Cake for the *King, Queen, Knave*, and *Servant*
Nay, and without Book tells, by strength of Head
How many Dogs are lost, or Horses stray'd :

And gives the Marks, as if they'd been his own,
From the crop'd Greyhound, to the spavin'd Roan.

Being now grown wondrous Rich, he has a Call,
By Summons, to the *Blue-Coat Hospital*.

Where his wife, worshipful, and worthy Sir,
Is chosen, for his Wealth, a Governour,
In hopes he once will Charitable be,
And leave 'em, when he dies, a Legacy.
Proud of the Honour he attends each Court ;
There does, like many more, nor good nor hurt.
But gazes round, and with his roving Eyes,
Twenty gray Heads beholds to one that's wife.

He now so formal grows, the whole Machine,
Moves as if *German* Clock-work rul'd within.
His Actions tim'd to certain Minutes are,
And ev'ry thing he does is regular.
Eh' Morning, when the Parish Clock strikes Five,
He 'wakes, and thanks the Lord that he's alive.
With Eyes turn'd up, Success does humbly pray,
To all the Frauds projected for the day.
Then raises from his Pillow his bald Crown,
And jumps into his Slippers and his Gown ;

Steps to his Counting-House, there sits till Eight,
Consid'ring how to manage things of weight,
Precisely at which Hour he starts in haste,
And on a Toast and *Cheshire* breaks his Fast.
Which being done, he lifts up Hands and Eyes,
And thanks the L--d, at length, in holy wise;
Then from his Seat of Ease he rises up,
And belching, creeps down Stairs into his Shop
Where for two hours the thrifty Churl abides,
And, for some Faults, his eldest Prentice chides;
Directs him in the bus'ness of the Day,
What Goods to send abroad, what Sums to Pay.
Then to some Neighbouring Coffee-House resorts,
There fills his empty Head with false Reports.
He reads and hears, and very wise is made,
In some Affairs of State, and some of Trade:
Sips off his Coffee, which to cool he blows,
And o'er the wreaking Liquor hangs his Nose.
Where the hot Steam condenses, and like Rain,
Drops from his Snout into his Dish again.
He drinks two Doses, till his Forehead sweats,
And then commends it that it warms and wets.
From thence to th' Tavern-Kitchen he adjourns,
There takes a whet, then to his Shop returns.

At Twelve his Dinner's on the Table set,
His Stomach being as ready as his Meat:
But thro' good Husbandry does ne'er appoint
Above one Dish, and that a thund'ring Joint.
By'mself he Dines, his Wives and Children dead,
Lonely his Table, and alike his Bed :
Yet for such Losses can no Sorrow show,
Wealth is the Spring, whence all his Pleasures flow :
Gold is his Heav'n, no other Loss or Gain,
Can give the Wretch delight, or cause his Pain,
For half an Hour he feeds, and when he's done,
In's Elbow-Chair he takes a Nap till One.
From thence to *Change* he hurries in a heat,
Where Knaves and Fools in mighty numbers meet,
And kindly mix the Bubble with the Cheat. }
There barters, buys and sells, receives and pays,
And turns the Pence a hundred several ways :
At all he ventures, to be Rich and Great,
And is in ev'ry Dealing Fortunate.
In this great Hive, where Markets rise and fall,
And swarms of muckworms round its Pillars crawl,
He, like the rest, as busie as a Bee,
Remains amongst the Hen-peck'd Herd till Three.

Then

Then at *Lloyd's* Coffee-House he never fails,
To read their Letters, and attend the Sales.
There buys by Candle-Inch, but when he sells,
By what he bought by Inch, he'll gain by Ells.
When this is over he to Shop repairs,
And with sharp Eye inspects his Home-Affairs ;
Examines what's come in, and what's gone out,
Who has been here, what bus'ness 'twas about,
Then fills his Silver Box, *Remember, John,*
If any asks, to th' Coffee-House I'm gone.
There sits an Hour, sips *Ninny* Broath, and Laughs,
To see the Neighbouring *Bucks* contend at *Drafts*.
Tir'd with this Sport, he to the Sack-shop goes,
And brisks his Thoughts with a salubrious Dose.
There meets a Club of Elders, like himself,
Who livelike Swine, and wallow in their Pelf.
Where, in small Measure, they the Fox pursue ;
Call for Half-Pints, that each may have his due :
Which they repeat, till Sparkles in their Eyes,
And scarlet Fevers in their Cheeks arise.
Whilst the three Topicks of their senseless Chat,
Is first of Trade, Religion, then the State,
Which they with wild Conceits unmercifully Bait.

When each grave Toper has imbib'd his Quart,
Their Dividends they pay, shake Hands, and part.

Now to his *Turkish* Soop again he comes,
To qualifie the Wine's aspiring Fumes.
Then home he Jogs, talks smutty to his Maid,
Eats a slight Supper, prays, and so to Bed.
Thus he by Rule compleats each Days design,
Has Hours for Coffee, Business, and for Wine;
And does the whole dispatch before *Bow-Bell* rings }
(Nine.

Cunning, Success, Severity, and Care,
A Trader's Friends, and best Supporters are.
For City-Knaves their Ill-got Wealth encrease,
By swallowing Fools, as greater Fish the less.

C A N T O IV.

Now Old, his Conscience to himself looks black,
And Pain and Sorrow bend his Aged Back.
Decay in ev'ry feeble Limb appears,
Whilst he bemoans the number of his Years.
He Sighs, and does, with wishful Eyes, behold
His Piles of Silver, and vast Sums of Gold:

But with an anxious Breast, and troubled Thought
Groaning, remembers how 'twas basely got.
The Curses of old Age, the Gout and Stone,
Torment the Wretch for the past Ills he's done.
Who for sweet Ease sollicit Heav'n in vain,
And grows almost a Christian thro' his Pain.
Still greater Mis'ries ev'ry Hour accrue,
And the pale Foe draws nearer to his view:
His Nerves grow weak, and his Distempers strong,
His Intervals more short, his Pains more long,
His fleshly Sides from City Banquets drawn,
He finds consum'd into a Skeleton.
His Appetite is gone, his Breath grows short,
And all his lively Thoughts turn *al-a-mort*.
Thus in these Conflicts he begins to Rave,
Divided 'twixt his Treasure and the Grave:

*Have I my Life in Care and Slav'ry spent,
And all my restless Thoughts t'wards Riches bent!
Where's my Physician? let him ease my Cough,
And give me strength, he shall have Gold enough.
Will nothing help me in my painful Fits?
Physick and Riches both, alas, are Cheats!
But shou'd I die, O how shall I atone,
For all the Ills and Knav'ries I have done!*

With those I've wrong'd, what Measures shall I take,
To own my Guilt, and Restitution make?
Many, alas, are Strangers, others dead;
Some Broke, and into distant Regions fled!
No, 'tis impossible, (the more's my Woe)
To those I've injur'd, I should Justice do?
There is but one way left, as I conceive,
My Soul from threat'ning Vengeance to retrieve;
I must my ill-got Wealth to Pious Uses leave.
And for the Scriv'ner, Oh! it breaks my Heart,
Alas, dear Gold, that thee and I must part.

The Scribe approaches, arm'd with pointed Quill,
Kneels, Lyes, and says, he's sorry he's so Ill.
After some Talk, does all his Tools provide,
Draws near the dying Penitent's Bed-side,
Takes his last Testament by slow degrees,
The Heads and Purport being chiefly these.

Imprimis, I bequeath Five hundred Pound,
To buy, near London, such a *Lay-stale* Ground.
Item, Two thousand Pounds I do allot,
To build an Alms-house on the 'foresaid Spot ;

Contriv'd commodiously to entertain,
Twenty Old Women, and as many Men.

Item, Ten Thousand Pounds I give, which shall
Endow my House of Charity withal:
Blue Gowns, Shifts, Coals, and Candles to provide
And every one a Groat a Day beside.

Item, Five hundred Pounds, with good intent,
I give to beautifie the *Monument*.

And that the Mad Folks may be kept more neat,
Five hundred more to make new *Bedlam* sweet.

Item, Two thousand Pounds, with good design,
I do bequeath, to make *Paul's* work more fine.

Item, To th' *Blue-Coat-Hospital* I give,
Two hundred Pounds, that my good Name may live
And place amongst their Benefactors have,
Hoping their Boys will sing me to my Grave.

Item, Ten Pounds I order to be paid,
To each Man-Servant, twenty to my Maid,
For the great Care she's in my Sicknès shown,
And other Reasons to my self best known.

Item, Three hundred Pounds I freely give
Amongst the Poor within the Ward I live.
A Gown and Cassock to the Parish-Priest,
For his kind Promise of eternal Rest.

A—B—C---D--- Exec'tors I appoint,
Of this my last and only Testament,
That they with all exactness may fulfil,
Each part and Clause of this my dying Will.

When Hand and Seal has giv'n it lawful force,
Next Day he changes, and becomes much worse,
Too weak to stir, he raves upon his Back,
Death why so pale, and Conscience why so black.
Where am I going? Prithee Nurse more Air,
He thinks I'm sinking down the Lord knows where.
He gasps and stretches, strives but cannot rise,
Then rattles in the Throat, and rowls his Eyes,
Thus leaves his ill-got Treasure, and despairing dies.

AN

All Men Mad :

O R,

England a Great-Bedlam.

THE Muses now send forth their Sonnets,
 And the *High-Church* tofs up their Bonnets
 The Crown has endless Honour gain'd,
 By the late Victory obtain'd;
 And ev'ry Loyal Soul's so glad,
 He tipples off his Cups like mad,
 And swears we have a Queen, God bless her,
 Worth twenty like her Predecessor.
 The Whigs displeas'd, and much confus'd,
 To hear their Champion so traduc'd,
 Abhor the Peer that has outdone him,
 And cast their dirty Dabs upon him,
 Because he's luckily knock'd down
 Two Birds with one successful Stone :

And has, at one Blow, overcome
Our Foes abroad and those at home :
Spoke all the Measures they had taken,
And sav'd the Church of *England's* Bacon,
From those who with much Pains and Cost,
Had labour'd hard to rule the Roast :
But, Heav'n be prais'd, they're disappointed,
By th' Wisdom of the Lord's Anointed.

The Churchmen bluster, talk, and rattle,
Of nothing but the late great Battle ;
How many Thousands we have slain,
Of *Lewis* and *Bavaria's* Men ;
And from our best News-Papers reckon,
How many Pris'ners we have taken :
How th' *English* stood upon their Ten-toes,
And bravely maul'd the *Bougerantoes* ;
Making them fly like Pigs and Hogs
In Peas-field, from a Farmer's Dogs ;
And with such Courage did so scowre 'em,
Their En'mies durst not stand before 'em.

The Whigs would have it all forgot,
And buz'd about a *Popish Plot* ;

A black, deep-laid Assassination,
To kill the Q—— and fright the Nation,
And bring in Transubstantiation :
But this old Cheat was soon decry'd,
So dwindl'd into Snuff and dy'd.

Great *Rook* too, with his Canvas Wings
Glad Tidings to the Nation brings,
Has taken *Giberalter* Town,
To th' Honour of the *English* Crown.
Nay, some don't scruple to report,
He's done the *Thoulon* Fleet much hurt;
Taken one half, and so beshot'em,
He's sent the other to the bottom.
The grumbling Tribe but look amiss
On such successful News as this :
For tho' they can't dislike the Action,
Yet still they 'xpress Dissatisfaction,
To think at Land a gallant Duke,
And on the Seas a cunning *Rook*,
Should in one Summer do much more,
Than e'er their Hero could before ;
Altho' he had a longer Purse,
A weaker Foe, and stronger Force,

man ever was possess'd by Prince,
Before his happy Reign, or since :
But had he liv'd, we shou'd have seen,
He wou'd have outdone any Queen,
And conquer'd all our Foes around us,
To've left us better than he found us:
But since by Death we're disappointed,
Blame not, I pray, the Lord's Anointed,
But let his Urn his Ashes hide,
And we alive rest satisfy'd:
For Wise Men know, a hungry Sinner,
By grumbling seldom gets a Dinner.

Thus Int'rest does the Land divide,
And makes Men take the strongest side;
Who hurry on amidst the Throng,
Without considering Right or Wrong.

At Court the Great Ones Jar and Quarrel,
Like Tinkers o'er a strong Beer Barrel;
For as they struggle when they're mellow.
Who is the strongest stoutest Fellow,
Their Worships, Lordships, and their Graces,
Contend for Honours and high Places;

Each

Each striving in his gainful Post,
Who 'tis shall cheat the Nation most.
The Fav'rites hover round the Throne,
And jostle one another down.
Each envies t'other rising Man,
And plays at Catch-knave if he can,
To lift him from his lofty Station,
That he may enter by Succession,
And take his turn to cheat the Nation.
Some few to great Preferments rise,
For being Politick and Wise ;
And many cringing Sycophants,
By Flattery themselves advance :
For Courts, require such useful Tools,
As humble Slaves and fawning Fools ;
Whilst Men of Merit are rejected,
And laid aside as things neglected :
So we the Lap-Dog daily see,
Is dandled on my Lady's Knee,
Whilst the stout Mastiff fares but hard,
And lies in Chains to keep the Yard.

Some by their great Success in Wars,
Tho' honour'd with no Wounds or Scars,

Climb high in popular Esteem,
And creep so near the Diadem,
They vex the envious standers by,
At Court, that cannot climb so high,
That greater dangers do arise
From their domestick Enemies,
Than what they meet with in the Field,
When Thousands on the Spot are kill'd :
For when tempestuous Winds surprize,
And fullen Clouds obscure the Skies,
The Storms no lowly Hut can touch,
Whilst lofty Structures suffer much.
So in a vex'd and ruff'd State,
The Man's least safe that is most Great ;
For Envy always darts her Spight
At those who sit the greatest height.

Some by Court-Jilts to Grandeur rise,
And o'er their Betters tyrannize ;
For he that can the Favours win
Of some great Noble's Concubine,
Need never doubt a gainful Place,
From his kind Lordship or his Grace.

'Tis noted that one sterling Brother
Is oft the making of another,
The Cuckold commonly we find,
Is to the Cuckold-maker kind :
Then hang the Fool that hates the Sport,
Since W---s are such good Friends at Court.
Thus Man does over Man preside,
And one Knave does another ride :
Those that are mounted, they are blest,
He that is low must be oppress'd,
And with submission bear that weight,
Which makes more cunning Mortals Great,
Thus Rich-Men use the Poor like Horses,
And make their Cruppers gall'd their Arses:
But when they're cruel that bestride 'em,
Who can be blam'd that strive for Freedom,
And kick to throw the Knaves that ride 'em.
Thus many rise and wealthy grow,
As if by Fate, we know not how :
But when shall we the wonder see,
Of Men advanc'd for Honesty ?
Such Miracles we ne'er shall find,
I doubt, until the Devil's blind.

Whilst Conscience is but made a Sport,
And Vertue has few Friends at Court ;
And Men aspire by doing Ill,
We're all but in Confusion still.

The gaudy Fop, to make a show,
Rattles his *Flanders* to and fro,
That all the gazing Fools and Asses,
May ask his Title as he passes :
If he but sees the People stare at
His noble Steeds, and new *Dutch* Chariot,
And with surprise and admiration,
Behold his Pride and Ostentation,
And view with pleasure and amazement,
The Coxcomb, thro' his Chariot Casement :
He's happy thus to ride about,
Despising those that walk on Foot ;
For all he aims at, is to show
The vain *Externals* of a *Beau*.

The Statesman labours to be Great.
By managing Intrigues of State :
If he be faithful to the Crown,
He makes the jealous People frown ;

Who fear, and not without some cause,
His Politicks should strain the Laws,
And make (by robbing of the Spittle)
The Prince too Great, and them too Little.
If with the People he unites,
And labours to secure their Rights,
Courting a popular esteem,
He then affronts the Diadem,
Who have good reason to believe,
He has a trimming Knave in's Sleeve ;
And that his double *Janus* Face,
Is ne'er without a Snake i'th' Grass.
Thus Men, tho' Great, are so unjust,
People, nor Prince know whom to trust.

The Female Qual'ty who divide
Their lazy hours 'twixt Lust and Pride,
Bit by the Dog-star in the Breech,
That makes their tufted Honours itch.
Hurry to Plays and publick Places,
To shew their Features and their Graces,
In hopes to charm some Am'rous Spark,
That may be trusted in the dark.

For they are doubtless in the right,
Who (making a false step by Night)
Take care it never comes to light.

The pious Jilt to Church repairs,
And sanctifies her Lust with Pray'rs,
Designing only the promotion
Of some Intrigue, and not Devotion :
And e're she quits the Congregation,
To whisper out some Assignment,
That the dear Blessing, which she wanted,
As soon as pray'd for, might be granted.

Thus does the Penitential Lover,
Her Lust, with her Devotion, cover,
And passes for a Virtuous Creature,
That loves Pray'rs well, but Kissing better.

Thus Ladies arm'd with all their Arts,
Even in Churches throw their Darts,
To win and wound complacent Hearts.

The Noble surfeits in the Arms
Of her that has the newest Charms ;
From stale to fresh enjoyment roves,
Like Bull amongst his horned Loves,

'That were we (I believe in troth)
To view the Actions of them both,
That both alike would prove so kind,
It would be difficult to find,
Who would most bawdy Scenes afford,
The Parson's Stallion or my Lord.
Courts have their Harlotry and Vices,
As well as Stews and common Places;
Great Lords in Palaces have Follies,
As well as those that dwell in Allies.
The difference is, Great Persons sin in
Much softer Beds and finer Linen,
Which to their Vices add a gust,
And make them close with greater Lust:
A rich gay Dress the Fancy warms,
And gives fair *Phyllis* greater Charms:
It makes us love, and gaze with wonder,
And think the better of what's under.

Thus grave great Dons and wild Debauchees,
That live in State and ride in Coaches,
Stallions and Jilts of Quality,
And Hypocrites of high degree,

That make so much a stir about
Who is most vertuous and devout,
All join together to compleat
The motled numbers of the Great ;
And thus confus'dly mix'd together,
They jog on sinning God knows whether,
Some courting Honour, others Wealth,
Some playing with their Tails by stealth ;
Some sporting in the Devil's Name,
In publick, without sence of Shame,
And will their base Servants trust,
To be the Partners of their Lust :
The Butler, or the stinking Coachman,
The nasty Groom, or any such Man,
Shall by my Lady's Honour take her,
And be their Master's Cuckold-maker,
Thus all Mankind pursue their Vices,
The Rich have their Fool's Paradiſes,

The Church looks languishing and deadly,
Religion's made a perfect medly :
Her Pastors such a wrangling keep,
They quite confound their very Sheep :

Some are too fiery in their Jars,
Others as cool as Cucumbers :
And some such trimming Moderators,
When e'er they meddle in Church Matters,
That Int'rest always does allure 'em,
To join that side will best secure 'em ;
For Gold they'll either Preach or Scribble
And to their Cause pervert the Bible ;
Yet I'll maintain 'tis arrant Nonsense,
To say they Act against their Conscience ;
For a Priest's Conscience never teaches,
Sin dwells in Safety or in Riches ;
Alas, it cannot be allow'd,
For both are exquisitely good ;
If so, how can we justly blame
Our Guides, who make these things their aim,
Since 'tis the duty of a Priest,
To choose, and hold fast what is best ?
The Church is in herself divided,
And by her grumbling Sons derided :
Well may they wrangle and find Fault,
And betwixt two Opinions halt,
Since her own Priests, to their dishonour,
Have brought a thousand Blurs upon her :

ay! those in L——n that should assert her,
We see in dang'rous Times desert her,
And like good Saints, to mend the matter,
Side with a factious Brood that hate her.
Nist so a base Adult'rous Wretch,
To gratifie his lustful Itch,
Cleaves to a Harlot he has bedded,
And slights the honest Spouse he'as wedded.

The canting Crew that us'd to rail at
The name of Bishop and of Prelate,
And always spoke the Church more evil,
Than e'er they did the Pope or Devil,
Are now so hugely reconcil'd,
To what their Tongues before revil'd,
That each Fanatical Fantastick
Cries up the L--d's Ecclesiastick,
For such good Men, such Moderators,
Such kind *Occasional Debaters*,
Rais'd up in times of sad Confusion,
To save th' Elect from Persecution,
So will an errant Knave cry out,
His Comrade is an honest Trout;

Yet

Yet Wise-men will conclude no other,
But one's as bad a Knave as t'other.

Thus the Dissenting Tribe commends
The B——s as their only Friends;
And they, kind Fathers, are so good,
Out of meer Love and Gratitude,
To hang the Church upon the Tenters,
And stoutly stand by the Dissenters.
Thus Int'rest, we may see, unites
The most repugnant Opposites:
Two scabby Foes will soon agree,
Scratch me, says one, and I'll scratch thee.

'Tis by some honest Authors said,
That B——s with the Church do wed,
And if they don't their Duty do,
They wrong the Spouse they're marry'd to:
But we, alas, too oft have seen,
A Spark who long in Love has been
At last the spotless Virgin marry,
And soon become her Adversary,
Slight her, abuse her, and disgrace her,
And never cordially embrace her,

He spend the Fortune which she brought,
Upon some base designing Slut;
Whilst his fair Spouse sits down dejected,
And pines to see herself neglected.
Should I but ask an honest Priest,
That will not with his Conscience Jest,
What such vile Husbands do deserve,
He'd say, at least to hang or starve;
Nay, to be d---d say I, no better,
So yours, good B---p Moderator.

Religion, which we us'd to prize
Above all things beneath the Skies,
Is now become a common Banter,
With the grave Saint as well as Ranter;
Some use it to improve our Fears,
And set the Nation by the Ears.
Others, to cloak their ill Designs,
And hide their Antichristian Mines,
Prepar'd to blow up Church and State,
The only Objects of their hate.
Alas, it is so marr'd and maim'd,
Men think they've all along been sham'd,

By

By an old Fable put in print,
That has but very little in't,
Reprove them that they don't obey it,
And thus the Heathens do display it ;
Religion! 'tis a trick of State,
To make the Poor support the Great ;
It answers not its first intent,
But breeds those Ills it shou'd prevent :
It widens Discords, heightens Jars,
Draws Kingdoms into bloody Wars :
It plagues and disunites the State,
And does Rebellions oft create :
It makes Men squabble, Women rail,
And Drunkards quarrel o'er their Ale :
It sep'rates Subjects from the Crown,
And oftentimes pulls Monarchs down :
It raises Brother against Brother,
And makes Mankind hate one another :
It hides the Knave, and paints the Whore,
And varnishes our Vices o'er :
It makes the Priest his Flock deceive,
And tell them what he don't believe :
It oft breeds Maggots in the Crown,
And makes some hang and others drown

short, it confounds our Senses,
We scarce know Vertues from Offences,
And leads us by so dim a light,
We're oftner in the Wrong than Right.
By hobbling Guides sometimes we're taught
To say and swear the Lord knows what ;
Do what is just in one King's Reign,
And in the next undo't again:
Sometimes assert the Truth we shall,
And then, forsooth, abjure it all :
Yet they shall say that rule the roast,
Who skip from Pillar unto Post,
Do you as we your Rulers bid you,
And we'll be damn'd if we misguide you.
Then, say I, for why should we,
For non-compliance punish'd be,
Let go to th' Devil if we do
Those things the Laws compel us to.
Such cruel usage, with a murrain,
Would make a Mortal stink like Carrion,
Ay, if we are drove or drawn
To wicked Deeds, by Furr or Lawn,
And frighted into a concession
By what Heav'n thinks a vile Transgression,

The.

The Sin cannot to us accrue,
Then let the Devil take his due :
For what grave spiritual Logician,
The Body's Guide and Soul's Physician,
By all his Art, can prove that we
For their Mistakes shall punish'd be ?
No, the learn'd Heads, who boast of Knowledge,
Grave, formal Dons, bred up in College,
Masters of Arts, and of Discretion,
Who plead, they hold good Heav'n's Commission
To teach us, lead us, and to ride us,
If they for Int'rest shall misguide us,
They're damn'd, if Justice be severe,
As sure as God's in *Gloc'stershire* ;
Whilst we poor Souls (for who can blame us)
Shall all come off by *Ignoramus*.

Good Exhortations and Church-Pray'r,
The Wicked sometimes love to hear :
But those that do Religion prize,
At Church use daily Exercise.
Yet all the sweating pains in Pulpits,
Of Learned Heads with sinful Dulcates,

Our good Design so little answers,
We grow more wicked than our Gransires,
Who, some say, they'd much less Preaching,
And that we've twenty times the Teaching.
The luscious Sin of Fornication
Is never sere so much in fashion;
And those unlucky Wags that use it,
Are taught by th' Devil to excuse it,
And swear no Mortal, lest he's Gelt,
That once has Loves enjoyment felt,
Can be restrain'd from Nature's Duty,
To stand at bay with Female Beauty;
And that those Laws that bind the Creature
To the due Benefits of Nature,
Are such that cannot be obey'd,
And therefore null as soon as made;
Nothing can oblige us to
What is not in our Pow'r to do.
The Laws are equally severe,
That punish what we can't forbear:
And, say they that love the Sport,
These are these further Reasons for't;
That serves to People this our Nation,
That is a prop to the Creation;

It brings forth Soldiers for the Queen,
And Wives for honest labouring Men;
It stocks the Town with Whores for Bubbles,
And breeds fair Mistresses for Nobles,
So keeps our lawful Daughters free
From pow'ful Importunity:
It Servants for the Rich produces,
Both Sexes for all sorts of uses:
It oft advances Orange-Wench
To Coach and Six, from Playhouse Benches;
And when kind Prince poor Maid debauches,
Out pops sometimes a Duke or Dutches.
Many good Turns, by Fornication,
Are done to this our Christian Nation.
G--ds Lambs themselves we see approve it,
Most Women like it, all Men love it;
Therefore there's nothing made more plain,
That Pulpit-railing is in vain;
For th' more our Guides exclaim agen it,
The greater Bliss we think there's in it:
It rather marrs than mends the matter,
And makes Man like the Sport the better.
So the fond Virgin, when in Love,
The more her Parents disapprove

The Spark with whom she is affected,
The more she dotes on her elected.

Next to this Itch that cocks our Tails,
The Bottle in its turn prevails:
The sober Saints that hate this Vice,
Charge it upon the Queen's Excise,
Which makes the Loyal hug the Pitcher,
Because the Throne may grow the richer,
The same excuse will serve the Sot
That loves the Pipe as well as Pot,
For both encrease the Crown's Revenues,
And strengthen the Monarchick Sinews,
Therefore in vain are all our Laws
Against this reigning Vice, because,
Those that steer, the more they swill,
The Grift it brings unto our Mill:
And tho' it adds to th' Royal Treasure,
The Subjects have the greatest pleasure;
It conquers Vertue's stubborn Mind,
And makes the coyest *Phillis* kind:
It ranks Cowards with great Words,
And makes them fear no Guns or Swords:

It warms and elevates the Senses,
And levels us with Kings and Princes :
Yet those that can't forbear it one day,
Will rail against it of a *Sunday* ;
And make some squeamish Bigots think,
'Tis almost damnable to drink.
Just so good Wives their Husbands chide,
For staying out till Drunkentide ;
But by themselves they'll sip and tattle,
And twenty Bawdy Stories prattle,
When gather'd round the Brandy Bottle.

Thus Pride, Ebriety, and Lust,
Make both the Sexes so unjust,
We know not whom to Love, or Trust.

Hell

Helter Skelter :

OR,

The Devil upon Two Sticks.

A

COMEDY

As it is spitefully Acted between

High-Church and *Low-Church,*

In most Taverns about *London.*

High-Churchman.

HERE Drawer, bring us t'other Quart;
 I love the Church with all my Heart,
 'Tis She maintains the Power Royal,
 and teaches Subjects to be Loyal;
 who' some canting Drones and Affes,
 while her Common-Pray'rs as Masses,

And thro' foul Consciences call'd Squeamish,
Condemn her spotless Faith as *Romish*.

I say, such Scandals are but Fictions,
Malicious Whiggish Contradictions :

And I'll be bound my self, by *Jove*,
Not only to assert, but prove,
She favours of no Popish Leven,
But is the surest Guide to Heaven.

Come, Drawer, fill a Glass to th'brim,
Let the Low sink, and High-Church swim,
For we that are the Sons o'th' High,
Shall surely once surmount the Sky,
Whilst the dark Zealots of the Low,
Shall downwards to the bottom go,
In this salubrious Glass of Claret,
The best of Cordials I'll averr it,
I wish Prosperity with all
My Heart, to th' Church Episcopal,
And hope the Crown the same will nourish,
That the true Faith may ever flourish.
Huzza ! here goes a merry Bumper,
Come pledge me, Sir, or you're a Rumper.

Low-Churchman.

Methinks, good Sir, you're mighty warm,
I'd have you think I wish no harm,
To th' Bishops, or the Church, God mend 'em,
Or any Hotspurs that defend 'em.

But I must plainly tell you this, Sir,
I'll drink no Wine but what I please, Sir,
No High-Fly'r of you all, Gad take me,
If I refuse to drink, shall make me :

Nay, I'll not pledge, for all your grinning,
Such Popish Healths as you're beginning:

I'd have you think I scorn to fear,
Any Tantivy-Ranter here,

Nay, nod your Head, and knit your Brow,
We've Liberty of Conscience now.

Come, Neighbour Cant, God save the Queen,
We value no such fiery Men,

God grant her Grace, as well as Breath,
To Live and Reign like *Elizabeth*.

High-Churchman.

Blood, Sir, for all you talk so big,
I say, you're but a Canting Whig,
A rank dissembling Presbyterian,
The Spawn of some old *Oliverian*,
Whose Heart maliciously is bent
Against both Church and Government ;
And tho' you seem to wish the Crown
So well, you'd gladly pull it down,
And drink the Q---s Health, yet you'd rather
Betray the Daughter, like the Father ;
For all the Wheedles and God bless ye's,
Found in your glavering Addresses ;
Adorn'd with florid canting Stuff,
We know your inside well enough.
I say, he's Rumpish that abuses,
The High-Church, or her Health refuses,
And that he wou'd be glad to see
Once more the Scene of Forty-Three ;
And who approves the Blood then spilt,
Must be a Partner in the Guilt,
And makes himself a vile Abetter,
By now consenting to the matter.

Low Churchman.

I say, Sir, you're a meer Shite-fire,
You a good Subject, you a Lyar,
A flanting, ranting Perkenite,
A Popish Slave, a Jacobite,
That would have all the Nation groan,
Beneath the Whore of *Babylon* :
What tho' a King once lost his Head,
Why shou'd the Blame on us be laid ?
Why did not your Church-Militant,
That o'er your Wine so rave and rant,
Behave themselves like better Soldiers,
And fight to keep it on his Shoulders ?
Are we to blame because you lost
What many Thousand Lives had cost ?
Why did not all your Forces rally,
To stop the Mischiefs that beset ye,
But tamely stand, and sighing see
Your Martyr's sad Catastrophe ?
For shame henceforward cease to brag on
Your Church, whose Emblem, tho' a Dragon,

To shew it is her Constitution
 To uphold Popish Persecution,
 Yet are her Sons such dastard *Romans*,
 They fight us best in *Doctors-Commons*,
 Where their Court-Spiritual's the Field,
 The Pen the Sword, and Gold the Shield :
 But now be prais'd we're out of danger,
 And fear no high-flown Bishop's Anger,
 No fiery Churchman's Information,
 No griping Proctor, or Citation;
 But can serve God, wheree'er we please,
 In spite of Enemies like these ;
 Therefore your high-flying Words shan't fright us,
 You're muzzl'd now and cannot bite us.

High-Churchman.

I tell you, Sir, for all your brawling,
 You're an old canting Kniperdoling,
 A Calves-head Knave, a Flash, a Bounce,
 A grey-hair'd, grave, illit'rate Dunce.
 Did not your Tribe hatch Civil Wars,
 And set the Nation by the Ears,

hack down the Church by Heaven appointed,
And trample on the Lord's Anointed,
Murder and plunder all his Friends,
And Treason preach to gain your Ends?
And when your Swords, thro' vile disasters,
Had made you *England's* bloody Masters,
Did not you then, with frantick Joy,
The Monuments o'th' dead destroy,
And like a heathenish pack of Knaves,
Disturb their Ashes in their Graves:
Desack God's Altars by your Forces,
Profane his Churches with your Horses,
Break sacred Windows in your Fury,
Painted long since to Heaven's Glory,
Because malicious Fools, in spite,
Cry'd out they gave a Popish Light?
And when, like wild rebellious Devils,
You'd done all these infernal Evils,
And had the sov'reign Power subdu'd,
By drinking up the Nation's Blood,
Could you tell how to Rule the Roast,
Because that Pow'r you had ingross'd?
First 'twas seated in the Rump,
From thence did into th' Army jump;

Then

Then was it plac'd in Regulators,
 Théy had the Canvassing of Matters ;
 From thence again i'th' Parliament,
 To *Cromwel* next, by their consent :
 Thus back and forwards was it handed,
 And round about the Nation banded,
 Not knowing how to long maintain
 The Pow'r you did so basely gain ;
 But were at last forc'd with dishonour,
 To give it back to its right Owner.
 So busie Monkeys that have seen
 Their Master using what is keen,
 Will, in his absence, take in hand,
 What silly Brutes don't understand.
 But when they've hurt some tender part,
 And see the Blood, and feel the smart,
 They drop the Weapon which they found,
 And lick to heal the painful Wound.

Low-Churchman.

I say, Sir, you're a Popish Biggot,
 A Tyrant's Slave, a Loyal Maggot,

Weaking, servile *Tom-a-doodle*,
 That has no Brains within thy Noddle,
 Jealous, poor, Crown-serving *Tony*,
 Only to give Kings thy Money;
 Cow'rdly non-resisting Bubble,
 Led by the fear of Death or Trouble;
 Worm for Majesty to tread on,
 Ass for Burthens to be laid on,
 Government's most useful Tool,
 Sacred Monarch's humble Fool,
 Whop-ridden *Jack-a-dandy*,
 Papist, Sir, I understand ye,
 Foot-ball, stufft with Fawning Zeal,
 Priests to kick 'twixt Heaven and Hell.
 I war'nt you're such a Loyal Slave,
 I'd serve the Crown with all you have;
 I'd down your Life, or your Estate,
 To make your Prince profusely Great;
 I'd fight like Butcher's favourite Brindle,
 Rather than Prelacy should dwindle;
 I'd die a Martyr for the Church,
 Ere you'd leave her in the lurch:
 I'd hug thy high-flown Loyal Fury,
 No such Block-head, I'll assure ye,

Loy-

Loyalty's but an Imposition,
A Popish Whim, meer Superstition,
A piece of Priest-craft long neglected,
By every Man of sence rejected:
Kings by the People first were made,
And should no longer be obey'd,
Than whilst they mind our Preservation,
And act for th' welfare of the Nation,
Truly maintaining their Compaction,
Without Encroachment or Exaction;
But if at any time we find 'em
Grasp at more Pow'r than we design'd 'em,
Or that they've broke thro', or forsaken,
The solemn Vows and Oaths they've taken;
Or if they prove such Storks or Logs,
Complain'd of by old *Aesop's* Frogs,
The suffering People may dismount
Such Kings, and call them to account;
For can a Man of Moderation,
Think it a heavenly Obligation,
That we, the Sons of Christ, must pay
Homage to'n arbitrary Sway;
And that the Land must be undone,
To gratifie the Pride of one.

Poh! Nonfence, foolish Foppery,
 Nay, downright dev'lish Popery,
 To think we must be Slaves to them
 That wear the People's Diadem.
 No, no, we know much better things,
 Than e'er to make such Gods of Kings:
 Sure *Divino's* out of fash'on,
 And laugh'd at now By th' whole Nation;
 God only made them Men, 'tis we
 That yield them their Authority.
 His Conquest gives a right to Rule,
 The Throne's such a precarious Stool,
 That whosoever sits thereon,
 Must always have his Dagger drawn;
 For if the People can by force,
 Dethrone the Victor, or do worse,
 Their native freedom to recover,
 Their Right's the same with his all over;
 'Tis not to say, he made us Swear,
 That we would true Allegiance bear,
 And that we are his Slaves, in troth,
 Because we've taken such an Oath.
 No, since we can't dispute his Title,
 We're forc'd to flatter him a little,

And

And only do what he desires,
To gain those Points our Case requires ;
Not that an Oath can binding be
Extorted in Necessity :
For Bonds in Prison are not good,
There is no reason that they shou'd :
What tho' a Thief upon the Road
Robs me; and makes me swear by G--d
I'd ne'er discover him, should I find him,
Do you believe this Oath is binding?
No, by my troth, for all I'd sworn,
I'd make him take a *Tyburn* turn.
And after all your mighty Rattles,
Of *Norman* Victories and Battles,
A Conqueror, 'twixt me and you,
Is but the greater Thief o'th' two.
Nor can the Oaths he puts upon us,
When by the Sword he's over-run us,
Bind us t'acknowledge his Protection,
Longer than he can force Subjection ;
But when we find his Projects fail,
And we can o'er his Pow'r prevail,
We have the self-same Title then
To Govern, as he had to Reign.

And if we pull the Tyrant down,
And from his Temples snatch the Crown,
We take no more than what's our own :
Yet you, poor Loyal Fools, will cry,
We've done much Wrong to Majesty,
'Tis true, if he has pow'r to quell
Our Arms, he'll say that we rebel ;
And then 'tis we that must be halter'd,
Because in our attempt we falter'd.
But if Success should crown our Matters,
The King and's Friends are then the Traytors :
For th' Law, we've seen it often try'd,
Always on the strongest side :
Therefore 'tis Fortune's love or spite :
That makes the Matter wrong or right :
We handy-caps all Earthly Powers,
And as it falls, 'tis yours, or ours :
Thus all things, foreign to your Fancies,
Begin and end in Lots and Chances.

As to your proud and lazy Prelates,
Much ador'd by Popish Zealots,
Tell you plainly I abhor 'em,
And think there's no occasion for 'em.

The

The Shepherd's Crook their Lordship's wear,
To signify their Pastoral Care,
Is of no other service grown,
Unless to hook the Church to th' Crown;
Nor does their sitting in the H—
To th' Publick, signify a Loufe,
Only in Matters of debate,
That happen to enflame the State,
They add to the Lords Scale of Power,
And make their House outweigh the Lower :
Or when they see good reason why,
Set the *Low-Church* above the *Hig*.
I am not willing to forget
The mighty good they did of late,
But fear they'll prove such pious Men,
As to undo it all agen.
To tell you truly I suspect 'em,
And cannot cordially affect 'em ;
But dare to own before my Betters,
I love no Card'nals Caps or Miters.

High-Churchman.

Now Rage thy envious Heart has fir'd,

l war'nt thou think'st thyself inspir'd,

nd that the base rebellious Babble,

spite thou'st utter'd at the Table,

fill'd with so much charming sense,

nd such convincing Arguments,

hat nothing can withstand the force

f thy Fanatical Discourse :

at I must tell thee, thou'rt a Dolt,

Fool for shooting such a Bolt :

ou fire at random in the dark,

nd fall a Mile beside the Mark ;

ow by your Talk that you're a scurvy

ave, that would turn us topsy-turvy,

wrestless Wretch that wants to tower

bove thy Merit or thy Power ;

ossess'd with such strange stupifaction,

t'wix thy native Land's distraction,

enrich thyself by others ruin,

nd thrive by honest Mens undoing.

I wonder ! who first taught thee Treason ?
And how thou suck'st in so much Poyson ?
To think the People may dethrone
Their King, and make his Pow'r their own ;
And that each proud Fanatick Fool,
May teach his Sov'reign how to Rule ;
And if he slights the Form he shows him,
He then in Justice may depose him,
If he his Game so well can play,
As gain but strength to win the Day :
So any Rebel, you will own,
Has a just Title to the Crown,
If once by Force he can but gain it,
And has but Power to maintain it.
Rare Doctrine, sure from Hell first brought,
By some Incarnate Devil taught ;
Some Guile of *Lucifer's* design'd
To spoil the Peace of Human-kind,
To foment Feuds to Civil Wars,
And set whole Kingdoms by the Ears :
For where such Notions do encrease,
There can be no such thing as Peace.

Such Tenets multiply Enthusions,
Who nourish by their curs'd Illusions,
Nothing but Miseries and Confusions.

}

Kings were at first by Heav'n appointed,
And by God's holy Priest anointed :

Not plac'd by th' People o'er the Land,
But govern'd by divine Command.

The Lord himself by Revelation,
Gave to his Priest the Nomination,
Without the Subjects approbation.

}

But when the People he abus'd,
And the great Pow'r he had, misus'd,
So that just Heaven disapprov'd him,
God himself judg'd him and remov'd him ;

By giving, in a Dream or Vision,
To his High-Priest a new Commission,
To openly declare his Word,

Reveal'd unto him by the Lord,
That Heaven had denounc'd in Anger,
So ill a King should reign no longer ;

And that the Lord had now appointed
Another Prince to be Anointed.

On the King's misrule or defection,
God gave the People no Election,
They were oblig'd to be content
With such a King as Heaven sent,
And to obey his Government.
For if the People, by their Voice,
Made Kings, and they should Rule by Choice,
They'd Vote their Monarchs up and down,
And so precarious make the Crown,
That e're they'd long one King obey'd
They'd chuse another o'er his Head ;
So that the Throne would be a Chair,
Much fitter for my good Lord-May'r.
Besides, allow that Monarchie
Should (as you wish) elective be,
In our divided wrangling Nation,
So full of Strife and Emulation,
How would two Parties that oppose
Each other as inveterate Foes,
That disunite in ev'ry thing,
Agree in chusing of a King ?
Both would their Fav'rites countenance,
And each Side would their own advance ;

They'd ne'er concur in any One,
And if we've Two, we'd's good have none :
Then if two Parties, by their Voices,
To please themselves make diff'rent Choices,
How must they then dispute their Right,
Unless it be by open Fight ?

The Sword must be the Arbitrator,
And Conquest must decide the Matter ;
To terminate, in spite of Votes,
A cutting one anothers Throats.

Thus ev'ry popular Election
Would end in Misery and Distraction.

The City scarce can chuse her May'rs,
But fall together by the Ears ;

For Country Boors and Clowns content them-
selves to chuse those that represent them,
But every such Election closes

With broken Heads and bloody Noses.

What Evils then must needs befall us,
Were we to chuse the Kings that Rule us ?

Should *England* e'er prove so defective,
As once to make her Crown Elective,

Whoever we should chuse as King,
Should find he stood so tottering,

They

L 3

That

That he must like a Tyrant Rule,
And make us Slaves, or be a Fool.

As for Ecclesiastick Pow'rs,
My Thoughts repugnant are to yours ;
The Church could ne'er in safety stand,
In such a loose divided Land,
Had she not Bishops to support her,
Against dissenting Crowds that thwart her,
Good Fathers singled out by Heaven,
To whom the Hierarchy is given ;
The best of Guides our Schools send forth,
Men of great Learning, Zeal, and Worth,
Pillars o'th' Church, and props of State,
So Good, they cannot be too Great ;
Divinely excellent we see,
And Pious to the last degree ;
Loyal to th' Queen, to th' Nation just,
As faithful to their sacred Trust ;
And charitably kind to those
(Your Tribe I mean) their spiteful Foes ;
Who tho' they labour'd for you hard,
On Wool-packs, and at Council-Board,
Yet you can't yield 'em one good Word.
But —————

Low-Churchman.

Wouns, hold your Popish Tittle-tattle,
I would make one Swear to hear you Rattle;
Nay, put a Saint into a Passion,
To listen to your vile Oration.

Why, what a Pox ----- forgive good L-d.

My speaking such a wicked Word:

But what good Man on Earth can be
From such vain filthy Language free,
In such provoking Company.

I say, Sir, you're a Perkenite,

And talk like any Bedlamite:

You're Mad, and know not what you say,

But rave like one that would betray

Our *English* Liberties and Rights,

Into the hands of *Jacobites*,

And make us all poor slavish Creatures,

To heath'nish Crowns and Popish Miters:

But e're such Times shall come about,

We'll make the Devil of a rout;

Alarm your Ears with such strange Thunder,

That shall turn all your Hopes to Wonder:

For all I'm so old, I thank the Lord
I'm able still to wield a Sword,
Or cock a Musquet in the Field,
And would do both, before I'd yield,
The Pow'r of *England* should be given
To any Papist under Heaven.

Go, you're a *Romish* Tory, Sir,
A meer Cathedral Worshipper,
That goes to Church to hear a Jargon
Of Popish Masses with the Organ;
As if you thought (by your advancing
Fine Tunes) your Saints above lov'd Dancing.
I say, such Musical *High-Flyers*,
Are worse than Jesuits or Fryers;
And are nought else, in good Mens Eyes,
But down-right Papists in disguise.
Your idle Talk provokes my Anger,
I'll keep you Company no longer:
You may, perhaps, have some Design,
There's Twelve-Pence for my Pint of Wine:
And so good Night t'ye, Master *High-Church*,
I'm sure I ne'er shall be of Thy Church.

[Exit.

High

High-Churchman.

[*To the rest of the Company.*]

Good Night ! Did ever Mortal Ear,
 Such strange Rebellious Notions hear,
 Ambib'd from stupid envious Teachers,
 Whose Malice only made them Preachers?
 England, unhappy would'st thou be
 Beneath such Mens Authority !
 Be wise and shun the sad Disasters,
 Of having such Fanatick Masters,
 Who abuse Justice, scoff at Reason,
 Hate Loyalty, and nourish Treason ;
 And brand all those that thwart their Knavery,
 With love of Popery and Slavery.

*May Heav'n protect the Church and State,
 From what such Saints would fain be at,
 That the Queen long may Rule the Nation,
 And Her Arms get such Reputation,*

Exit.

High

*As to establish Europe's Peace,
And make all Foreign Discords cease :
Also with one pacifick Smile,
Our Home-Divisions reconcile,
And ever bless our fruitful Isle.*

HONEST

HONESTY in Distress,

BUT

Reliev'd by no Party.

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is basely Acted by Her Majesty's
Subjects upon God's Stage the World.

The PROLOGUE spoken by a
MISER going to receive Money,

(Suppos'd at the Play-House.)

I'm in great haste, good Friends, yet cannot chuse,

But stay one Moment just to tell you News:

Came Honesty to Day, but wond'rous poor,

Trap'd up in Rags, came mumping to my Door;

That tatter'd Maukin have we here? said I,

Poor Honesty, says she, both Cold and Dry.

Then

*Then Honesty, said I, pray go thy ways,
I ne'er got Three-pence by thee in my Days :
I might have starv'd, I'm sure, long since for thee,
And now thou want'st thou e'en may'st starve for me.
The squeamish Gypsie presently took snuff,
And turn'd her Back upon me in a Huff.
Whether she's rambl'd Heaven knows, for me,
She's not amongst you there, as I can see;
Neither in Boxes, Galleries, or Pit,
In the huge crowd of Fools that gaping sit :
Or can I find her out amongst your Men of Wit,
If in the Audience she has stoln a place,
And durst in Play-House show her honest Face,
Amongst the Ladies sure she would appear ;
But, faith and troth, I cannot spy her there :
Yet tho' she's hard to find, I dare engage
You'll see her by and by upon the Stage ;
But cloath'd in woollen Rags, no Linen under,
A Begging too, but that will prove no wonder :
For in this Iron-Age we daily see
That Knav'ry gets the start of Honesty ;
And, like our wiser Leaders, I protest,
Does always side with those that thrive the best.*

ld I but stay I would provoke your Laughter,
d tell you more of what you'll find hereafter ;
the time's come, and I must move from hence,
fill this Bag with the commanding Pence ;
be that in our Christian City thrives,
st run when Int'rest, that dear Devil, drives.

A C T I. Scene a Palace.

Enter Honesty alone.

[Cells;

From Anch'rites lonely Caves, from Hermits

And Rural Huts, where sweet Contentment

[dwells;

From Consecrated Groves and Heav'nly Meads,

Where no vile Wretch, or lustful Harlot treads:

Where kind Turtles murmur out their Love,

And Saints contemplate on the Joys above ;

Where Good Men oft retire to shun the Rage

And noisy Tumults of a barb'rous Age,

That undisturb'd they calmly may sit down,

Free from the dire Confusions of the Town.

From these blest Shades, where Vertue, Peace and Love

Embrace each other, and united move,

In

In this plain homespun Dress to Court I'm come,
Thus wander'd in my Clouted Shoes from home.
How stately does this ancient Palace look !
How sweet those Walks, how pleasant yonder Brood
How large and lofty are the Rooms design'd !
How richly are the Walls with Tap'stry lin'd !
How easy do the Beds and Couches seem !
How all things merit Rev'rence and Esteem !
How costly Art does thro' the whole appear !
Sure *Honesty* must needs be welcome here.

What mighty Man is stepping from his Coach
This way he makes his fortunate approach ;
In melting Words I'll let him know my Case,
And beg him to relieve my sad Distress.

Good noble Sir, behold a wretched Maid,
Who prostrate on my Knees implores your Aid ;
Friendless and poor, a Stranger and forlorn,
Empty my Pocket, and my Garment torn ;
When, cold and hungry, I for Pity call,
I'm but despis'd, and frown'd upon by all ;
Check'd by Great Men, by ev'ry Knave abus'd,
By Tradesmen slighted, by the Mob misus'd.

own'd on in Publick by each flatt'ring Priest,
at snub'd in private as an odious Guest:
highly commended to the list'ning Crowd,
yet slowly follow'd, tho' extol'd so loud;
rais'd by their Tongues, but by their Deeds disgrac'd;
 approv'd, but seldom heartily embrac'd.

My own ungrateful Sex express their hate,
and seem well-pleas'd with my dejected State:
their loose Thoughts my Vertues they disdain,
and Copy all my Modest Looks with pain:
yet to seem like me is their chiefeft Pride,
tho' with my Name they oft their Vices hide:
at now these Wants and Mis'ries I feel,
few Women love me with a Cordial Zeal,
yet, like base Man, on my Misfortunes frown,
and let me rove neglected up and down:
therefore, I'm wandred from afar to Court,
to beg Relief among the nobler sort;
or where shou'd injur'd *Honesty* retreat
for shelter, but amongst the Rich and Great:
they their Pity to a Wretch deny,
there must wrong'd Innocence for Succour fly.

Courtier.

You mumping lazy Slut, how came you here?
How dare you in such Rags address a Peer?
Your Name, without enquiry, I can guess,
From your thin Jaws and despicable Dress:
You're a bold forward Baggage, on my Word,
To crave Reception here, where you're abhor'd.
Alas, thou'rt grown e'en scandalous of late,
And thy stale Charms obnoxious to the State.
The hidebound Rules and Principles you boast,
Are quite exploded and entirely lost?
To Kings and Nobles they have done much hurt,
And always prov'd destructive to the Court;
Monarchs, on thy Account, have been undone,
When e'er caress'd thou'rt fatal to the Throne.
Some Princes have resign'd the Golden Prize,
Rather than let thee fall a Sacrifice,
But always have been blam'd for keeping true
To such a weak and helpless Wretch as you.
For Scepters are no longer safe we see
Than Int'rest is prefer'd to *Honesty*.

Wer't thou allow'd in Courts to pry about,
No Office shortly would be worth a Great.

Our num'rous Slaves would be reduc'd to few,
And our Six Horses dwindle into Two;
Therefore conceal thy Wants and disappear,
Or should some craving Courtiers see you here,
They'd charge you with a Plot, and swear you came
To set the Court and Kingdom in a Flame.
Depart with speed, before you give Offence,
Best Policy and Int'rest drive thee hence,
Make the rude Soldiers hoot you from the Court,
And make your poor Condition but their Sport:
Virtue and Rags Great Souls alike abhor,
Honour and Wealth are the Idols we adore;
Gone, I say, the airy wanton She
Is far more welcome here than *Honesty*.
Or Refuge fly within the City Walls,
Where mend their Measures and reform their Scales;
Reprove their Compters for immod'rate Fees,
And give their Traders better Consciences;
Teach Loyalty till truly 'tis embrac'd,
Reclaim their Wives, and keep their Daughters chaste.
Never mind the Court, for our aspiring Souls
Must wander far beyond thy narrow Rules.

[Exit Courtier.]

Honesty alone.

What sad returns to my Complaint I hear,
 That drown my greatest Hopes in wild Despair;
 The higher Rank, tho' nobly Bred, I see,
 Regard not poor distressed *Honesty*.
 Wrapt up in Int'rest they my Worth despise,
 And o'er my Head to Wealth and Honour rise;
 Condemn my Vertues, brand me as a Cheat,
 And let me mourn and perish at their Feet.

But see! some gallant Lady moves this way,
 Tho' 'tis in vain, I'll t'other Moment stay;
 How glorious she appears, she must, I see,
 Great Quality by her Attendance be.
 Good *Heav'n* with melting words inspire my Tongue,
 That I may move her as she treads along,
 To shew some Pity and redress my Wrong.

Enter Lady and Attendance.

[*Honesty begins her Song*]

Brightest of Beauties I have yet beheld,
 To a poor Virgin some Compassion yield;
 Pity a Wretch that's void of all Offence,
 Who knows no Crime, but lives in Innocence.

Who thus reduc'd, from all Corruptions freed,
And a pure Maid in very Thought and Deed;
Wander'd from House to House, from Town to Town;
Sought by few, but entertain'd by none.

Melted by th' Rabble as I pass the Street,
And mock'd by ev'ry Scoundrel that I meet:

My Nature and my Name do well agree,

The Character I bear is *Honesty*.

My Life is Vertuous, and my Actions Just,

I hope for Heav'n, and in the Gods I trust;

But by the angry Fates thus low I'm hurld,

And know not one true Friend in all the World;

Therefore, sweet Lady, I your Friendship crave,

Such Beauty sure a tender Heart must have.

The Lady, turning to her Servants.

How came this Wench within the Palace Gate?

How boldly does the tatter'd Gypsie prate!

With what strange Confidence the Maukin brags

Of her starch'd Vertue in her stinking Rags.

Ladies Woman.

A saucy Slut, I'll warr'nt her, to profess

Such stiff-neck'd *Honesty* in that poor Dress;

Honour has Vertue always by the hand,
 The latter can't without the former stand.
 The Rich and Noble are the Chaste and Good,
 The Needy can't be Honest if they wou'd;
 When Money tempts, they conquer all Restraints,
 And sacrifice their Vertue to their Wants.
 Madam, ne'er mind her Talk, poor silly Soul,
 The ragged Saint is but some Soldier's Trull,
 By Lafiness and Vice reduc'd to Want,
 And comes to mount the Guard with her Gallant.
 Foh! nasty thing, dissembling, lying Jade;
 Bold Hussy, she in Thought and Deed a Maid!
 Madam, you stand too near the frowzy Minx;
 If this be *Honesty* I'll swear she stinks:

[*Exit Lady and Attendants*]

The Footman to Honesty at going off.

Poor Wretch, begone, they'll make thee but their sport
Honesty's always ridicul'd at Court.
 No Beggars here succeed in what they crave,
 But the designing Jilt and flatt'ring Knave.

Honesty alone.

Unhappy Wretch! O miserable me!
 That my own Sex should so censorious be!

Hardhearted Woman! how could she express
Such cruel Thoughts that add to my Distress?
Were her own Ills to publick Eyes made clear,
How monstrous would the vicious Wretch appear;
For none but those to wicked Courses bent,
Would wrongfully accuse the Innocent.
How soon the Courtly Dame could give an Ear
To her proud Confident and Flatterer.
Those who on Sycophants for Truth rely,
Must be in most things basely led awry;
For where the Fav'rite's sure to be believ'd,
The Great by false Reports must be deceiv'd,
By Flatteries and Tales are made to see,
Not what things are, but what they'd have them be.

A Soldier's Trull! alas, I am amus'd,
To find, by my own Sex, I'm thus abus'd:
Man's sordid Sights touch me not half so hard,
Cause *Honesty's* esteem'd a Woman's Guard;
The only Friend the Charming Fair can trust,
And the sure Guide to keep their Actions just:
But since to be despis'd and made their Sport,
Is all the welcome I can find at Court,

Along those shady Walks I'll make my way,
 That do to yonders lofty Pile convey,
 Where Scarlet Justice does the Bench ascend,
 To hear the smooth-tongu'd Advocates contend,
 And bring each weighty *difference* to its doubtful end.
 What tho' at Court I've met with small regard,
 Where fawning Slaves and Flatt'ers seek Reward,
 Yet how can *Honesty* ill usage fear,
 Where Equity and Law in Pomp appear.

[*Exit Honesty.*]

A C T II. *Scene Westminster-Hall
 with the Court sitting.*

Enter Honesty among the Lawyers.

Hon. **H**Ark how the wrangling Tongues of Court
 [cil baw
 In every crowded Corner of the Hall;
 What pains they take t'unfold each knotty Case,
 And give their Client's Cause an honest Face;
 Whilst the contending Foes, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 Creep up behind, the learn'd Debates to hear;
 Flatter'd one Moment that the Day's their own,
 Tremble the next, lest Cast and quite undone;

So doubtful Gamesters, 'twixt the Chance and Main,
Now fear they lose, next Minute hope to gain.
What shall I say to sooth this learned Throng,
Assembled to distinguish Right from Wrong;
I know not how to application make,
Tho' I for Succour pine, I fear to speak.
Wonder a knot of grizly Sages stand,
Consulting of some weighty Cause in hand,
All Courage take, and with a Pauper's Face,
Open to th' grave Cabal my wretched Case.

Dear worthy Sirs, whose sable Garments shew,
You Justice in her glorious Tracts pursue,
And (learn'd i'th' Nations crabbed Laws) delight
To ease th' Oppress'd, and do the Injur'd right,
Behold a wandering Maid, tho' lov'd of Heav'n,
In this base World from Post to Pillar driven,
Hungry and Cold for want of Food and Fire,
And thus disguis'd in scandalous Attire ;
In Court in vain I humbly sought relief,
But there they only added to my Grief,
Despis'd my Rags, were deaf to my Complaints,
And made my Sins the Authors of my Wants ;

Tho' Heaven, that knows the Secrets of my Breast,
 Can witness, tho' I'm Poor, I'm truly Chast.
 This severe Usage made me quit the Court,
 And hither fly, where Justice does resort,
 In hopes poor Vertue, thus oppress'd, might find
 Your worthy Robe more merciful and kind.

[One Lawyer to another.]

The dirty Pug may serve Love's Fire to quench:
 Faith, Brother, 'tis a wondrous pretty Wench:
 She'll soon leave Begging when she knows the Town
 Such Looks will make a tatter'd Smock go down.

Second Lawyer.

Fie, Brother, fie, you talk, upon my Life,
 As wild as if you'd quite forgot your Coif;
 We're old, and shou'd despise that youthful Thought
 And tho' we can't, the World will think we ought.

Third Lawyer.

For shame don't raise such Blushes in the Maid,
 She thinks 'tis time that our Colts Teeth were shed.
 Tho' sixty odd I such a Lass could please, *[Aside]*
 And make her know that an old Rat loves Cheese.

Tell

Tell us, my pretty Maid, from whence you came,
The cause of thy Distress, and what's thy Name?

[To Hon.

Honesty.

On distant Plains till now I've liv'd conceal'd,
Which, with due Labour, Food and Raiment yield;
Born of a Race divine, tho' poor and bare,
Justice and Mercy my Relations are;
No Prince on Earth a nobler Kin can boast,
Tho now, in sad distress, I'm almost lost.
Virtue and Truth my loving Sisters be,
And, tho' thus wretched, I am *Honesty*,
Come hither in this despicable dress,
Whose hopes, with pity, you would hear my Case.

First Lawyer.

Honesty! Brethren, there's a sawcy Jade:
What business has she here? why sure she's Mad!
Did ever such a brazen Minx appear
Before i'th' publick Hall at *Westminster*?

Second Lawyer.

Begone, bold Hussy, or I'll move my L--d
To give your Impudence its just Reward.

How

How dare you show that despicable Face,
Where Gown-men triumph, and the Law takes place

Third Lawyer.

Hang her a Jilt, when she was valu'd here,
And carefully preserv'd by Pr--- and Pe--,
We painful Lawyers labour'd but in vain,
And were the Peoples Slaves for little Gain,
Took mod'rate Fees, not daring to encroach,
And hither gladly trudg'd without a Coach;
But since the Jade was banish'd by the Gown,
And wanders like an Outlaw up and down,
You see our Tongues are valu'd at such rates,
That by the Law we now can gain Estates.

[Turning to Honesty.]

Begone, bold Vagrant, with thy frightful Looks,
Thou'rt but a Maukin here that scares the Rooks;
Presume no more within these Walls to come,
But let some Parish Alms-house be thy home;
For *Honesty*, whilst indigent and bare,
Must ne'er expect to find Compassion here.

[Honesty sneaks off and speaks aside]

Honesty

Honesty.

Would I again from humane sight was hid,
In some dark Gloom where soft Meanders glide,
That gen'rous Nature, so profusely Good,
Might from its wild exub'rance yield me Food;
Amongst the Reeds and Flags I'd Raiment find,
And with my Fingers weave them to my Mind;
For who, enrich'd with Jewels of Content,
Needs dainty'r Food or costly'r Ornament.
The feather'd Choir, with their harmonious Lays,
Should sweeten Life and bless my happy Days;
And the kind Murmurs of the neighbouring Streams,
At Night should lull me into pleasing Dreams:
Nature's wild Offspring should around me graze,
And hurtless, on a harmless Creature gaze;
But where no humane Monster should be found,
To vex my Life and curse the happy Ground:
For Oh! how base and faithless must they be,
Who look with such Disdain on *Honesty*.

But since by Fate, at present, I'm decreed,
Amongst the cruel Race to seek my Bread,
I'll move the meaner Classis e're I go,
Whose Hearts, perhaps, may more Compassion show.

Here

Here comes a Tribe of busie Agents on,
 Who bustle in a Sphere beneath the Gown:
 I'll try if I with them can intercede,
 For those that spare to speak must miss to speed.

Dear Sirs, with Eyes of pity pray behold
 A Wretch near perish'd with the Winter's Cold;
 Who wanders up and down, but cannot find
 The frozen World to Charity inclin'd.
 Once was I nurs'd with tenderness and care,
 And as a Darling valu'd ev'ry where:
 Hug'd by the Tradesman, Scholar, and the Saint,
 Priz'd as the happy Author of Content,
 But now, alas, expos'd to Misery and Want.
 Poor *Honesty's* the Moral Name I bear,
 And all my Actions consentaneous are,
 Let your Compassion therefore ease her Grief,
 Who sues in *Forma Paup'ris* for Relief.

First Attorney.

Zooks, Brother Snap, a Wonder, I protest!
 Pray look behind thee, here's a welcome Guest,
 A scurvy Omen, Heavens mend us all,
 'To've *Honesty* amongst us in the Hall.

Who could have ever thought that she shou'd dare
to show her starving Face at *Westminster*.

Second Attorney.

I'll warr'nt the Baggage comes to pry about,
and, like a Pickthank, find our Failings out:
Let us but hide our Bills and we are safe,
She may beg on and whine, we'll win and laugh!

Third Attorney.

Thou'rt a young troublesome bold Slut, withdraw,
such Vagrants should be punish'd by the Law.
To keep the City-Knaves from Coz'nage free,
We've nothing here to do with *Honesty*:
Should yon Great Men but see your startling Face,
They'd teach you to defile this sacred place.

[*Honesty is whisper'd in the Ear by a ruin'd Client.*]

Sweetheart, let me advise thee to retire,
For *Honesty's* a perfect Scarecrow here,
Whilst Law such crowds of griping Wolves supports,
And such litigious swarms surround her Courts,
Thou canst from them no more for pity hope,
Than Hereticks for Mercy from the Pope:

I heard

I heard with much concern the sad Complaint,
 And gladly would relieve thee but I can't :
 The rav'nous Law has swallow'd up my Store,
 And in pursuit of *Justice* left me poor.

[*Honesty aside.*]

Hard-hearted Scribes, how fard and unkind !
 Did ever Wretch such cruel usage find !
 How can the Great, the Grave, the Learn'd, the Wife,
 That do to rich and lofty Stations rise,
 Look down with Scorn, and such ill-nature show
 To *Honesty*, that starving creeps below ?
 O! would but Heaven to wealthy Men reveal
 The Wants which some poor harmless Wretches feel
 The rigid Miser would unbolt his Door,
 And bid a hearty welcome to the Poor.

Tho' I have all these Disappointments met,
 And on the lowest step of Scorn am set,
 I'll chear my Heart, and thro' the City range,
Honesty yet may be esteem'd on *Change* :
 For since starv'd *Charity* is grown so cold
 Amongst Great Men, we Beggars must be bold.
 [Exit *Honesty*.]

A C T III.

Scene the City.

Honesty Begging along the City.

O Ear tender Citizens some Comfort spare
To a poor Object worthy of your Care:
Beneath my Mis'ries may you never fall,
But still command the Choice of *Leaden-Hall*.
May pity that forlorn and friendless She,
In this uncharitable World calls *Honesty*.
Behold my feeble Limbs, and meager Face,
My naked Feet, my cold and tatter'd Dress:
Open your Hearts, your Charity extend,
That in this poor Condition I may find,
Within these ancient Walls, some Christian Friend.

Linen-Draper.

Honesty; with a Pox to her, run *Tom*,
And fetch a Pail of Water, or the Broom;
If she comes hither, wash the lazy Whore,
Or sweep the dirty Baggage from the Door,
Let her not step within the Shop be sure;
For, as I live, I know the hide-bound Jade,
If countenanc'd, would spoil the Linen-Trade:

Nun-

Nun-like she scorns to wear a Smock, we see,
'Tis more th' effect of Pride than Poverty.
We shall have Jilts to the same Fashion brought,
Because, like her, they would be honest thought:
And, in good Faith, should they no Linen wear,
Our Wives would soon be forc'd to go as bare.

[*A precise Apothecary to his Man.*]

Theophilus, on due precogitation,
'Twill be conducing to our Preservation,
That you step backward to the Rubbish-Hovel,
And thence advance the longest Paring-shovel;
For *Honesty*; that squeamish Jade, I see,
Is, God be thank'd, reduc'd to Beggary.
She mendicates this way, I fear she'll stop,
To crave a dram of Comfort at my Shop,
But, pray, besure you give her not a drop.
If she assumes the Impudence to come
And ask for me, respond, I'm not at home;
For should the Jade behind the Compter run,
In verbo Medici, we're quite undon;
She'll fracture all my Pots, confound my Pills,
And, in a Rage, incin'rate all my Bills.

[Honesty *aside.*]

The City too are heedless of my Wants :
Where all Mankind are deaf to my Complaints.
How they sneak back, and downwards cast their Eyes,
And stop their Ears against my mournful Cries.
Alas! how hateful are the Just and Poor,
To wealthy Knaves that wallow in their Store.

[*A Victualler to the Bar-keeper and his Servants.*]

Nouns, Wife, go lay the double Chalk aside,
The Rolls of eighteen to the dozen hide.
Here Jack, Tom, Harry, Will, ye careless Rogues,
Make haste and take away the little Mugs,
Where's *Honesty* approaching, by my troth,
Who knows but she may call to quench her drowth,
And if she should, we must not shut the Door,
The Tap's a Servant even to the Poor ;
You know our Licence binds us to obey
The meanest Vassals, if they can but Pay ;
Therefore hide all things that may do us harm,
Who knows but the sly Gypsie may inform.
We heard the Jade does many a Man undo,
Dread her more than all my Lord-M---r's Crew.

N

O ho!

O ho! I thank my Stars she's past my Door,
Now, as you were, my Lads, the danger's o'er.

[*Honesty aside.*]

Bless me! how all the City seems amus'd,
And scowre about in sholes, as if confus'd:
How frightful is my honest Aspect grown,
That Men in such disorder from me run,
Gaze with a seeming hatred on my Face,
And, like Infection, shun me as I pass!

[*A Grocer to his next Neighbour a Hosier.*]

Adsnigs! here's *Honesty* amongst us come,
Why can't the lousie Carrion keep at home?
Neighbour, methinks 'tis both a shame and pity
Such Vagrants should be suffer'd in the City.
Should she come near my Shop, upon my word,
I'd take the lazy Trull before my Lord;
For he, I'm sure, will countenance no Jade,
That's such an open Enemy to Trade:
Were she allow'd to scout and pry about,
What must become of all my damag'd Fruit?
Or if a Weight should chance to prove too light,
Why should she think herself affronted by't;

The Buyer ought to lose, because 'tis plain,
We can't grow Rich without immoderate Gain:
And who wou'd be that Drudge ('esaith not I)
To live a Retail Slave, and a poor Beggar dy?

Hosier.

Should we not take the liberty (God knows)
To put off *Leicestershire* for *Strawbridge Hose*,
And use some other little slights, our Trade
Would scarce produce fat Fowls to grease our Bread;
And must Dame *Honesty*, forsooth, give Rules,
Which, if observ'd, would make us starving Fools;
E'en let her Beg, and hug her Misery,
I'm sure she shall have no support from me.

[*Honesty enters the Exchange.*]

Good Pious Christians, who are hither come,
From all the Trading parts of *Christendom*,
Listen with pity to the sad Complaint
Of *Honesty*, reduc'd to Rags and Want:
My hopes of Succour have at last been cross'd,
Relieve me now, or I'm for ever lost.

First Merchant.

Prithee, Sweetheart, thy hideous Cries forbear,
I doubt thou'lt find but cool Reception here;
Come not to *Change*, but to our Churches go,
And let the Clergy thy Condition know,
They should thy chiefest Benefactors be,
They're Charitable Saints, but Traders we,
Who can have no regard to *Honesty*.

Second Merchant.

Prithee disturb us not with Sighs and Tears,
We know you've starv'd in *England* many Years;
You take wrong Measures, and are much deceiv'd,
If you expect, on *Change*, to be reliev'd;
For *Honesty* and Trade move different ways,
And where one thrives, the other soon decays.

Third Merchant.

To Cells and Cloisters you your course should steer,
Alas, we have no business for thee here:
Or else abroad to our Plantations fly,
And in our Western Isles thy Fortune try;
You'll prove a Stranger in that sultry Air,
And Strangers always are most welcome there.

You see *Old England* frowns upon thy Wants,
Visit the *New*, and try the *Boston* Saints:
Conceal thy Name, and thou may'st there grow rich,
But if thou'rt known they'll burn thee for a Witch;
Poor *Honesty's* despis'd, if once reveal'd,
And can be no where safe except conceal'd.

Honesty.

O wicked Age! that *Honesty* should find
So little Charity amongst Mankind:
Poor *Indians*, whom the Christian World deride,
That follow Nature as their only Guide,
Untaught by Scriptures, unimprov'd by Schools,
But from dim Reason draw their doubtful Rules;
Sure such wild savage Slaves, who little know
Of Heaven's Laws, would much more pity show,
Than let poor Innocence become their Sport,
And perish thus for want of due Support.

[*Honesty falls down.*]

O cruel City! to refuse your Aid
To a starv'd Wretch, to this sad End betray'd,
Impending Mischiefs threaten you, take heed,
Lest when I'm gone your Ruine shou'd succeed;

For Kingdoms do from me their Strength derive,
 And Towns, without me, never long can thrive:
 But since I'm hated, slighted, and abus'd,
 And by all Parties thus severely us'd,
 I'm call'd aloft, where I with speed must go,
 And leave you to repent your Ills below.

[*She dies.*]

THE EPILOGUE

Poor Honesty she's gone, we've seen her last,
 Her Wants are ended, and her Mis'ries past:
 Many, I hear, at her sad Exit griev'd,
 Who never could endure her whilst she liv'd;
 For Knaves, like Shears, whose Edges are so keen,
 Must cut themselves, as we have often seen,
 For want of Honesty to put between:
 For now she's gone, say they, we've cause to fear,
 All Men will prove as errant Knaves as we ar' ;

And then warm Fars and Struggles must arise,
About which Knave must be the other's Prize.
Like Privateers, they care not to oppose
Each other, 'cause there's nothing got but Blows.
Sharks hate to bite at Sharks; the Wolf, we find,
Laves not, tho' Hungry, to assault his Kind;
But now poor Honesty is snatch'd away,
'Tis well if Man don't prove worse Brutes than they.

A
S A T Y R

Against

W I N E.

B *Accbus* be damn'd, and all his drunken Brood,
His pois'nous Juices viciate the Blood,
And, since the Révolution, ne'er were good.

Wine, with abhorrence, I pronounce thy Name,
Thy Infernal Spirits does my Heart inflame,
Like Hell you punish, and from Hell you came.

The Devil sure first taught Mankind the use
Of this bewitching and destructive Juice,
And, by its means, did *Adam* first seduce.

atan sure drank to *Eve*, and when she found
the pleasing Bumper had her Senses drown'd,
he drank to *Adam*, so the Cup went round,

ill the strong Fumes had both their Brains possess;
then *Eve*, with Head on *Adam's* loving Breast,
both Kind and Tipsie, lull'd themselves to Rest.

ut *Eve* first waking, when the Morn appear'd,
her aching Head from *Adam's* Bosom rear'd,
and to the heav'nly Fruit her Course she steer'd;

With scorching Stomach, and a parboil'd Mouth,
he pull'd an Apple to assuage her Drowth,
Cool her parch'd Throat and please her liquorish Tooth

When the kind Dame the sweet Refreshment found,
he then consider'd, as in Duty bound,
both must be Dry, since both alike were drown'd:

And in her Hand convey'd a cooling Taft
To drowthy *Adam*, who with eager hast
swallow'd the Bait, forgetful 'till 'twas past;

For had not *Wine* their Senses first betray'd,
They'd never for an Apple disobey'd,
And for a Trifle lost their Heav'nly Shade.

Thus *Wine* originally prov'd a Curse ;
Old *Nick* first gave it an Infernal Force ;
But Modern Vintners make it ten times worse.

When the vile Juice o'er Reason does prevail,
Against the Laws of Heaven we rebel,
And headlong steer a vicious Course t'wards Hell;

Where the first Grapes maliciously were bruised,
And evil Spirits in their Juice infus'd,
That Man might wicked grow where-e'er 'twas us'd.

Wine heats the Blood, and raises loose Desires;
Improves the Object, and the Heart inspires,
Not with Loves gentle, but with raging Fires.

Each Lustful Thought with treble Force revives,
Such as consume our Health, torment our Lives,
And work the downfall of our Neighbours Wives.

short, 'tis the Original of Lust,
to Maudlin, Maid or Wife, tho' ne'er so Just,
an their own Vertue or Discretion trust.

Wine captivates our Senses by surprise,
and makes us, when we're drunk, tho' ne'er so wise,
open our Hearts, and the Fair Sex their T-----s.

With vain Conceit it fills the empty Skull;
it turns the Wit into an Apish Fool,
and makes him ev'ry wise Man's Ridicule.

It injures Health, and swallows up our Hours;
it spends our Coin, and magnifies our Scores,
and makes us Cullies to designing Whores.

When once our Noddles are inflam'd with *Wine*,
its wicked Spirits do our Hearts incline
To ev'ry lewd and scandalous Design.

It makes us sometimes Merry, sometimes Mad,
Excessive Angry, or extreamly Glad;
Good-humour'd to a Fault, or dev'lish Bad.

It

It breeds Disputes, and Friendship oft destroys;
It makes us Ranting, Wrangling, Roaring Boys,
And turns all Conversation into Noise.

It raises Discord in a Marry'd Life,
Turns Love, thro' Misconstructions, into Strife,
And makes the waspish Drunkard beat his Wife.

It spurs on Time, and hastens our Decay ;
It causes us to Business oft delay,
And makes us turn the Night into the Day.

Flux'd with Excess of *Wine* we Spawl and Spit ;
Stagger and Vomit in the publick Street,
And Jostle ev'ry stubborn Post we meet :

Yet in our own Conceits we're wond'rous Wise,
And damn the Sober Coxcomb that denies
To be a Partner in our drunken Joys;

Confound those Guides, who labour to remove
The Beastly Vice we Toaping Sots approve,
And laugh to hear them rail at what we love.

dims the Sight, and weakens Nature's Springs;
whole Families it oft to Begg'ry brings,
et makes us in our Thoughts as great as Kings.

fires the Body, and distracts the Head;
brought the stoutest Hero to his Bed,
and struck the *Macedonian* Conqu'ror Dead.

caus'd the *Persian* King his Bow to bend,
and, in a Rage, his Cruelty extend,
to the lov'd Son of his peculiar Friend.

flam'd with *Wine* the frantick Tyrant made
the Youth advance his Hand above his Head,
then aiming at his Heart he shot him Dead.

excess of *Wine* degenerates the Soul,
impairs our Passions, but does Reason dull,
and makes us neither fit to Serve or Rule.

Wine makes the Master in extreams appear,
either too lenitive or too severe,
too cruel there, or too forgiving here.

It causes Slaves and Servants to betray,
To contradict, rebel, and disobey,
And turn their Working-Seasons into Play.

It makes them saucy, proud, incontinent,
Vicious, unfaithful, cross, and negligent,
And with their Fellow-servants turbulent.

It makes the Vintner quarrel with his Guest;
It taps the Secrets of the closest Breast,
And turns the nicest Beau into a Beast.

It makes small Fools talk rudely of the Great:
It addles ev'ry busy Coxcomb's Pate,
And makes rebellious Sots arraign the State.

It makes each different Party vend their Spight,
And take wrong Methods to dispute the Right
Of things beyond their shallow Reason's fight.

It makes the angry Whig his Venom spue,
And brand the Church and State with things untrue
Denying God and Cæsar both their Due.

The Quaker o'er the Product of the *Vine*,
believes his inward Light does brighter shine,
When 'tis, alas, the Devil and the *Wine*.

Visions of Angels round his Bed he sees,
Who speak strange things, then vanish by degrees,
As Sleep removes the frenzied Disease.

But would the Pious Saint his Dreams declare,
Bais'd by the drowthy Dregs of *Wine*, I fear
The World would find they were about *Small-Beer*.

When warm'd with *Wine* it is their Zealots Pride,
To think themselves to Heav'n near ally'd,
And when most Drunk, to seem most Sanctify'd:

Religion talk, whilst they her Precepts break,
Praise God in Taverns, till so Drunk and Weak
They scarce can Stand, and labour hard to Speak:

Yet rail at all Excesses, like a Priest,
Condemn the Drunkard for a shameful Beast,
Yet drink themselves like Misers at a Feast.

So the Kind Sex, to keep their Tongues in play,
Will oft against the willing Dame inveigh,
Yet practise what they rail at ev'ry Day.

Wine makes the Atheist spend his flashy Wit,
In jesting with the Truths that Heaven has writ,
And branding all Religion for a Cheat :

Thus when the Fumes into his *Cranium* dance,
They do th' Atheistick Principle advance,
That all was but the wond'rous Work of Chance.

Sure ev'ry reigning Vice, and damning Sin,
O'er the curst Bottle did at first begin,
And we had ne'er been wicked, but for *Wine*:

For drown'd by *Bacchus*, we too often find,
By the vile Juice we strongly are inclin'd
To run astray, and please the vicious Mind.

Some, in their Cups, do their Revenge pursue :
Some Game, and some their Love to Women shew
Most Men, when Drunk, have further Sins in view

Other

Others so Passionate and Noisie are,
They Rave, talk Lewdly, Hector, Roar, and Swear,
and scarce are fit Companions for a Bear.

The shifting Bully does in Tavern Rant,
With his Crown gain'd by vent'ring a Lavant,
and the next Morrow must a Dinner want.

Each Spendthrift, flush'd with Money, must have *Wine*,
at Pontack's, Locket's, or the *Blue-Posts* Dine,
and spend all one Day, and then the next repine.

The very Jilt, if you her Favours want,
thinks it strange Impudence the Bliss to grant,
till *Wine* has made her ripe for a Gallant;

and then whatever Ills she does or says,
upon the wicked *Wine* the Fault she lays,
and still dare speak in her own Vertue's praise.

The modest Maid that's prick'd with *Cupid's* Dart,
and is asham'd her Passion to impart,
gave her but *Wine*, you may command her Heart.

Wine charms the Senses, and does Reason drown;
Oft by its Hellish Force, those Ills we've done,
To which, when Sober, we were never prone.

The Devil's Agents, that our Hearts incline
To Sin, and draw us off from things Divine,
Sure never enter Man, but with his *Wine*.

The Imps, for certain, love a Vintner's Cell,
Mix with their *Wines*, and in their Hogheads dwell
And, as we drink, they tempt us nearer Hell.

For should our Minds, when Sober, but recall
Into what wicked Freaks we sometimes fall,
We needs must think we drank the Dev'l and all.

Go, Hellish Juice, with thy Infernal Charms;
In thee adult'rous Spirits flow in Swarms,
And make us hug Destruction in our Arms.

'Tis when thy curs'd, bewitching Fumes aspire,
That, robb'd of Reason, we to Stews retire,
And scorch our Bodies with venereal Fire.

Hence forward I'll abhor thy poys'nous Taste;
No more large Sums will I profusely waste,
To be an idle Spendthrift Tavern-Guest.

No more will I my precious Minutes spend,
To that vain, prodigal, expensive End,
Of only being thought thy Drunken Friend.

Where-e'er thou'rt drawn, those Mansions I'll decline,
And deal no more with those that deal in *Wine*,
Who value not the Spendthrift, but his Coin.

Farewel, from thy Enchantments I am free,
Sober and Chast I'll live, that Sots may see
Man without *Wine* may truly happy be.

A
P O E M

In Praise of
Small-Beer.

DEbauch'd o'er Night with base adult'rous Wine,
From Apples squeez'd, and tinctur'd with the
[Vine]
Mix'd by damn'd Coopers, and by Art made fine,

Next Morning I awake with aching Head,
And drowthy Intrails parboil'd in my Bed,
By that Fools-bane, sophisticated Red.

Inflam'd and Sick, as if my End drew near,
I curse the Poyson that I bought so dear,
And call aloud for heavenly *Small-Beer*.

Then the Jug's brought, that holds at least a Quart,
The soothing Dose delights my flaming Heart,
And cools my Inside by a Belch or Fart.

It quenches and expels those fiery Seeds
And qualifies those Fumes that heat our Heads,
Which *Wine*, fomenting with our Choler, breeds.

When drowthy made by costive *Wine's* Excess,
What Orator or Poet can express
With how much Pleasure I the Jug embrace?

Rais'd in my Bed, I hug the Darling close,
Kiss his cool Brims, and whelm him o'er my Nose,
And bless the hissing Draught as down it goes.

Poyson'd with *Wine* o'er Night, as I next Day
Scorching and raving in a Fever lay,
A grave Phyfician did his Visit pay.

Doctor, avaunt, bring me a Tun, said I,
Of good Small-Beer; I am not Sick, but Dry,
And whilst that lasts, I'm sure I cannot dye.

He felt my nimble Pulse, then shook his Head;
You're dangerous Ill, said he, and must be Bled.
Give me Small-Beer, said I, or I am Dead.

Then Nosing of his Cane, he paus'd a while;
Small-Beer, cry'd he, Come, come, it cannot Kill;
Nurse, bring a Jug full, let him drink his fill.

Bless me, thought I, what Comfort do I hear!
 Who can the ill Effects of *Claret* fear,
 That in a Fever is allow'd *Small-Beer*.

One hearty Guzzel did my Body heal,
 In ev'ry Gulp I did such Pleasures feel;
 I drank a Gallon, slept, and so grew Well.

Dear sober Liquor, I adore thy Name;
Wine makes me Mad, but thou can'st keep me Tame,
 And art the Drink of ev'ry Vertuous Dame.

Th'ingrateful Sots that so applaud the *Vine*,
 And damn thee, do the Bottle oft resign,
 To drink thee with more Pleasure than their *Wine*.

You make us neither act nor speak amiss,
But your Admirers you preserve in Peace,
And keep Men temp'rate, and their Minds at Ease,

Wine's always dear, altho' excessive naught;
But good *Small-Beer* at small Expence is bought;
A Brewer's Gallon does not cost a Groat,

Had not *Small-Beer* been drank in Times of Yore,
And Temperance preserv'd the Miser's Store,
We'd had no Alms-House for the starving Poor.

Had not old *Ask* thought tipling *Wine* a Guilt,
And savingly drank Tiff upon the Tilt,
His *Hoxton-Hospital* had ne'er been built.

Spenthrifts and Rakes may to the Tavern steer,
And drown two Annual Incomes in one Year;
But they that would be Rich, must drink *Small-Beer*.

The drowthy Hero that was tir'd with Slaughter,
Who drank his Helmet full of Frogs-spawn-Water,
And did so highly praise the Puddle a'ter;

Could he but then have fill'd his warlike Beaker
With fresh *Small-Beer* he'd quench'd his Drowth much
And must have prais'd the Gods for such ^{[quicker,} good Liquor.

Diogenes, who with Roots supply'd his Hunger,
Had he had Malt, would have drank Stream no longer,
But good *Small-Beer*, which is but little stronger.

Nor had *Anacreon* been his own Undoing,
By swallowing a Grape-stone without chewing,
Had he but understood the Art of Brewing:

And from destructive *Pagan Wine* dissented,
To've been but with good *Table-Beer* contented,
The sad Mischance had surely been prevented.

Had *Seneca*, whose Temp'rance we admire,
But known the sober Vertues of *Small-Beer*,
He'd ne'er have drank cold Water all the Year.

The Rural Swain, whose Labours make him Dry,
Does to his Scythe the Leather-Bottle ty,
And cannot Work, unless *Small-Beer* be by.

The Country Maid, who looks so fresh and gay,
Does conquer Love, and Marriage long delay,
By drinking such cool Liquor every Day.

Does no headstrong foolish Passions breed :
Neither provokes the Tail, or heats the Head ;
Sobriety is from all such Evils freed.

It long preserves our Senses, and our Sight ;
It keeps our Bodies and our Minds upright,
And is each drowthy Mortal's chief Delight.

In wicked Times, when Pop'ry did prevail,
Her brawny Priests drank new unwholsome Ale,
For want of Hops to keep their Liquor stale.

Which fragrant Flow'r to *England* scarce was known,
Their foggy Drink was brew'd of Malt alone,
Till *Hal* reform'd the Church, and *Bess* the Throne.'

Thus when the Papal Pow'r began to sink,
Then Hops came in, as Learned Authors think ;
And, by their Vertues, much reform'd our Drink.

Now

Now *Stout*, *Old Nog*, and *Pharaoh* came in play,
Whose Dregs in drunken Stomachs broiling lay,
And brought *Small-Beer* in high esteem next Day.

Which kept the Sound in Health, gave Sick Men Ease,
And gain'd such Approbation by degrees,
That its pert Taste did ev'ry Pallat please.

By sober Men, at all times, 'tis approv'd ;
By drowthy Sots, i'th' Morning, 'tis belov'd,
And, at our Meals, round ev'ry Table shov'd.

Women admire it, 'cause it breeds no Fray,
But lets our Wits, our Tongues and Passions sway,
And does no Love-Intrigues, like *Wine*, betray.

It's highly priz'd by all that are precise,
Because (as 'tis well noted by the Wife)
It did at first with *Reformation* rise.

Wise Men approve it, 'cause it makes them keep
Their active Tongues from any idle Slip ;
And pinch-gut Misers doat on't 'cause 't's cheap.

The Poor with Pleasure gaze on't when it smiles,
And in laborious Sweats, at leisure whiles,
Green, by cool refreshing Draughts, their Toils,

To Generation 'tis a Friend; for where
To Children in such num'rous Broods appear,
In mean Families, that drink *Small-Beer*?

Whilst those that feed on Dainties that are fine,
And much impair their nat'ral Strength with *Wine*,
So, very oft, for want of Heirs, repine.

Cools our Veins, and gives our Spirits rest,
Preserves from Love the forward Virgin's Breast,
And keeps the charming Lads with slender Waist,

Whilst merry Dames, that are to Drinking prone,
And daily to the *Strong-Beer* Barrel run,
Get blubber Cheeks, and Bellics like a Tun.

The Beaus prefer it to the Juice of Grapes,
Because by drinking Tiff, the pale-fac'd Apes
Keep their Complexions, and preserve their Shapes.

Whilst

Whilst brawny Sots, that to the Tavern steer,
With fiery Faces almost singe their Hair,
And like squab Elephants in Bulk appear.

It's also highly priz'd on Board of Ship,
Nor does it only cool the drowthy Lip,
But, by the help of Brandy, makes rare Flip.

Tho' home-bred Sots miscall it nasty Flegm,
In all hot Countries 'tis in great Esteem,
And valu'd in the *Indies* like a Gem.

In our *West* Islands, where no Winter's known,
Which broiling lie within the Torrid Zone,
There, due Respect to *English Beer* is shown.

Of strong *Madera Wine* 't'as got the start,
Because it cools the Liver and the Heart,
And is advanc'd to Fifteen-Pence a Quart.

Could they but there such wholesome Liquor Brew,
Declining Transports might their Healths renew,
And not expire so fast as now they do.

A Poem in Praise of Small-Beer. 205

But with *Small-Beer*, alas, they're never blest,
Except we send them now and then a Taft ;
And wanting that, they're scorch'd alive at best.

With Water warm'd by th' Sun they rince their Guts,
Fetch'd from afar in Caravans and Boats,
Whilst we have cool *Small-Beer* to bless our Throats.

Besides, it much improves our Foreign Trade ;
For the use of distant Regions made,
And, by our Shipping, o'er the World convey'd.

Where-e'er its wafted 'tis approv'd by all,
Does the rich Planters in *Barbadoes* cool,
And brings back *Spanish Plate* to *Liverpool*.

Since the good Liquor is abroad desir'd,
Wheresoever carry'd much admir'd,
'Tis strange we should at home be with it tir'd.

In *England* sure 'tis a notorious Fault,
That we *French Wine* above good *Beer* exalt,
Since *France* would gladly barter Grapes for Malt.

Let hot-brain'd Fools th' expensive Tavern use,
Lavish their Money, and their Health abuse,
Delights more sober I resolve to chuse.

The Pleasures of a studious Life I'll try;
When tir'd with Books, some lonely Walk enjoy,
And only drink *Small-Beer* when I am Dry.

For no Delights that do the Crowd ensnare,
Deriv'd from *Bacchus*, or the charming Fair,
Can with a thoughtful sober Life compare.

A

P O E M

On the Happy Success of

His Grace the DUKE of

Marlborough

In forcing the *French* Lines.

Long did *Nassau* his *Belgick* Valour try,
 By *English* Arms to curb *French* Tyranny;
 Vast Sums were given, and great Armies rais'd,
 And Wonders done, that glorious Prince be prais'd!
 Whose matchless Conduct, all Men must allow,
 Perform'd strange things, the *Lord* knows where or how.
 He cross'd the Seas, where blust'ring Winds arose,
 And fear'd a Storm as little as his Foes.

By

By force of Arms rang'd *Flanders* round about,
To fight the *French*, but first to find them out,
Which when he'd done, he push'd 'em here and there
And did what lying Fame can best declare.
His Actions were profusely Great, 'tis true,
He bomb'd old *Brussels*, burnt *St. Malloes* too,
To th' everlasting Mem'ry of the Lord knows who.

But Thou, Great *Marlborough*, hast in two Campaigns
Made happy *ANN*'s surpass all other Reigns,
And by thy Conduct, at a mod'rate Cost,
Retriev'd that Honour fourteen Years had lost.
In thy Great Soul, in equal ballance meet,
Both *Mars*'s Courage and *Apollo*'s Wit.
Thou didst with Temper all thy Actions square,
And art too Wise and Fortunate to Err.
The World's great Tyrant dreads thy pow'ful hand
As if *Jove*'s Thunder was at thy Command,
On thy Victorious Deeds looks pale and tame,
Envies thy Deeds, and startles at thy Name.
Matchless and endless is the great Renown,
Which thou hast nobly won for *England*'s Crown.
Bright *Anna*'s Vertues, join'd with thy Success,
Shine equal to the Kingdom's happiness.

Domestick Jars are by Her Scepter aw'd,
Whilst, with Her Sword, thou Wonders dost abroad.
Elizabeth, 'tis true, was Wise and Great,
And rul'd with Prudence a divided State,
Did mighty Things, outdone (as yet) by none,
Except good *ANN*, that now ascends the Throne.
Elizabeth, to shew her Judgment, chose
The Gallant *Capel* to chastize her Foes,
Whose Valiant Deeds made *England's* Glory shine:
But his (Great *Marlborough*) ne'er could equal thine;
For thou already hast accomplish'd more,
Than e'er was done by Prince or Peer before.
Tex, 'tis true, did wondrous Fame procure,
And long in Royal Favour slept secure:
But thou art still deservedly more Great,
And tow'rst above his Vertues and his Fate.
Any fortunate Success does Faction tame,
Endangers their Hopes, and disappoints their Aim;
It strikes back the terror of their threatening Brow,
And makes them look confus'd, we know not how.

O happy Hero! wife and valiant Prince,
Serving of Heaven, and the Crown's defence!

The Nation's Bulwark, whose resistless Blows,
Crush where they fall, and batter down our Foes!
The Pride and Glory of the Grand Allies,
The Terror of their trembling Enemies;
The Head that wisely does project the way
To Conquer, and the Hand that wins the Day;
The trusty Champion of th' Imperial Throne,
Firm to their Int'rest, faithful to our own;
A Friend to the *Hungarian* Protestants,
Scourge to *Bavaria*, and a sting to *France*;
Worship'd by *Hogen Mogen* as a God,
Esteem'd at Home, belov'd and fear'd Abroad.
Thy Glorious Actions fill the World with News,
And are the only Themes of ev'ry Muse.
With Mirth and Joy thou dost whole Nations fill,
The World seems stagnated when you stand still.
Blenheim and *Hochstet* witness your Success,
And this more dang'rous Vict'ry does no less;
But with fresh verdant Laurels crowns your Head,
Such as will out-wear Time, and never fade.
Cæsar himself ne'er brought more Honour home,
Or brave *Fabricius* e'er do more for *Rome*,
Than *Marlborough* has perform'd in all degrees,
To *England's* Glory, and for *Europe's* Ease.

Great *Alexander*, in his youthful Heat,
'Tis true, did all the Eastern World defeat,
And many potent Kingdoms over-run,
But *Marlborough* outdoes all in Conqu'ring one.

P 2

FOR

FORTUNE's Bounty:

OR, AN

Everlasting PURSE

FOR THE

Greatest CUCKOLD in the Kingdom.

IN wicked Times, when wanton Wives
 Led injur'd Husbands wretched Lives,
 Blind *Fortune*, in a gen'rous Mood,
 Resolv'd to do some Cuckold good;
 But being a Purblind Female Creature,
 And of a fickle wav'ring Nature,
 She could not readily agree
 What the kind Benefit should be,
 Or, who have Title to receive
 The Noble Prize she meant to give.
 Thus puzzled, as she musing sat,
 Confounded quite 'twixt who and what:

At last remembring 'twas a fau't,
 To do great Things with little Thought,
 She to some lonely Cloud retir'd,
 To Think, as Matters well requir'd.
 The Wise should use deliberation,
 Ere they bestow a large Donation.
 Lord-May'rs are seldom over speedy
 In building Alms-Huts for the Needy ;
 But take seven Years Consideration,
 About the Pious Work's Foundation :
 Nay, Benefits, tho' small, we find,
 Come slow, as if with half a Mind.
 The Saint will fumble near an Hour,
 And have some Witneses by, before
 He'll give his Farthing to the Poor,
 That they may praise the Niggard's Bounty,
 And blaze the Wonder thro' the County.

}

But *Fortune*, after some Confusion,
 Came, in short time, to a Conclusion,
 And made this following Resolution:
 Which was, That ev'ry Marry'd Noddy,
 Tongue-teas'd and Govern'd by his Dowdy,

}

Tormented with eternal Clamour,
More noisie than a Pewt'rer's Hammer;
And every peevish tortur'd Spouse
That wears his Corns upon his Brows,
And raves to think he cannot mend
The Failings of his Wife's low'r-end:
Also the Patient and the Wife,
Who smother all their Injuries,
And kindly Father, without fretting,
A Brood of G-d knows whose begetting,
These *Fortune* had resolv'd to Summon,
But each t'appear without his Woman;
Lest Female Tongues should spoil the Sport,
And make the Crowd turn *Dover-Court*.

Her Edicts, sign'd with her own Name,
Were scatter'd all abroad by *Fame*,
Declaring what she had design'd
For the most Wretched of Mankind:
As to the place of Rendezvous,
For every Horn'd unhappy Spouse,
She bearing Cuckoldom in Mind,
Guild-Hall was by the Dame assign'd,

Most fit above all other places,
For Henpeck'd Slaves to shew their Faces.

The merry Time at last drew near,
In which the Bucks were to appear,
Came *Fortune*, at the Hour appointed,
Stir'd like any Lord's Anointed,
In Robes of a *Camelion* Dye,
That chang'd, i'th' twinkling of an Eye;
Was sometimes Red, and sometimes Blue,
But alter'd still to something new;
Shewing by Colours variation,
Women are subject to mutation:
Tho' some will say, the fickle Dame,
That's always changing's still the same.
A pair of Horns, of wondrous size,
All Gold, to dazle Humane Eyes,
Made full of Antlers Buds and Sprouts,
In *Foster-Lane*, or thereabouts,
By some, if Folks don't falsly Jear 'em,
That have no little Right to wear 'em;
Were carried on a lofty Pole,
Before *Queen Fortune*, to the Hall,

Just as his Custard-Cap does bear
The Sword before the City-May'r :
In mighty Pomp she past along,
Attended with a numerous Throng,
Gather'd together, by degrees,
From th' Four and Twenty Companies.
At last into the Hall she came,
Where all paid Rev'ence to the Dame.
Who gaz'd around, and as they bow'd
To th' Horns, she Curs'd to the Crowd,
At last it pleas'd her fickle Grace
To find her Jilting Bum a place ;
The Court of Conscience being clear
Of Business, she ascended there ;
. And on the Bench, O fy upon her !
She clapt her Tail, that is, her Honour,
For Female Honour, you must know,
Is humbly seated very low ;
Therefore high Conscientious Places
Do not become a *nunquam satis*.
However, there the Gypsie staid,
And fate as modest as a Maid ;
With her huge gilded Mace before her,
Which caus'd the Cuckolds to adore her.

Thus seated on the Bench alone,
Like Playhouse Queen on flit-deal Throne,
Such Crowds came staring in and gaping,
Even from *Westminster* to *Wapping*,
That sure the Hall was ne'er so full
Of City Stags at Sheriffs Poll.
Partners and Vict'lers flock'd in shoals,
Made graceful by their flowing Bowls,
Whose Heads became the noble Crest,
So far exceeding all the rest,
That the whole Herd aloud cry'd out,
They never ought t'appear without.

Lawyers in Drovers flow'd in as fast
As if the Term had not been past,
Who hid their Horns beneath their Gowns,
And so incur'd Dame *Fortune's* Frowns:
But rather than they'd spoil the Jest,
At last they wore them like the rest,
Which made the Black-Rob'd Tribe appear
Like Oxen at a *Suffolk-Fair*:
However, they resolv'd to try
For *Fortune's* Favour by and by,

Well knowing that their wedded Evils
Had Tails like Goats, and Tongues like Devils,
And that they'd all the Plagues of Life,
That Man could meet with in a Wife.

Our Teachers too their Horns exalting,
Some young and brisk, some old and halting;
Flow'd in from ev'ry part o'th' Nation,
As thick as at a Visitation;
All fill'd with Hopes, and well prepar'd,
To shew what tameless Shrews they'd Marry'd.
The angry Crowd in great disdain,
Cry'd, Priests, above all other Men,
Shou'd not b' admitted to complain,
Because their Function were the first
That made us Mortals thus accurs'd,
And that they punish'd Fornication,
And first brought Wedlock into fashion.
But *Fortune* minding not the Crowd,
Most humbly to the Pastors bow'd,
And told them (tho' she ne'er design'd it)
She'd be their Friend, and they should find it.
They thank'd her for the Grace she'd done 'em,
But found 'twas but a Jest upon 'em.

In numbers flock'd *Physicians* too,
Who knew not how to tame a Shrew,
To cure for th' ease of their own Lives,
The Falling-Evil in their Wives;
Who when their Frensies were upon 'em,
And on their Backs their Fits had thrown 'em,
They could not rise, lest Folks bely 'em,
Whilst any Man was standing by 'em;
That heave and pant, and wink and pink,
And breathe so short that one would think,
Who did but see their Freaks transacted,
That they were Dying or Distracted.

Besides the Swarms I mention here,
All sorts of Traders did appear;
For no degrees of Men can be
From Cuckoldom and Av'rice free;
Therefore most Husbands had preference
To *Fortune's* kind Benevolence.

The Hall was crowded in a Minute,
That not one more cou'd squeeze within it.
Then *Fortune*, loud as she cou'd bawl,
Commanded Silence in the Hall;

And

And rising up, from off her Breech,
She standing made this gen'rous Speech.

My Lords and Gentry, that appear
According to my Summons here,
I'm hither come, with Joy to meet ye,
And with sincere Affection greet ye;
I must confess, your Good alone
'Twas brought me hither, not my own,
And you shall always surely find,
(Tho' some, perhaps, are so unkind,
To think me of a fickle Mind,)
My Heart not Foreign, but Domestick;
Not Popish, but Ecclesiastick.
With that the Churchmen standing ready,
Bow'd low and cry'd, Your Servant Lady;
Hoping by this their good Behaviour,
To win their Dame and curry Favour;
But they, alas, were at a loss,
In thinking to her Love ingross;
For *Fortune's* Kindness wa'n't exprest
To them alone, but all the rest:
After some pause she thus again
Began, and made the Matter plain:

All you that bear the heavy Curse
The Grey Mare the better Horse ;
wear the Failings of your Spouses,
small degree above your Noses,
let ev'ry one his Grievances show,
that I the naked Truth may know.
And he who is in Wedlock join'd
to the worst plague of Woman-kind,
and leads the most confounded Life
that e'er did Man with wicked Wife ;
let her be either Young or Old,
fair, Homely, Slutish, Whore, or Scold ;
let he be Churchman or Dissenter,
Trimmer, Puritan, or Ranter ;
let neither Whig, or yet a Tory,
let does in Moderation glory ;
let him be Libertine or Saint,
let that he's but a Protestant,
and he alone, to ease his Curse,
shall have a *Neverfailing Purse* ;
besides, this forked golden Prize,
of such a large and ample size,
that 'twill adorn and grace the Hall
of the best Noble of you all ;

There-

Therefore disclose the wretched Lives
You bear with your unruly Wives,
That I may judge, among you all,
On whom my Bounty ought to fall.
The Dons and Coms could not agree,
At first, about Precedency ;
But such Debates and Feuds arose,
As if their Words would end in Blows ;
Each pelting each with all the Lyes
Their Heat and Malice could devise :
Wise Men stood by and shook their Noddles,
To hear their Betters such *Tom-doodles* ;
Whilst all the dull unthinking Rabble,
Seem'd much delighted with the Squabble ;
And thereupon the Fools divided,
And with the differing Parties sided ;
Some for the Dons declar'd their Zeal,
Some for the Coms were Tooth and Nail ;
Bad Words were scatter'd at no rate,
The Hall was turn'd to *Billingsgate*,
And every Blockhead in the Crew,
Espous'd one Party of the two,
Tho' very few could tell for what
They roar'd down this, or cry'd up that ;

But since ill Men had made a pother,
They would be of one side or t'other.
Nift so it is in *Hockley-Hole*,
When *Rose* and *Brindle* fight the *Bull* :
Some on the Dogs will set their Heart,
Some take the horned Champions part.
When thus dispos'd, the Rabble-Rout
Soon find occasion to fall out :
Then Fools and Dogs, and Bulls and Bears,
Fall all together by the Ears,
Whilst wiser Men securely sit,
And overlook the wrangling Pit,
Keep silent Tongues, no Party take,
But view the Sport the Puppies make.

The Feud grew higher still and higher,
For Knaves and Fools encreas'd the Fire ;
Poets and Scriblers watch'd their Waters,
And ply'd them with Lampoons and Satyrs,
Each drew his Pen in Rhime or Prose,
To serve his Friends or scourge his Foes,]
Whose Follies yet were never shown
Apart, without the Author's own.

Which

Which did to Men of Judgment's view,
Seem always greatest of the two.
However, rather than conceal
Their Faults, they would their own reveal:
The Reason's plain, for you must know, it's
The Talent of our modern Poets,
With stupid Malice to delight ye,
Because the jarring envious City,
Love Scandal more than what is Witty.
Thus Libels publicly were cry'd,
And flew about from side to side,
The common People to incense,
And aggravate the difference.

Dame *Fortune*, with her purblind Eyes,
Beholding such a Storm arise,
Grew jealous that some Ill was meant,
To interrupt her good Intent ;
Therefore, in hopes to heal the Breach,
She made this reconciling Speech.

My Dons and Coms I'm much perplex'd,
Do see your Gravities thus vex'd ;
And that the hopes of my poor Favour,
Should make you use this strange behaviour ;

What tho' I can bestow upon you,
A neverfailing Purse of Money,
And, as I'm *Fortune*, am the Donor
Of Plenty, Power, Wealth, and Honor;
Yet since, to my great Grief, I find
Such Av'rice reigning in each Mind,
All you that hope to gain the Prize,
By spreading Calumnies and Lies,
And rave and quarrel so about it,
Upon my Word, shall go without it;
For shame let me no more behold,
Such mighty Men contend for Gold,
After so turbulent a fashion,
That makes you odious to the Nation;
For tho' you'd fain perswade the Crowd,
You squabble for the Publick Good,
Yet to all Wisemen it appears,
That Int'rest sets you by the Ears;
Therefore I beg, that for the future,
You will not make this shameful clutter,
Or widen such injurious Breaches,
About priority of Speeches,
Since 'twill b'expected by the rest,
He that speaks last should speak the best:

Therefore, as you have often seen,
At Crowning of a King or Queen,
The lowest Rank do first appear,
And leave the highest in the Rear;
So the same Mode they use in Walking,
I hope you will observe in Talking;
Therefore proceed as I direct,
And you shall find I'll not neglect
To do that Justice you expect.

This Speech (altho' there's little in it)
Made them good Friends in half a Minute;
That all cry'd out in *voce una*,
God save the mighty Queen *Fortuna*.

The whole Assembly being pleased,
And all their Hearts and Feuds appeased,
A *Fleet-street* Vintner, in the Crowd,
Open'd his Case, but first he bow'd.

Madam, says he, upon my Life,
I've got the Devil of a Wife;
She's Lustful, Ugly, and she's Old,
And, besides these, a curst Scold,

Her Crabbed Looks, the Parish knows it,
Will turn new Milk into a Poffit.
When I am kind she's still so base,
Her Eyes dash Verjuice in my Face;
Nay, Pepper dwells upon her Tongue,
Which she shakes o'er me all day long:
No *Smithfield*-Cook sure e'er abus'd,
Or us'd Roast-Beef as I am us'd;
Besides, I can with safety swear,
The Jade confounds me every Year,
A Hundred Pounds more than is fitting,
In Dainty-Bits for her own Eating;
And Drinks, I may with Justice say,
Two Quarts of *Palm-Wine* every Day;
But that which I resent most ill,
And is, of all, the bitter'st Pill,
When she's got Drunk, the Whore of Whores
Turns up her Honour to my Drawers,
And picks my Pocket of my Pelf,
To make them Richer than myself.
With that he Sigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes,
And cry'd, he hop'd such Miseries
Might give him Title to the Prize.

When this his sad Complaint was heard,
All the Blue-Squadron gap'd and star'd,
And tho' the major Party had
Such Wives that were profusely Bad;
Yet none cou'd say he had a worse,
So every one conceal'd his Curse,
Sneak'd off their Horns, as Prudence bid 'em,
And underneath their Aprons hid 'em,
Believing their Cornuted Brother
Must bear the Bell from all the other.

Next him a Doctor of the Body,
A mighty Spruce Cornuted Noddy,
Advanc'd, and humbly did beseech
Dame *Fortune* to observe his Speech.

Madam, says he, upon my Honour,
I have a Spouse, a Pox upon her,
So Lustful, that I'm sure her Tail is
As hot as *Lapis Infernalis*.

'Tis troubled with a Wolfish Evil,
And eats Raw-Flesh like any Devil,
Gobbles up Handfuls at a time,
Yet thinks the Gluttony no Crime.

Tho' I must needs confess 'tis true,
It has no Teeth and cannot Chew;
Yet will it mumble't so about,
'Till it has suck'd the Goodness out,
And that small Cud which does remain,
It Spits as nauseous out again;
Yet raves the next succeeding Minute
For more, as if the Devil was in it.
I feed the *Vulture* all I can,
But 'tis too much for one poor Man.
It therefore will have change of Diet,
Yet all wo'nt keep the Monster quiet;
And if these Plagues deserve no Favour,
Old Nick take Wife and Prize together.

The rest of th' *Æsculapian* Crew,
At this course Plea, look'd very blue;
They all expecting to have heard
A Speech becoming of a Bard.
Some hem'd and haw'd, whilst others vex'd,
And no one car'd to venture next.
Till an old Fox of great Renown,
Wrap'd up in Legislative Gown,

Finding the Quacks were not agreed
About what Brother shou'd succeed,
Stepping 'twixt *Fortune* and the Crowd,
Cry'd, Madam, by your leave, and Bow'd:
Then upright as an Arrow stood,
Stuck Thumbs i'th' Waistband of his Breeches,
And baulk'd the Doctors of their Speeches.

Madam, says he, (and looks upon her)
I'm much beholding to your Honour,
For I must needs confess, in truth,
I've been your Favourite from my Youth;
Yet tho' I'm now so highly mounted,
And have at *Westminster* been counted
So Just and Wise, thro' all my Life,
I'm almost gally'd with a Wife.
What tho' I'm learn'd in every Cause,
And long have doated on the Laws,
Yet could I never find out one
To make the Gypsie hold her Tongue.
An Age I've pleaded at the Bar,
And am no puny Orator,
Yet tho' she's Old, my Jangling Gillian
Will still out-talk me by a Million,

And for one Word I speak, she musters
Whole troops, and pelts my Ears by clusters.
Therefore, kind Lady Fair, cries he,
I hope, to ease my Misery,
You will, to me the Purse impart,
For I love Gold with all my Heart,
Fortune reply'd, she'd be his Friend,
And do him Justice in the end.

A Parson next, of wondrous Note,
Betwixt a *Polecat* and a *Stoate*,
Advanc'd with very sickly Look,
Hem'd thrice, and thus to *Fortune* spoke.

Madam, I come not here to Preach,
Or show my Elegance of Speech;
Nor shall I now maintain that Schism,
Which some Men call Socinianism:
Or teach you how a Man that's Crafty,
May take Oaths *pro* and *con* with safety.
In short, I'm come to give you notice,
In verbo vero Sacerdotis,
That no poor Mortal of my Function,
Was ever under more Compunction;

Not for my own Erroneous Life,
But for the Failings of my Wife,
Who has a Tongue that Squalls and Bawls
As loud as any Bell in *Paul's*.
At Meals, instead of Grace, she'll fit
And Scold before and after Meat :
Nay, find more Seasons ev'ry Day,
To Rave, than I can do to Pray ;
And rants with such a taunting Air,
Adsnouns, she'd make a Parson swear.
Besides, as I'm a Priest and Sinner,
I dare not take a Friend to Dinner ;
Or show that Love to a poor Brother,
We ought to bear to one another,
Lest she, my good Intent to cross,
Should give our Meat such sowre Sauce,
That meeting with a Tongue so evil,
My Friend should think me so uncivil,
To make him Mess-mate with the Devil.

Believe me, 'twas alone her Tongue,
That aw'd my Conscience all along,
And made me such a wav'ring Priest,
That I became a common Jest ;

But who that's wedded to a Scold,
Can blame me now the Truth is' told ?
For while a Man's so plagu'd and nettled,
How should his Conscience e'er be settled,

With that the Crowd both hiss'd and smil'd,
And all his quaint Oration spoil'd,
Crying aloud, since he had hung
His Faith upon so vile a Tongue,
They hop'd the Devil wou'd adapt her,
To plague him to the end o'th' Chapter.
Besides, they cry'd, it was not fit,
That he who had so little Wit,
To let his Wife's tempestuous Tongue
His Reason sway, 'twixt Right and Wrong,
Should in a Pious Christian Nation
Be trusted with a Congregation,
And that the puny Wretch that knew
Not how to teach and tame a Shrew,
Must needs before his Wife preach Booty,
And oft, thro' Fear, evade his Duty ;
For how should he that has a Scold
Of's own, and dare not be so bold

To scourge her Failings any one day,
Reclaim Five-hundred on a *Sunday*?

This Rub made all the Gown-men sneak,
Who found 'twas now in vain to speak,
Touch'd with this close sarcastick Scoff,
They dop'd their Heads, and so slid off;
Renounc'd the Prize, and left the Hurry
Went some to Christen, some to Marry,
Some to Read Prayers, and some to Bury.

No sooner were the Black-birds flown,
But then the mighty Dons came on,
Some smil'd and snigger'd unperplex'd,
Whilst others look'd disturb'd and vex'd;
Much Whisp'ring pass'd from Mouth to Ear,
About no Good a Man may swear,
Because Don *Quirk* was busie there.
Projecting *Snap* stood list'ning by,
Seem'd sometimes free, and sometimes shy;
That's Wrong, says he, and will not Nick 'em,
But this is Right, and there we'll Trick 'em,
Whilst they were thus Caballing got,
About the Lord knows who or what,

A bold Heroick Don, well Drest,
Kept slyly from amongst the rest,
And Whisler'd *Fortune* in her Ear,
But what he said no Man could hear;
Whether he spoke about his Wife,
Or self, I know not, by my Life;
But *Fortune* seeming much surpris'd,
Yet pleas'd at what he advertis'd,
Cry'd out aloud, if that's thy Curse,
Think thou well deserv'st the Purse,
For justly to thy Lot does fall,
Here, prithee take it, Horns and all.

Madam, says he, it is great Pity,
Of such a Prize to rob the City;
So took the Purse, but was so kind,
To humbly leave the Mace behind.

A
 Protestant Scourge
 FOR A
 Popish Jacket

IN slavish Times, when *Peter* rul'd the Roast,
 And Priests alone the sacred Word ingroft;
 When stubborn Zealeach Christian Conscience sway
 And pious Souls were by ill Guides misled,
 'Twas then, the *Roman* Harlot's wanton Charms,
 Entic'd all *Europe* to her sinful Arms.
Albion, amongst the rest, by Fame betray'd,
 Caress'd th' Adult'ress for a spotless Maid;
 Ador'd that Beauty which was only Paint,
 And hug'd the splendid Strumpet for a Saint:
 Age after Age tyrannick Sway she bore,
 Whilst Priests, who had debauch'd her long before,
 Varnish'd her Errors, and disguis'd the Whore.

at still she might appear to common sight,
sincerely Vertuous, and divinely bright;
at her bald Vouchers might be well maintain'd,
Gifts she from her weak Admirers gain'd.
the poor Bully, by his Mistress fed,
sends the Punk whose Vices yield him Bread;
b'd by her Lust he guards her from Disgrace,
and swears she's Honest, tho' he knows she's Base.

Long was our Isle thro' Ignorance distress'd,
when every Layman labour'd for his Priest:
the crafty Guide bestrid th' illit'rate Fool,
and made the toiling Peasant but his Mule.
Ration then was often bought and sold;
the very Keys of Heaven were made of Gold,
to signify to those who had Estates,
they were not to be turn'd at easy rates.

As true, they seldom would admittance grutch
to th' Poor, but shew their Charity was such,
to save for little, those who had not much.
Thus, Devil-like, to keep their sleights in use,
they'd play a small Game rather than refuse;
nor when they found the Assets but a few,
the Priests could make the fewer Masses do:

And

And, like a Lab'rer, sparing of his Pains,
Slight o'er the Work that brought but little Gains.

All Learning to themselves the Church ingross'd,
The Layman's Right of Literature was lost :
God's Word they made peculiar to their Schools,
Learn'd were their *Shepherds*, but their *Flocks* were Fools
Who pray'd and paid, and without further thought,
Believ'd in gross whate'er the Pulpit taught.
All humane Sense to holy Craft gave place,
And Reason was a Slave to doubtful Grace.
So blind was Zeal, the People so unwise,
That in their transubstantiate Sacrifice, [Eyes,
They'd trust their erring Guides before their faithful
Believe the Euch'rist to be Flesh indeed,
Which their own Senses prov'd to be but Bread.
Sure that Relig'on ne'er could be of Heav'n,
That robs us of that Knowledge God has giv'n.
If Reason must not judge of Faith's true light,
How came our Guides to know the wrong from right
Or, how their rev'rend Heads distinguish plain,
Betwixt the *Bible* and the *Alchuran*.
I doubt, were they of Reason dispossess'd,
'Twould puzzle 'em to determine which was best.

Reason

Reason's the heav'nly Ray that lights the Soul,
And the Faith dark that does its Power controul.
Fools without Thought are in Opinion stiff,
But wise Men on sound Reason ground Belief:
That they find what for the Soul is good,
As by their Smell and Taste they judge their Food;
For who but each Man's Reason ought to try
His Faith, who must be sav'd or damn'd thereby.
That useful Reason was, alas! deny'd,
And Souls depended on their outward Guide.
His eternal Word implicitly they took,
And did not dare to soil the sacred Book;
That, hoping well, took all things on content,
And, to enrich their Priests, kept always *Lent*;
Gave Sums of value, each to his degree,
For worthless Baubles of Idolatry;
Increas'd their own great Miseries and Wants,
And adorn with gay Attire their wooden Saints.
When the Church Puppets were t'appear in State,
No Robes could be too rich, no Cost too great;
Each Bigot club'd, that the unharnas'd Shrine,
Or sainted Log, might be profusely fine.
The People largely gave, but Heaven knows,
The Priest play'd booty when he bought the Cloaths,
And

And could not for his Soul be so upright,
To do his Saints that Justice which he might.
New Tissue Mantles for the Waxwork Child,
New Clouts and Cradle, for the Old were soil'd.
For good St. *Peter* a Pontifick Dress,
And costly Net his Function to express,
Of Gold and Silver made, which shew too plain,
Those were the only Nets to fish for Men:
Yet tho' their Saints were all so nobly clad,
The saving Clergy this wise Conduct had,
To keep their wooden Gods thus fine and gay,
Like foundling Bastards, at the Parish Pay.
Ten thousand Fopp'ries more did they contrive,
To gull the Laity that the Church might thrive.
Indulgences for any Sins they sold,
None fear'd Damnation, lest they wanted Gold:
But rigid Penance was enjoin'd the Poor,
And all such Misers as conceal'd their Store:
For very strait and rugged was the way
To Heav'n, for him that could and would not pay:
This Text was greatly by the Priests admir'd,
Where much is given, much shall be requir'd;
Whose genuine sence they basely did confound,
And, to their Gain, the sacred Words expound.

Thus their poor Hearers craftily were won,
First to be Bigots, next to be undone.

The Catalogue of mouldy Saints, 'tis true,
And number of their Beads, the People knew;
Were also taught in a strange Tongue to pray,
And could their *Ave* and *Pater* say:

But the blind Suppliants understood no more,
The sacred Jargon that they mumbled o'er,
Than *Sappho's* Parrots, taught to cry aloud,
That *Sappho* was a great and mighty God.

Thus Zeal advanc'd as People grew worse Fools,
The Priests prov'd Workmen, and the Laymen Tools.
The aged Guides, made by experience wise,
Prevail'd by Arguments and solemn Lies,
Whilst the young am'rous Priest the Wives bestrid,
And taught them how they should their Husbands ride:
From which old practise Women ever since
Claim, in all Holy things, preeminence,
Will chuse, tho' marry'd, to be slyly blest,
Some Bie-Faith, not by her Spouse profess'd,
And follow the blind Guide she fancies best.
Those sad Times, when Women rul'd the Roast,
And Man's Dominion was intirely lost,

The Husband sure must lead a curst Life,
Rid first by Priests, and secondly his Wife;
And she, good Woman, careless of her Troth,
T'oblige the Church, was finely feagu'd by both.
So Satan, when he sought the Fall of Man,
Most wisely with the weaker Sex began;
Knowing if once he could her Heart secure,
She soon would bring her Part'ner to his Lure.

As Ignorance and Zeal rose hand in hand,
And scatter'd blind Devotion thro' the Land,
Soul-saving Terms weré by the Priests enhanc'd,
And more expensive Projects still advanc'd.
Their Hothouse now became a gainful Trade,
No Soul could cool till the Church Fees were paid;
And those they made s'unconscionably large,
T'would beggar the next Kin to pay the Charge.
Peter grew so insatiate by degrees,
None but huge Sums could turn the heav'nly Keys,
The Rich gave large Estates to purchase future Ease.
Frighted, when dying, with their purging Flames,
And terrify'd with Holy Cheats and Shams.
The doubtful Sinner yielding to their Lure,
Resign'd his *All* to be of Heav'n secure:

Just so our modern Misers who, by Fraud,
Gain mighty Sums, at last by Conscience aw'd,
Dreading those Pains that might their Guilt ensue,
They vainly hope Damnation to eschew,
By building Alms-Huts for the Lord knows who. }

The Priests still more industrious to deceive,
And make poor Fools their gainful Cheats believe,
Rais'd Imps, laid Sp'rits, hobgoblin Doctrines taught,
Strange things foretold, and many Wonders wrought,
To make the People more devoutly mad,
And further shew what heav'nly Power they had;
When with these Juggles they amus'd the Crowd,
A Miracle! the Fools cry'd out aloud,
Express'd much Joy whene'er the Trick was us'd,
And seem'd the better pleas'd, the more abus'd.
The cunning Guides, fond of their new Deceit,
Practis'd, and soon grew Masters of the Cheat:
Were such expert Exorcists, that the Gown,
In Days of Ignorance, gain'd more renown,
By subtil Sleights, than all the modern Train
Of *Moorfields* Conjurers, who, by *Charles's-Wain*,
Or wise observance of the thirteen Moons,
Recover lost Gold-Rings, and Silver-Spoons:

So the wise Prophet did of old exceed
Whate'er th' *Egyptian* bungling Wizards did.
Thus Miracles in pious Times ne'er ceas'd,
Nor ever will, whilst there's a Popish Priest;
Who by the pow'r of some worm-eaten Saint,
Can heal the Sick, and future Ills prevent;
Nay! raise dead Children, that unchristen'd dye,
To be Baptiz'd, that they to Heav'n might fly;
Like stroling Juglers they perform'd their Feats,
And, by Confed'rates, carry'd on their Cheats;
By hireling Hypocrites they rais'd their Fame,
Restoring Limbs to those who ne'er were Lame:
Cur'd all by Holy Touch, and were so kind
To give new Eyes to the dissembling Blind.
Thus did the Priests extend their healing Pow'r,
Only to such who needed not their Cure.
Paul was a better Husband far than they,
And would not lavish such a Gift away,
But ev'n in time of need his Pow'r conceal'd,
And left his sick Friend *Tychicus* unheal'd.

By Shams like these in Cloysters hatch'd, and Schools,
And spread in Pulpits to deceive poor Fools,

Priests, Monks, and Abbots were in time made Lords
Of all the fertile Lands our Isle affords;
That the proud Prelates were so haughty grown,
They trampil'd on the Laws and brav'd the Throne:
Aw'd Kings and Princes with a threat'ning Brow,
And made the Scepter to the Crosier bow;
Opprest the Land, the Civil Pow'r o'er-run,
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, *whom they dislike'd pull'd down* }
And rid ten thousand Asses to their Master's one.

Not yet content with the vast Pow'r they'd gain'd,
Willing to be within no Bounds restrain'd,
All the young Virgin Beauties they ingross,
And cloyster'd up to satisfy their Lust,
By hideous Doctrines rais'd their childish Fears,
And took th' advantage of tender Years;
Improv'd the Mis'ries of a marry'd Life,
And made it dangerous to become a Wife.
Heighten'd the Cares, the Pains, and Discontent, }
That to a wedded State were incident,
With all that Lust and Learning could invent.
Then to allure the Maid the Father gives
Some luscious Tales of their Monastick Lives;

And with the canting Rhet'rick of a Priest,
Sets forth how much the cloyster'd Dames are blest;
How far their Minds from worldly Cares are freed,
What Peace th'enjoy, what happy Days they lead,
Besides the assurance that their Holy State
Gives them of future Joys immensely great,
Beyond the reach of Envy, or the Pow'r of Fate. }

By Wiles like these young Virgins they betray'd,
To be Monastick Slaves and Pris'ners made;
Who when decoy'd within their sacred Doors,
From Novices turn'd Nuns, from Nuns to Whores.
Some forward Wantons skilful in delight,
Who knew to judge their Holy Fathers right,
Tempted by sweet experience, they retir'd
For more of that which they so much admir'd:
Not to repel, but feed their am'rous Flame,
And glut on Pleasure free from publick Shame,
To dwell with those kind Masters of the Text,
Who sinn'd one Minute and forgave the next;
That tho' they liv'd like common Punks, or worse,
They still could tell their Beads without remorse.
Thus some, thro' Lust, a Cloister'd Life would chuse,
For Nunn'ries were no more than sacred Stews,

Where

Where the plump Clergy, to refresh their Lives,
Made wanton Nuns supply their want of Wives.
For who, except he's Gelt, could prove so chaste,
To let his youthful Days pass by in waste,
Amidst such luscious Fruit, and not desire to taste,
Therefore when Continnence was first enjoyn'd
The *Roman* Clergy, if the Church design'd
Their sacred Cloisters, and their Nuns should be
Kept from Pollution, and Dishonour free,
The stubborn Flesh they should have dispossess'd
Of those loose Toys, that make the Saint turn Beast,
Gelding's the only means to tame a vicious Priest;
Which *Swedeland* knows, and therefore when they find
A *Roman* Locust wandering in their Land,
In a cleft Stick they bind his Manhood fast,
And round him do a Load of Brushwood cast;
Then give a Knife into his trembling Hand,
In this sad plight does the poor Culprit stand,
Till the Fire's kindled, then the Mob with scorn
Hoot to behold the Bald-pate cut or burn.

They serve 'em right to send them Eunuchs home,
Because they bode no good where-e'er they come,

But like an Earthquake or a Blazing-Star,
When in protesting Countries they appear,
Always portend some fatal Mischief near.

When thus the Pope's Ecclesiastick Brood,
With Tricks and Sleights did *Albion's* Sons delude,
And ev'ry Fool was so with Zeal possess'd,
He'd give his *All* to be futurely blest,
The crafty Tribe encreas'd, more Pow'r obtain'd,
And spread like *Egypt's* Locusts o'er the Land,
Grew Fat by Luxury, and Rich by Guile,
And liv'd at Ease upon the Lay-man's Toil;
Enjoy'd at large what little they deserv'd,
And fed on Roast-meat whilst the People starv'd;
Till *Jove*, Almighty in his Wrath, look'd down,
And did on all their sacred Juggles frown,
Angry to see his Holy Altars stain'd,
And his blest Name dishonour'd and profan'd;
His Church desil'd, his Precepts disobey'd,
And Priesthood turn'd into a gainful Trade;
Th' eternal Word misconstru'd and abus'd,
And Heav'n's great Law to subtle Ends misus'd;
Pity'ng distressed *Albion* thus misled,
By vicious Priests, he shook his awful Head,

Displeas'd to see his People led astray,
By Guides that knew, but wou'd not teach the way;
And that the Land on whom he had bestow'd
Knowledge of Christ, that everlasting Good,
Should be no longer blind, a sudden Light
Drop'd down from Heav'n, and clear'd the Nation's sight,
Who now grew weary of the Papal Yoke,
And thus aloud the *English Genius* spoke.

Why should God's Word, that only certain Guide,
Be to his People, by his Priests, deny'd,
Since by that Law all Christians must be try'd?

'Tis hard we should be punish'd for a breach
Of hidden Laws our Knowledge cannot reach.
How should we model, and with safety build
Our Christian hopes on Promises conceal'd?
How should the sacred Text instruct or bind,
Left plain to those for whom it was design'd?
If God's Commands in a strange Tongue be given,
How should we know or do the Will of Heaven?
If on our Guides we wholly must rely,
What must we do if they should tread awry?
If he that Steers mistakes the Heav'nly Coast,
Then he that follows must be surely lost:

But if by God's own Word we're taught the way,
And our loose Guides from the true Path should stray
We then may leave them when they walk not right,
Follow with safety Scriptures faithful Light,
And by this means escape blind Error's Night.

Why should frail Man, on Man too much depend
But on good Heav'n, who is our surest Friend.
Why then the Church in a strange Language hide
That Truth from us which is our only Guide?
For if the Priests God's Word must only read,
We blindly follow, tho' they rightly lead;
But if their Doctrines should our Souls deceive,
And we those Errors, they affirm, believe,
If to false Faith there is no Mercy shown,
We're damn'd for others Failings, not our own:
And if we stray, yet find eternal Light,
By a wrong Path, what signifies the right?
Therefore no doubt but we shall punish'd be,
Whether we err misled, or wander free;
Of both, if sinful, we shall curse the End,
Whether we on our Priests or selves depend:
Therefore, 'twixt both, let Scripture be the Guide
By that we should be taught, and must be try'd.

Heav

Heav'n heard the Kingdom's *Genius*, and, e'relong,
gave them the Scriptures in their native Tongue,
which from the Laity were before conceal'd,
and only to their crafty Guides reveal'd.

Each Christian now by God's own Compass steer'd,
the Truth no more in Masquerade appear'd,
but by divine appointment chang'd her Dress,
and shew'd, without Deceit, her lovely Face:
her Mode embrac'd, put *English* Habit on,
and thro' the Land intelligibly shone.

Now Reformation did apace arise,
the Priests grew angry, but the People wise;
the Layman could the sacred Scriptures read,
and form from thence his Conscience and his Creed;
few soon too cunning to, in gross, believe,
to pin his Faith upon his Teacher's Sleeve,
but by his Reason, to his Guides great loss,
defin'd the Heav'nly Gold from Popish Dross.
Yet so, with sweating Brows, the careful Swain
wins off the *worthless Chaff*, and keeps the useful Grain.

But how can this wise Christian Age admire
the dark rife of Purgatorian Fire?

Or startle at the wondrous Tales of old,
That were by Priests, to our Forefathers told,
When we behold what Flames, about our Faith,
Our modern Guides have kindled with their Bre
What Feuds have been begot, what Discords sown
Between th' aspiring Cloak and lofty Gown,
That the loose Herd, confounded with their Jars
Seem ripe to try their Faiths by Civil Wars:
Bad Air from Pulpits blown, their Malice feeds,
And arms unthinking Souls for cruel Deeds;
Widens Divisions in the Commonweal,
And frets those Sores our Teachers ought to heal
What Ills in Christian Annals can be shown,
But Pulpit-storms and Hurricanes have done:
They blow down Monarchs from their lofty Thro
And from their sacred Temples rend their Crowns
They'nflame the Rout, crush Justice under Foot
And tear up Constitutions root by root.
They stir up Envy, and disturb our Peace,
And make the dearest Friends turn Enemies.
Domestick Jars and Foreign Wars they raise,
And gull the list'ning Crowd ten thousand ways
Preach up those Doctrines which we fear to trust
Because they seem more Politick than Just.

the Learned Guide who hopes for Lawn soars high,
scorns to with the mod'rate Herd comply,
hates all that stray into a new-found Path,
keeps to th' ancient Standard of his Faith;
lays aside no *Babylonian* Smock,
disdains the Scruples of a scabby Flock;
bates no Portion of the Common-Pray'r,
spares not part of the divine Oblation spare,
pleases a restless Tribe that ne'er contented are.

the hum-drum Teacher of the lower Class,
whose Parts are mean, and his Intentions base,
rails against the learn'd and reverend Guide,
whose Conscience cannot stoop to t'others Pride.
condemns all who will not condescend,
denies to change those Rites no human Pow'r can mend,
sows new Slanders, to the Church defile,
does with odious Lies her Sons revile:
angry Sinners do their Envy shew,
those chaste Beauties they could ne'er subdue;
with malicious Impudence upbraid
this charming Nymph, too wise to be betray'd.

The mod'rate Shepherd trims between 'em both
And shews, instead of Zeal, his careless Sloth,
He tries the Justice of no Party's Cause,
Either by Heaven's or by humane Laws;
But unconcern'd for Truth, does ready stand
To join with those that gain the upper-hand.
Mod'ration, as a Vertue, he extols,
Which he commends to all his Paper-Skulls,
Who wanting Reason are too soon possest,
That Zeal's a Fault, and mod'rate things are best.
If so, th' indiff'rent Christian is most blest.
He's to no Party either Friend or Foe,
But does to each a like indiff'rence show,
Wishing to neither (as he tells you) harm,
But cries, they're both to blame, and both too w
Pleads that all Parties reconcil'd may be,
And cants for universal Charitie.
Condemns the High-Church that they will not st
Blames the Dissenters that they don't come up,
Thus seems concern'd, that one Side should seje
Those Terms ne'er offer'd by the murm'ring See
Yet, tho' he knows not what they are, he'll cha
The latter with Demands profusely large.

thus warmly talks as if he wisely knew
that ev'ry Side, as yet, are strangers to;
yet with wrong Notions easy Fools he cheats,
to think Mod'ration will perform such Feats,
shall appease our Discords, and abate our Heats.
But he mistakes, and we'll suppose that three
are join'd together in one Companie,
and two should quarrel, if the third withdraws,
without regard to th' Justice of the Cause,
that's to blame the upper-hand may gain,
and th' injur'd Person may be beat or slain:
that had he join'd with him whose Cause was right,
those two had made th' aggressor soon submit;
thus stop'd those Mischiefs by his longer stay,
to which his absence sinfully gave way.

In short, the warm Debates by Teachers spread,
diffuse their heat, and further Discords breed;
the dusky Notions cuff'd into our Ears
by callow Guides, or obstinate Grey-hairs,
raise such Disputes, such Seeds of Envy sow,
that into sad destructive Quarrels grow;
such that, in spite of Art, for Ages last,
and, in the end, lay ancient Kingdoms waste.

Religion in itself's too pure and good;
To be refresh'd so oft with humane Blood;
Love, Peace, and Unity are her supports,
She's pleas'd with contrite, not with bleeding Hearts
Religion ne'er was meant to heighten Jars,
And to be made the sham pretence of Wars;
'Tis nothing but the sinful Craft and Pride
Of Priests, that make our Discords still more wide;
This Side they rail at, t'other Side commend,
And, by example, teach us to contend:
One Doctrine warmly for a time maintain,
E'relong, for Int'rest, preach it down again,
As if the way to Heav'n was still unknown,
Or else had more mutations than the Moon.
All Sects and Parties that dispute their Faith,
And seek one center in a different Path,
Are taught alike t'inflame the holy Fray,
And earnestly contend about the way.
How therefore should that Kingdom be at rest,
Where sundry Faiths are lawfully profess'd,
And Pow'r and Wealth are partially ingross'd,
By th' Sect that shall aloft be favour'd most;
In such a Country Quarrels ne'er can end,
One Side will growl when th'other does ascend.

Malicious Knaves their envious Darts will fling
The Fox abhors to see the Goose take wing.
Thus whilst contending Priests dispute the way,
Their list'ning Flocks must diff'rent Rules obey,
The Word which well explain'd should be our Guide,
Now to humane Politicks apply'd,
Not to advance Religion, but maintain
The Cause that's most conducing to their Gain.
As the Wind blows we Weather-cocks must turn,
Laugh with our Guides, and, when they bid us, mourn;
Swear as they please, and when our Priests advise,
Absolve by humane Laws our sacred Ties:
Tis true, by such whose Doctrines do consent
With Heav'n, much good is done, and more is meant,
But fatal is the Breath by Factious Teachers spent.
It turns our Christian Love to dev'lish Hate,
And makes us do and say we know not what.
It bars our Freedom, makes us partial Slaves,
And only leads us to be Fools or Knaves.
It vents strange Whims, not to be understood,
And makes us raving Mad, instead of Good.
It bids us tack; when Justice bids us stand,
And gives Church-Int'rest the supream Command,

Conscience it makes a Whirligig we find,
A Weathercock that turns with ev'ry Wind,
And Loyalty, as modern Changes show,
A Shuttlecock that's battled to and fro.
In short, false Guides by their contagious Breath,
Now threaten all the Ills on this side Death ;
And if not stop'd by God's Vicegerent here,
We must expect, if this wrong course we steer,
The dreadful'st Storm that human Race can fear.

BRIBE

BRIBERY and SIMONY:

OR, A

SATYR

Against the

Corrupt use of MONEY.

Money! thou universal *Indian* Curse,
 That flies the Poor, and fills the *Misers Purse*;
 That tempts the needy Rogue to meet his Fate,
 And makes the wary prosp'rous Villain Great;
 That sets the Dunce, the Coward, and the Knave,
 Above the Wise, the Honest, and the Brave,
 And makes the learn'd experienc'd Head bow low
 To empty upstart Fools that nothing know.

Money, long since, the vast Distinction gave
 Twixt the mighty Noble, and the Slave;

'Twas thee the Lordly Difference first began,
And set the Master so above the Man :
Not Right, but Riches, gives to some the sway,
And makes the starving Multitude obey ;
'Tis Wealth alone does at such distance place
The Country Gaffer, from his Courtly Grace,
For pompous Titles (tho' conferr'd by Kings)
Uncrown'd with solid Wealth, are empty things;
Such Royal Marks no Pauper's Wants can skreen,
But make the Wretch more despicably mean:
Badges of Honour haughty Minds may please,
But wiser Heads scarce think them worth their Fee
Tis true, the City oft sends forth a Tool,
Who barter Money to be dub'd Sir *Fool*;
But what vain Prodigal would humour Pride
At such Expence, except to please his Bride;
But if the Knight grows Poor, the stately Toy
Becomes the Scorn of ev'ry Prentice-Boy;
For needy Honour, like a King subdu'd,
Moves but Contempt and Laughter in the Crowd
'Tis Wealth alone that raises our Esteem,
It gives all Pow'r, and is the only Jem
That adds an awful Lustre to the Diadem.

Gold is the Monarch, Argent is the Queen,
That rule the World and sway the Hearts of Men;
Princes themselves those *Indian* Gods adore,
And barter Christian Lives for Heath'nish Ore,
To stamp their sacred Image on their Coin,
That wicked Mammon, and the Prince Divine,
Coin'd in one Piece, may both together shine;
But tho' the Gold's adorn'd with Royal Face,
Casting a watchful Eye tow'rd's Heav'n's Grace,
Yet in this Age each Idiot's grown so wise,
To know the Value in the Substance lies;
And if the Touchstone proves the Mettle base,
They prize no *Cæsar's* Image, or God's Grace.

}

Gold, tho' so pow'rful, yet thou'rt oft misus'd,
By those that love thee most thou'rt most abus'd;
The Miser, tho' he dotes upon thy Charms,
And with thy Looks his craving Fancy warms,
Yet places o'er thee his *Vulcanian* Guard,
And so close hugs thee that he gripes too hard.
The fond Husband of a Beauteous Wife,
To keep secure the Comfort of his Life,
Confines her close, or watches her with Spies,
Lest some should rob him of his Charming Prize.

Money o'er all things bears a sov'reign Sway,
And thro' the World makes needy Fools obey,
Subdues as well the Avaritious Great,
And rules the Hearts of Kings, as they the State;
Makes them oft break those solemn Words they've giv'n
That should be binding as the Laws of Heaven;
Dishonour that Majestick Pow'r they hold,
And wave their Scepters to the Idol, Gold.

False flatt'ring Favourites, who on Princes wait,
And by their Cringes make them seem more Great
For base Bye-Ends their humble Fawnings pay,
Gold makes them bow, dissemble, and obey,
And Gold, for which *they serve*, will tempt them to betray
So the poor worthless Cur, for nothing good,
Fawns most, because he least deserves his Food;
But when by some new Hand he's better fed,
He leaves his Master, who the Mungril bred.

Money, the Tyrant's Lust, and Soul of Pow'r,
The Teeth by which the Rich the Poor devour,
The Judges Fav'rite, and the Client's Friend,
The Jury's Conscience, who the Cause must end

Bag'd up in Bribes, around the Darling flies,
She talks, perswades, she conquers, and she buys;
On every Court clandestinely she calls,
And for her sake the Pleader sweats and bawls;
No adverse Pauper can withstand her Might,
The Cause sh'espouses most is always right:
Thus Justice, who is blind to either side,
Has now got Money for her partial Guide;
Gold leads the hoodwink'd Dame from Court to Court,
And makes the purblind Tool a publick Sport;
Who, in this Age, has lost her Christian Fame,
And is so chang'd she's nothing but a Name,
Which grisly Foxes, by the Court made Great,
In awful Robes most gravely celebrate,
To cheat the foolish World, and serve the wiser State.

Money! to make thy Empire more compleat,
The Heav'nly Sisters to thy Pow'r submit;
Religion dotes on thy commanding Charms,
And Vertue seeks to hug thee in her Arms;
The craving Prelate, who against thee rails,
Calls thee base Dross, and damns thee Teeth and Nails,
Making thee seem, thro' his Scholastick Skill,
Hell's wicked Agent, and the Root of Ill;

Yet tho' the holy Satyr pelts thee more,
Than yawning Schismatick does *Babel's* Whore,
No sooner from his Pulpit he descends,
But he esteems thee best of all his Friends,
And stumbles at no Simony to gain
The Dross he held so worthless and so vain,
But does the Church as well as World deceive,
And sells what only he has right to give;
Which should the just Reward of Vertue be,
T' encourage Learning, Truth, and Piety;
Inable Guides well qualify'd to preach,
Who strive to practice what they toil to teach;
Men who the Glory of the Church would raise,
Attend their Flocks, be watchful of their Strays,
And by their own correct Examples show,
God's Will they do, and Heaven's Laws they know,

But Money, thou in every Cause art all,
And Gold is now become Episcopal:
To Copes and Miters thou'rt a welcome Guest,
That makes them oft ordain a Dunce a Priest:
Triumphant o'er the Hierarchy it rides,
And fills Fat Livings but with Feeble Guides,

Who swell in Pulpits, where they proudly Preach,
And with Contempt look down on those they teach,
Some grac'd with Scarves at unexperienc'd Years,
Disdain the Desk, and are too big for Pray'rs;
Made Prodigal by Nobles, they profane
The Badge of Doctor, long before they're Men;
Submit in private to their Patron's Gripe,
And gain good Livings e're their Brains are ripe.
Well may the unlearn'd Layman worship Gold,
Since Christian Flocks, like Geese, are bought and sold,
What Conscience will endure a Starving Faith,
When Priests seek Heaven in a Golden Path?
But where his Int'rest lies, that Church maintain,
And save himself as cheap as e'er he can.
Well may the foolish Sheep mistake their way,
Since Mammon does the Belweathers betray,
And leads our Avaritious Guides astray.

In this good Age, when Christian Zealots join
In Clubs, to talk Religion o'er their Wine,
And pious Porters, when they meet, ne'er fail
To make it Nutmeg to their Toast and Ale,
Yet should a Calf, like *Aaron's*, be advanc'd,
Idolatry would soon be countenanc'd:

Let

Let but the State, to try Man's Faith, declare
Who worship'd should have Title to a share,
What stiffneck'd *Christian*, nay, what stubborn Priest,
Would not bow down before the wealthy Beast,
Rather than lose his part of such a Golden Feast?
For Gold we now, like Heathens, hold Divine,
Tho' not in Calves, we worship it in Coin;
Then since the tempting Metal Man ensnares,
And not the Artificial Form it bears,
What's matter into what strange Shape 'tis made,
Whether a Calf, or stamp'd with *Cæsar's* Head;
For by the Christian Law the Sin's as great,
To worship *Cæsar's* Image stamp'd on Plate,
As 'tis the Picture of a *Roman* Goose;
For Man's no more a De'ty than a Mouse.

But wo to that Lay-Patron or Divine,
Who basely sells the Cure of Souls for Coin;
For Guides that Purchase, we may justly fear,
Will cheat the List'ning Flocks beneath their Care,
And sell their Heav'nly Sustenance too dear;
The Priests that buys will all Advantage take,
And the best Market of his Function make:

The Patron's Bonds too much in mind he bears,
And lays, like *Rome*, base Taxes on his Pray'rs :
The needy Sick may unprepar'd expire,
Who cannot pay Heav'n's Labourer his Hire ;
But when the wealthy Miser gasps for Breath,
The Parish-Crow attends the Carrion's Death,
Applies his Balm the wounded Soul to heal,
Prays till he Sweats, with all external Zeal,
In hopes to be remembred in his Will.

Gold! 'tis for thee our Counsels are betray'd,
Statesmen by thy kind Influence are sway'd;
Hearts that should secret as the Grave remain,
Break thro' their Oaths, discover all for Gain:
Few Tongues so faithful that can Silence hold,
When safely tempted to betray with Gold ;
Grave Senators, tho' ne'er so Rich and Great,
Will still be nibbling at the shining Bait ;
Its pleasing Lustre dazles Humane Eyes,
And takes, sometimes, the Honest by surprise ;
Who by the glorious Sight are so o'ercome,
They think of nothing but the pow'ful Summ;
Forget how vilely they abuse their Trust,
And think the Ills they are to do but Just.

For Gold, contending Factions toil and sweat,
And *Pro* and *Con* so painfully debate ;
For thee the Crafty quarrel with the Throne,
And to the Publick Good prefer their own ;
Each steers and labours for the Golden Coast,
The main Dispute is, who shall gain the most:
'Tis Int'rest makes each Party disagree,
They clash, they jangle, and contend for thee;
All Sides would raise their Fortunes in the State,
The Weak behold the rising Pow'r with hate,
And every Goose grows mad to see the Fox so great.

Those in low Spheres impatient to aspire
Watch all their Motions who are posted higher,
Seek to detect the Faults of those above,
And labour to procure a new Remove ;
Not that the publick Welfare is their aim,
But that themselves may play the winning Game.
So Bowling Rooks can, with no Patience rest,
To see their Adversary's Cast lie best,
But knock him from his place by throwing home,
And win the End by lodging in his room.

The lesser Fry who can no Merit plead,
But follow those 'tis their desire should lead ;

They

They too inspir'd with Envy by the rest,
Calumniate those in higher Stations blest,
And when 'twill serve that Int'rest they adore
They shew their Teeth, tho' destitute of Pow'r,
And sit like Mungrils barking at the Moon,
In hopes to fetch the Ruling Party down;
These but like Finders to the Greyhounds fare,
They beat the Bush, but others catch the Hare;
Yet hopes of Pow'r deludes them to be Tools,
And makes Industrious Knaves of Busie Fools,
Who covet Places only for the Wealth
They think to gain by Bribery and Stealth;
And from their own base Principles accuse
Just Men of Ills themselves desire to use.
So sharpening Gamesters, who can Cog the Dice,
Expert in each sly fraudulent Device,
Suspect what others fairly win at play,
And think they use the same clandestine way.

The fighting Hero that delights in Wars,
Whose Sword's his Voucher, and his Pride his Scars,
Who dreads Dishonour more than sudden Fate,
And is by Blood and Wounds made desperate;

Who

Who boasts of Towns and Battles he has won,
And rattles of the mighty Deeds h'as done;
To serve his King and Country, and secure
Our dear Religion from the *Romish* Pow'r;
If Truth be canvas'd, Int'rest leads the Vari,
And makes the Soldier such a valiant Man;
Where he's best us'd he thinks the Cause most right,
'Tis Pay and hopes of Plunder makes him fight;
And when the first of these Temptations fails,
Tho' in God's Cause, whole Legions turn their Tails,
Forget their Honour, which was once their Pride,
And fly for Succour to the richest Side:
So the proud Statesman, if he once has shown
Some signal Service to a thankless Throne,
Finding his Prince forgetful to requite,
In haste turns Rebel to revenge the Slight.

War is the Sport of Kings^d and mighty Lords,
The Key that opens all the Nation's Hoards,
And those in Arms that in the Project join,
Fight not for Country, but their Country's Coin;
'Tis hopes of Wealth that warms the Hero's Veins,
In long cold Marches, and in wet Campaigns;

Tis the rich Plunder that's within the Town,
That makes th'Assailants go so bravely on,
And not Religion, that's but a Pretence,
To make God's Lambs part freely with their Pence;
For those that wade thro' bloody Fields, maintain
They kill for Pay, and what they more can gain,
Or else the Priests might draw Religion's Sword
Themselves, to fight the Battle of the Lord;
And lazy Cits expose their own dear Lives,
To save their Wealth, their Daughters, and their Wives:
Few are of Ease so prodigal and vain,
To bear another's Burthen, but for Gain,
And were it not for Pay, few Heroes would be slain.

Money! it is by thy prevailing Aid,
Callow-chin'd Boys are Noble Captains made;
Much fitter to attend a Lady's Train,
Than strut before a Warlike Troop of Men,
Whose braver Hearts despise the Tender Chit,
To whom they're hardly destin'd to submit;
Whilst Men well skill'd in Arms, who long have serv'd,
Want those Advancements they have well deserv'd,
And unregarded at a distance stand,
Cringing to those they rather should Command.

Thus

Thus Gold in Armies often rules the Roast,
And lifts the Coward to the Brave Man's Post.

Marriage, that should a Sanction give to Love,
That State which many try, but few approve,
By Money now's so mercenary made,
Like Priests, both Sexes use it as a Trade:
With th' Old, the Ugly, Peevish, or Deform'd,
If beautify'd with Wealth, our Hearts are charm'd;
For Fortunes much superior to our own,
Are now the only Gifts we dote upon;
We ask not how Discreet, how Young, how Fair,
How Chast or Vertuous, but how Rich they are?
Beauty's kind Charms, as worthless Toys, we slight,
Because Experience proves, Love's soft Delight
Blesses but some dark Moments of the Night.
Riches, that welcome Jewel with a Bride,
Beauty outshines, and ev'ry Grace beside;
For most Men think, the Fortune, not the Wife,
Is all th' Advantage Wedlock adds to Life.
In this loose Age few love so well to wed
Alone for th' Blessings of the Marriage-Bed:
Great Men themselves their Honour bow to Gold,
And join their Noble Blood t' ignoble Mould.

The Grafier's Heirefs, with her Father's Hoard,
is now a welcome Lady to my Lord :
The Daughter of a Cit, grown Rich by Trade,
May match at Court, and be a Dutcheſs made :
Honour's a Trifle, Vertue but a Dream,
Riches alone procures the World's Esteem :
Beauty's more fit to bleſs a Monarch's Bed,
Daily for Wealth with fumbling Dotage wed ;
The Gallant Youth the Humpback'd Lady takes,
And, for her Gold, a flatt'ring Husband makes,
Gawns on his Female Chaos like a Slave,
And hugs the Lump he wiſhes in the Grave ;
That ſhe deſires he liberally grants,
Believes her Luſt, and ſhe ſupplies his Wants.
The Charming Maid, as Fortuneleſs as he,
Gladly joins with Rich Deformity,
Proſtrates her Charms to ſome Baboon ſhe hates,
And hugs the Clog her Soul abominates ;
Hears all his Jealous Taunts he cannot hide,
To be a rich decrepid Miſer's Bride :
Thus Beauties oft comply for filthy Gain,
To marry Elves, and croſs the lovely Strain ;
Producing what the World abhor to ſee,
Crooked, half-got, peeviſh Progeny.

Vertue, of which some squeamish Ladies boast,
Proud of that *nescio quid* by others lost,
The force of all Love's Batteries may endure,
And stand behind *Bellona's* Shield secure,
Till Gold, the mighty Conqueror that subdues
The Cloister'd Maid, as well as those in Stews,
Attacks the Virgin in a pow'rful Summ,
And then she soon submits to be o'recome:
Hugs the dear Man who with full Bags assails,
And by such kind and pleasing Means prevails;
Thus the proud Fair One, who has oft been try'd,
And courted by her Equals for a Bride,
Is often found too Cunning, or too Coy,
The Bliss of Love to lawfully enjoy,
Because her Hopes, which Youth and Beauty start
Aspire to what her Fortune can't deserve;
Yet for the sake of Gold and Liberty,
She shall at last be tempted to be free,
With Gouty, old infirm Nobility:
Thus Woman's Vertue is no more than Pride,
Which only can by Gold be gratify'd.

Money's the base betrayer of Mankind,
It numbs our Senses, makes our Reason blind,

Tempts us to hide those Ills we should declare,
And oft to speak what's Prudence to forbear;
Nay, makes us warmly labour to deceive
Others with what we don't our selves believe,
And in more weak Societies maintain
False Contradictions 'gainst the Truth that's plain;
Where we Dependance or an Int'rest have,
With honest Characters we hide the Knave;
And without cause, to serve our Purpose, stain
The Reputation of deserving Men:
This Man we flatter, t'other we abuse,
The Guiltless blame, the Guilty oft excuse:
Thus from all Truth and Honesty dissent,
To make our own Advantage the Event,
Abuse our Knowledge to mislead the Blind,
When mercenary Gain corrupts the Mind.

In Friendship we unite for Int'rest sake,
And when that fails, the feeble Chain we break;
Advantage ties the profitable Knot,
For nothing binds where nothing's to be got:
Our Friend we sooth, we flatter and caress,
And in kind Words our utmost Love express,

Whilst he appears, as we ourselves desire,
Blest with full Pockets, cloath'd in spruce Attire;
But if once Poor, by fatal Chance, he's grown,
Thredbare his Garments, and his Money flown,
We dread the Mortal knocking at our Door,
And shun the Wretch we so esteem'd before.
So the Kept-Mistress, when her Spark grows Poor,
The Contract breaks, and vows she'll sin no more;
Thus from the ruin'd Fool withdraws her Charms,
To win new Cullies to her Lustful Arms.

Money! what Evils can on Earth be done,
But what by thee are finish'd or begun?
No Villany superlatively great,
Can be without thy cursed Aid compleat:
Transcending Ills much Management require,
No Traytor can with wish'd Success conspire,
Without such *needy Slaves* that play the *Rogue* for Hire.
Money, that Rebel, perfects the Design,
For Kings are ne'er undone but by their Coin.
'Twas Money tempted *Judas* to betray;
'Tis the false Guide that leads us all astray,
It makes the Priest grow negligent and proud,
Who damns for Evil what he holds for Good.

It bears in ev'ry Prince's Court such sway,
No Poor can worship Mammon more than they:
Minions for Gold will falsify their Trust,
And L--ds turn Panders to their Sov'reign's Lust;
Vertue surrender at the first attack,
Prevailing Gold soon flings her on her Back,
Tempt Youth and Beauty to exert her Charms,
And hug the Lustful Donor in her Arms;
No Age or Sex its Conqu'ring Pow'r withstands,
It guides the Lawyer's Tongue and Soldier's Hands,
And those that govern Kingdoms sov'reign Gold
[commands.]

A
DIALOGUE

In Time of Peace, between

BRITANNIA and PRUDENCE.

Britannia.

How calm my Empire, how serene my Breasts
Myself in safety, and my People blest!
My Coast well guarded, and my Neighbours aw'd
Belov'd at home, admir'd and fear'd abroad!
O! happy Nation, rich and fertile Land,
What Pow'r can thy united Force withstand?
What neighb'ring Kingdom durst thy Bounds invade
Provoke thy Arms, or rival thee in Trade?

Prudence.

'Tis true, Great Madam, you command a Crowd
That fears no Foreign Force or Prince's Frown:
Yet 'tis not wise in those that Rule a State,
To think themselves too safe, tho' ne'er so Great

Such Thoughts disarm you both of Care and Pow'r,
And leave the proudest Empires insecure.

Britannia.

Prudence with Royal Patience should be heard,
But now, methinks, you speak as if you fear'd.
Tis true, this Maxim ought to be carest,
Provide against the worst, and hope the best;
But sure in Peace we may for Ease retire,
And slight that Care more dang'rous Times require.

Prudence.

Troubles unseen, and Dangers tho' unknown,
Are always hov'ring round a Monarch's Throne,
Which if not strictly watch'd may be surpris'd,
And in one Moment's time be sacrific'd.

Britannia.

No Foreign Arms can *Britains* welfare touch,
But must give warning of their near approach;
Our Floating Bulwarks guard around our Coast,
By them the Empire of the Seas I boast.
And who at Home would be so madly rude,
To offend a Queen whose Vertues mean their Good.

Prudence.

Vertues, alas, are but a slender Guard,
Which meet with small Esteem, and less Reward.

Conduct and Pow'r should never sleep in ease;
'Tis Strength and Policy in War or Peace,
That are the wisest Monarch's best defence,
'Gainst foreign Force or homebred Insolence.
These only can secure the Royal Place,
Whilst Pride and Envy reign in humane Race.

Britannia.

The Cautions that you give are safe and good,
But more restraining than methinks they shou'd;
For such strict watchfulness as you prefer,
Makes sov'reign Pow'r too servile by its Care.
From Ills abroad our Shipping are our Guard,
And Ills at home are needless to be fear'd:
For old Experience does our Isle convince,
The Subjects Safety's to obey their Prince.
If they transgress to interrupt our Ease,
They call down Vengeance on their Families:
Expose themselves in a Rebellious Cause,
To Heaven's Wrath, as well as humane Laws;
And surely open, when they disagree,
A thousand Doors to their own Misery.

Prudence.

But Crowds with dazl'd Eyes behold your State
And squint with double Envy at the Great;

To their weak Sight things crooked oft appear,
 Your brightness and their distance makes them err,
 Strait Objects often seem to them awry,
 As Sticks in Water set deceive the Eye;
 Therefore, tho' ne'er so Vertuous, Good, and Just,
 In th' execution of your sov'reign Trust,
 Yet Stratagem must still preserve Esteem,
 If you'd with Ease sustain the Diadem:
 No Love or Danger should your Breast divide,
 But certain Rules must be your safest Guide.
 Some things must never be expos'd to Light,
 But thro' such Glass'es that deceive the Sight,
 Such that by Art will make the Object grow,
 And magnify those Trifles that you show.
 Others too monstrous for the Subjects Eyes,
 Must be reduc'd to a proportion'd size,
 And so appear, that what before would fright,
 May now be view'd with candour and delight.
 Some things in dark obscurity must sleep,
 And never from behind the Curtain peep;
 Or ever be beheld, except by those
 Whose Int'rest 'tis to keep the Secret close.

Britannia.

Th' Advice you give me I must needs approve,
But who can conquer Prejudice or Love.

'Tis hard that Princes, who their Subjects sway,
Should be confin'd to narr'wer Rules than they,
Who, without dread, their Appetites pursue,
And where they place their Love their Favours shew
Let loose their Envy, or express their Hate,
And when reproach'd, aloud recriminate ;
Enjoy those Freedoms which a Scepter make
Ignoble for a Sov'reign Prince to take.

Prudence.

Wise Princes no Perfections should admire,
But what the weight of Government require ;
No other Graces, worth your notice, find
In Fav'rites, but the Vertues of the Mind.
Chuse not a Statesman for his lovely Shape,
But Wisdom, tho' as ugly as an Ape.

Advance no Man for his engaging Mein,
Except, tho' gay without, he's sage within.
Learn to distinguish first, then stop your Ears,
'Gainst treacherous Sycophants and Flatterers :
Let no aspiring Party's subtil Wiles,
Remove true Merit from your gracious Smiles ;

For Princes that with such Intrigues comply,
 Force all the Wheels of Government awry.
 Cherish no Faction Leaders in your Court,
 For, Nettle-like, if stroak'd, they'll do you hurt,
 And by ill Projects hatch'd behind the Skreen,
 Shipwreck the Throne on Shelves to you unseen.
 Let no Affection or Resentment make
 Your steady Heart the Rules of Justice break,
 Raise those in whom true Merit does appear,
 And punish Ills in spight of Love or Fear.

The

The Libertine's Choice :

O R,

The Mistaken Happiness of the Fool in Fashion.

LET Holy Guides prevail on tim'rous Fools,
T'abridge their Pleasure, and conform to Rule
Impos'd on Youth, by Hoary Heads long since,
When dwindl'd into Age and Impotence ;
Hating their Vig'rous Progeny should taste
Those luscious Joys their own weak Loins were past
Who in their Strength did Nature's Will obey,
And ne'er grew Temp'rate till their Hairs grew grey
Then with a Pious Rage, and Anxious Mind,
Viewing their Youthful Pleasures far behind :
Griev'd and Perplex'd would all those Joys despise
To which their Gouty Dotage could not rise :
So when the *Hare* does her loud Foes defeat,
The *Huntsman* damns the Bitch for sorry Meat ;

Ang

angry to see his Hopes and Pleasures crost,
contemns the Game he valu'd 'till 'twas lost.

Grave, Toothless Grandfires, tell me but the Cause
Why you Prescribe to Youth such Rigid Laws?

Why you thus fright us with *Infernal Pains*,

to chill Loves gentle Fire that warms our Veins?

When you, like us, once found the pleasing heat
as nat'ral as your Appetites to Eat,

ursu'd those Blessings which you held most dear,

and could not shun what you'd have us forbear.

Look back, when you were Juvenile and Strong;

remember what you were, when Brisk and Young:

How did you then regard the Sage Advice,

giv'n by the Old, who call themselves the *Wise*?

Could your fond Parents fright you from the Arms

of the Fair Sex, and their alluring Charms?

Could all the sober Counsels they could give,

Make you without your Friend and Bottle live?

Could the grave Guide, with his authentick Tale,

Of Flames and Furies on your Youth prevail?

Could all his Mild Reproofs, or Holy Threats,

repel the warm Desires that Love begets?

No,

No, the *Rebellious Fever* prov'd too hot
To be subdu'd ; but that's, alas, forgot.
Old Men are subtle, and their Judgments strong,
They won't remember what they were when Young
But as in us their youthful Lives are seen,
So, by ourselves we know what they have been.

Why then so Envious, to debar our Taste
Of Pleasures, which your wrinkled Brows are pass
Such as your wiser selves could not forbear,
When Gay and Vig'rous as your Sons now are?
What tho' the *Gout* your crazy Limbs torment,
Or if the *Stone* perplex you, be content,
Why should our Joys encrease your Punishment?
'Tis Devil-like to, with an Envious Eye,
Behold past Blessings, which you can't enjoy ;
And give us, by false Tales, an ill Conceit
Of Pleasures which yourselves once found so sweet
Such Usage seems as if you aim'd to gain
That Power o'er Youth, as *Satan* did o'er Man,
And by the subtle force of your Advice,
Move us to lose our present Paradise,
Thro' hopes of future Joys beyond the Skies.

Th' Infernal Tempter cunningly began,

With Stratagems like these to ruin Man :

To this effect the treach'rous Serpent said,

Take, Eat this Fruit ; do but as I perswade,

And from that happy Moment you shall prove

Wise and Immortal as the Gods above :

But when the cunning Fiend had made them Eat,

They found the luscious Promise but a Cheat.

Thus did the Devil their Happiness molest,

Because himself was curs'd and Man was blest.

Who knows but Age, when doom'd to Pain and Care,

To joyful Youth may the like Envy bear :

Hating, beneath their own Decay, to see

The Young so blest, from all Afflictions free,

And their own frozen Limbs, by Age declin'd,

To Crutches, Beds, and Elbow-Chairs confin'd;

Just so the Barren Woman does with hate,

Behold the Fruitful in a Pregnant state.

With what assurance can we then obey

The Rules your Aged Heads before us lay,

Who strive t' incline us by your Sage Advice,

To quit known Pleasures for uncertain Bliss ?

If we those Blessings, you report, pursue,
We lose the present Joys within our view,
When those you promise mayn't perhaps accrue.
For Human Soul can no clear Prospect have
Of Torments, or of Joys beyond the Grave.
Suppose we had, and future Worlds could see,
Our Doom to us would still uncertain be,
Tho' Hell be fill'd with Discord, Heav'n with Peace,
The Gods Reward poor Mortals as they please:
For Man, tho' ever so devoutly given,
Can plead no Merit to the Gifts of Heaven,
But must, as Bounty undeserv'd, receive
Those Blessings which the Gods think fit to give.

Some Guides of old instruct us to despise,
And look with Scorn upon Terrestrial Joys,
Extol the Chrystal Stream above the Vine,
Prefer dull Element to Noble Wine.
Tell us soft Beauty's but a Charming Evil,
That all Delights are Offsprings of the Devil.
In Manners sure to such Asperion cast
On Blessings which we find oblige our Taste:
And highly Impious to condemn as vain,
What the kind Gods for Humane use ordain.

If 'tis Ill-breeding proudly to withstand
The meanest Gift from a Superior Hand,
Surely, without Offence, we cannot slight
What Bounteous Heav'n has giv'n for our Delight.
Shall I, if I've an Appetite to Eat,
For Roots and Herbs, forsake much better Meat.
Or if my Heart to *Hymen* does incline,
Must I drink Water when I lust for Wine?
No, let dull Bigots with the Stream agree,
Jacbus shall be the Jolly God for me.

What if *Celinda's* Graces I admire,
And her soft Charms should set my Breast on Fire;
Why should not we, if the kind Dame agrees,
Our loving selves, instead of others, please?
In doing which, we mutually approve
The Works of Heav'n in the Delights of Love:
Love! which sublimes the Blessings we pursue,
And makes the Gods well-pleas'd with what we do.
Let the Old Cinick (from the World retir'd)
Fail, in his Age, at what his Youth admir'd:
To's Hut confin'd, drink Water and Repent,
Feed on Raw Roots, and boast of his Content;

Hug his own Follies, and those Joys despise,
Which not his Virtues, but his Age denies ;
Snarl at our Pleasures, and our Pomp abuse,
Which he wants Wealth t'uphold, or Strength to use
Thus, like Town-Bullies, his Ill-nature shew,
Who damn those Beauties which they can't subdue
Our wiser Guides may tell us, if they please,
True Happiness consists in Whims like these;
And that the Old Morose *Athenian* Grub,
Who snarling liv'd in's Penitential Tub,
Possess'd more Comforts, and enjoy'd more Ease,
Than Princes in their gaudy Palaces.
Such frantick Doctrine may sometimes perswade,
Beggars and Slaves, when melancholy Mad,
That Wealth is Dirt, and Honour but a Toy,
And none, except the Poor, true Peace enjoy;
Who but a Fool can think Felicity
Consists in stinking Rags and Poverty?
And that a scanty Meal is better far,
Than all the costly Dainties we prepare?
That nothing truly can afford Content,
But cold Retirement and a Self-restraint.
If Peace, and her Companion Virtue, dwells
In Caves, and Tubs, and subterranean Cells;

And starving Cinicks in their lonely Huts,
Who pride themselves in punishing their Guts,
Can happy be, who Happiness despise,
Then to be Mad, is surely to be Wise.

O Great *Lucretius*! thou shalt be my Guide,
Like thee I'll live, and by thy Rules abide :
Measure my Pleasures by my Appetites,
And unconfin'd pursue the World's Delights ;
For Liberty makes every Action sweet,
And relishes our Joys, as Salt our Meat :
Without, we no true Happiness could boast,
The Taste of every Blessing would be lost ;
The sweetest Bliss would but a Slav'ry prove,
And we should then but hate what now we love :
My Native Freedom therefore I'll employ,
Chuse what I like, and what I like enjoy.

Suppose bright Beauty should invade my Breast,
And with her pleasing Darts disturb my Rest,
So that I Sigh all Day, and Wish all Night
For her, my only Object of Delight,
What! must I Marry? No, I'll not be cloy'd,
The Bait I'll nibble, but the Hook avoid;

For cold Restraint makes every thing seem worse,
And often turns our Blessings to a Curse.

I love my Bed, when I my Rest would take;
Must it be therefore corded to my Back?

If I delight my Gelding to bestride,
Must I be always to the Saddle ty'd?

What tho' I chiefly love one sort of Meat,
'Tis Punishment to have nothing else to eat?

The charming Sex I 'knowledge I adore,
And value Beauty much, but Freedom more;
If the kind Nymph will yield to my Desires,
And with her Favours quench Loves pleasing Fires
I'll not with Oaths and Vows her Faith deceive,
But prove as Kind as Nature gives me leave;
Be constant too as long as e'er I can,

But will not promise to be more than Man:
And when I'm tir'd, that she the Truth may know
I'll frankly, without Flatt'ry, tell her so.

Thus would I deal with Love's rebellious Flame,
When cloy'd with one, I'd still pursue fresh Game
And not enslave myself, or yet deceive the Dame.

When one Delight by use insipid grew,
I'd change the stale Enjoyment for a new;

From Am'rous Sports to th' Bottle I'd repair,
To fill those Veins I'd empti'd with the Fair;
Drink till my Thoughts were gone and Brains were full
For to be Sober, is but to be Dull,
Longsters and Wits I'd for Companions chuse,
One for their Musick, t'other for their Muse,
That some kind Voice might readily supply
Our graver Intervals with Harmony:
Thus would we chase Old Father *Time* all Night,
Shorten our Days to lengthen our Delight:
Drink Healths, sing Catches, talk of past Intrigues,
And strengthen Bottle-Friendship with new Leagues;
Swallow down Bumpers to each Left-hand Friend,
And Vow a thousand things we ne'er intend.
Then thus well Freighted with the chearful Juice,
We'd sally forth and give ourselves a loose,
Break Brothel Windows, scowre the crazy Watch,
And with fresh Mischiefs crown the Nights Debauch;
But soon as bright *Aurora* should draw nigh,
And with her Blushes gild the Eastern Sky,
Drowsy and Drunk we'd stagger to our Beds,
And in Sots Heav'n compose our aching Heads;
There drown in Sleep the Mem'ry of our Sins,
And rise refresh'd as *Drury-Lane* begins:

For new Diversions to the Play-House fly,
Seek out new Faces, and their Humours try,
Flatter the Coy, and ridicule the Free,
Tattle with Punks, and ogle Quality ;
Who in their upper Region awful sit,
And cull their brawny Stallions from the Pit:
Sometimes I'd be attentive to the Stage,
The Poet's Princes shou'd my Eyes engage ;
If she perform'd her part with Excellence,
And trod the Stage with Graceful Impudence,
I'd Clap the Dowdy till my Arms were sore,
As she, perhaps, had many a Spark before ;
With Pleasure hear the o'ergrown Poppet Whine,
And prostrate mourn o'er some dead Lovers Shrine
Laugh in my Sleeve to know the cunning Jade
Kneels down a Whore, yet rises for a Maid.

Next Scene, perhaps, some Hero might appear,
That liv'd long since the Lord knows when or where
Who in a Raving Fit of Jealous Love,
Should curse his angry Stars, and threaten *Jove*,
That the Fair Sex might with concern behold,
How Henpeck'd Monarchs Rav'd and Lov'd of O

and learn from thence to over Kings prevail,
and make the Head subservient to the Tail.

Thus on each Scene would I my Judgment spend,
Clap, should they please, and hiss, should they offend;
rail at the Poet, tho' his Lines are full,
damn him when Witty, praise him when he's Dull,
laugh when I hear the *Barnet* Mimick raise
his croaking Voice in fam'd *Ben Johnson's* Plays,
and with mistaken Fools that crowd the Pit,
approve his Apish Whims above true Wit,
and, like the rest, seem highly pleas'd to see
a Noble Play quite spoil'd with Foolery;
and *French* Jack-Puddings, in a thankless Age,
disguise Immortal *Shakespeare* on the Stage.
Thus do Fop-Libertines disdain to eat,
Without some Foreign Sauce, true English Meat;
and, thro' a vain Dislike, condemn the Food
that wants some new Kick-shaw to make it good;
or Men of Fashion like those Dainties best,
fix'd rather to confound than please the Taste.

When for three Hours I'd thus with Pleasure view'd
the strutting Mimicks, and their list'ning Crowd,

Till a dull Epilogue, perhaps new writ,
By some young upstart Rhimer in the Pit,
Should gain a Clap, to dignify his Verse,
Fit only to adorn a *Smithfield* Farce,
Then to some Brothel would I steer my Course,
Where Beauty needs no Flattery or Force :
But where a Golden Bribe will purchase Bliss,
And open all the Gates of Paradise.
Gold whose prevailing touch we daily see,
Will charm the Soul of the most charming she,
Who when the pow'rful *Indian* God's in view,
Will sacrifice her All to Gold and you.
Thus would I conquer whom I most admir'd,
Triumph o'er Beauty till my Loins were tir'd ;
Wallow in Love, and by exerting much,
Work out the Dregs of the last Night's Debauch,
Refresh my Limbs by a kind pleasing Sweat,
Better than with a *Bagnio's* painful Heat.
Thus should my *Chloe* double kindness shew,
And be both Doxy and my Doct'ress too,
Supple my Joints at once, and cool my Flame,
And when I'd gratify'd th' obliging Dame,
I'd leave her to the next lewd Rake that came.

Then I'd repair to Queen *Fortuna's* Court,
Where Hawk-ey'd Bullies and Rich Fools resort,
Where *Wolves* with *Lambs*, and *Kites* with *Chickens* play,
And *Eagles* do on Gaudy *Peacocks* prey;
Where many seek, but very few can find
The fickle Dame, they court, continue kind;
Who like a subtle Jilt seems often vex'd,
And if she smiles one Minute frowns the next;
There, with the fatal Instruments of Chance,
Hazard my Store in hopes to more advance;
Draw in Rich Bubbles, Cog, Lye, Flatter, Cheat,
And push at all to be profusely Great.

With eager Hopes blind Fortune thus pursue,
And win from Nobles what's their Tradesmens due.
But should the fickle Dame her Smiles refuse,
And damn the sullen Jilt that made me lose;
Confound th' Tongue that taught me first to Game,
And curse th' uncertain Dice that crost my Aim:
For each at Play this Privilege may take,
Winners may laugh, and losing Gamesters speak,
No sneaking Sum should my Ambition bound,
I'd be a B——cher, or my All confound;
Insinuate with my wealthy Lady's Son,
Cringe to the Fop, and Cheat him when I'd done:

Drink

Drink with young Heirs, then draw them into Play,
Praise them for Wits, and on their Weakness prey;
For unexperienc'd Fools, we daily see,
Tho' ne'er so stubborn, bend to Flattery.

Should hoodwink'd Chance, to gratify my Pride,
Thus kindly place me on the winning side,
And guide the Dice with her prevailing Hand,
Till my extensive Wishes I had gain'd,
Fortune would I adore, and only she,
For her past Favours, should my Goddess be;
A Coach and Six I'd to her Glory raise,
And o'er the Stones would rattle forth her Praise;
Proud of my ill-got Wealth, with Scorn look out,
And laugh at honest Fools that walk on Foot,
Contented to be Poor for Conscience sake,
Whilst Libertines by Fraud their Fortunes make.
To thee, kind Chance, that does allot the Prize,
Thou partial Goddess of the Cards and Dice,
I'd Sacrifice, from out the numerous Swarm,
Some poor Levanting-Bully every Term,
Till none should dare thy Altars to abuse,
And push at All, who nothing have to lose;
But creep behind, and with a Courty Mein,
Turn humble Supplicants to those that win.

Like Quality the Sunday would I spend,
And duly Covent-Garden Church attend;
Religion would I modishly profess,
By Seven rise, and take three Hours to Dress;
Then in my Chariot rattle thro' the Street
To Church, where Hypocrites in Clusters meet.
Amongst the list'ning Crowd I'd squeeze for room,
And with my Snuff the sweaty Air perfume,
Till the Pew-Keeper, more for Gain than Grace,
Should wedge me into some convenient place,
Where I the gay dissembling Flock might view,
And to the Fair my own Perfections shew:
I'd pierce the Ladies with an amorous Eye,
But all their Pious Looks and Cheats despise.
Take notice who was Fairest, or most Fine,
Who had the blackest Hair, or whitest Skin;
What charming Phubsy had the loveli'st Breast,
Who was the most Devout, and pray'd the best,
Who had the briskest Eye and fullest Brow,
Denoting a good Furbulo below;
Who had an awful Look and modest Grace,
And who a lustful Air and tempting Face:
Thus as an Observator would I sit,
Inspect the Gall'ries and survey the Pit;

And

And from the different Saints in sundry Pews,
At once learn how to Judge, and how to Chuse:
Perhaps behold some lewd notorious Punk,
That never prays but when she's maudlin Drunk;
Pluck down her Hoods, kneel low amongst the rest,
And seem as quaint a Christian as the best;
Hold up her sinful Hands, respond as loud
As th' upright'st Saint in all the Holy Crowd.
And when she's done resume her matted Place,
With Sin and Sorrow blushing in her Face,
Yet all pure Art, without one spark of Grace.
When Pray'rs were o'er, with Patience would I sit,
And hear Old *Sternhold* Rhime to *David's* Wit:
But smile to see the Clerk his Looks compose,
And saddle, with his Spectacles, his Nose;
Then coughing spit, and when his Lungs were calm,
Turn to his Book and snuffle out a Psalm;
Wherein each Zealot, fond of singing Praise,
Might squeak their *Ekes*, and grumble out their *Ayes*
Over the doleful Song I'd Yawn and Gape,
What Christian could resolve against a Nap?
Or who forbear to Dose at every Line,
That did not in the drowsy Chorus join?

My Head, I'm sure, their grave slow Time would keep,
For whilst they Chanted, I should Nod and Sleep;
Like Gammar *Frisket*, in her Wicker-Chair,
Lull'd by, *Now ponder well you Parents dear.*

Thus, during Pray'rs, the painful Hour I'd spend,
And small Attention to the Sermon lend,
But e'er 'twas well begun, still wish it an End. }
With Patience would I hear the Preacher throw
His Satyr on the sinful Crowd below,
Observe his Knack, when prettily he Talk'd,
How well he Hem'd, how gracefully he Haulk'd;
How mannerly he did his Nostrils blow,
And how he lug'd the Cushion to and fro;
How earnestly sometimes his Words came out,
And how he thrash'd the Pope and Dev'l about.

When the the last Sand of the long Hour had run,
And told old *Spintext* when 'twas time to've done,
I'd rise among the rest, and gaze around,
Till I some fam'd Intriguing Lady found,
Invited by her Eyes, and some kind Smile,
As she walk'd out, I'd meet her in the Isle;

With

With Am'rous Whispers I'd her Ears approach,
Squeeze her soft Hand, conduct her to her Coach,
And lay the Groundwork of a new Debauch.

Then to some Rakish Friends my Course I'd steer
Strangers to Faith, and Enemies to Fear;
There Ridicule with them the Canting Priest,
And make Religion but our common Jest;
Raise up dead *Hobs* to justify our Cause,
And overthrow Divine, by Nature's Laws;
Burlesque the Scriptures, and asperse the Creed,
Aw'd by no musty Rules, Love, Drink, and Feed,
This is the happy Life we modish Rakes would lead.

A

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. PINKEMAN.

*[Suppos'd to be Press'd, and haul'd in before the
Curtain, by a couple of Press-Constables.]*

WELL, Master Constable, I must, you say,
Go kill *French* Cowards for a Groat a day;
But why such rugged Violence as this,
D'you break Mens Noddles to preserve the Peace?
Truly, rough Sirs, I cannot think 'tis fair,
To turn the Staves of Peace to Clubs of War:
'Tis true, you've made me by Experience know,
How'r, when provok'd, can give a deadly Blow.

Am Press'd, you say, but I believe Oppress'd,
For Wrongs like these are hard to be redress'd,
PRO And the first speedy End proves always best.

The

The readiest way's to Bribe off my Restraint,
Here, Gentlemen, I know what 'tis you want.

[The Constables take the Money and go off]

Your Servant Sirs.— By this the World may see
How Scoundrel Knaves abuse Authority,
Chose into Pow'r from Garrets, Bulks, and Stalls,
Advanc'd to Staves from Thimbles and from Auls
From vamping Shoes, and mending Nitty Jackets,
To cheat the Crown, and pick the Subjects Pockets
The Weak they haul to Arms, because they're poor
Unfit by Nature for the Toils of War ;
But quit, for Bribes, the hardy and the strong,
Protect themselves, and do their Betters wrong ;
Surprize the Fearful, squeeze them till they bleed,
And when their Palms are daub'd the Vagrant's free
Whilst more Industrious Men supply their room,
Whose hands would prove more useful here at home
Thus by ill usage many Feuds create,
Oppress the People, and deceive the State.

As for my part, I am unskill'd in Jars,
And hate the tragick Scenes of bloody Wars :
You, Gentlemen, who wait to see our Play,
All know my Talent lies another way.

Prologue spoken by Mr. Pinkeman. 303

I make a Soldier for the Queen ! Adsheart,
One Clap of Train-Band Thunder makes me start :
I'd fain be reconcil'd to Death, but can't,
The very thoughts of Fighting makes me faint.
Not, but I know it is of great Renown,
To serve one's Native Country or the Crown ;
Besides; with Rural Damsels, I confess,
A Scarlet Coat is a most glorious Dress ;
The very Colour dazles Female-Eyes,
And takes the Heart, unguarded, by surprize ;
You who with Honour wear it, often find
It makes the Bashful Country Maid prove kind :
Who could, perhaps, before resist Loves Pow'r,
And keep her Heart in all Attacks secure,
Laugh at her Lover's Sighs, despise his Tears,
But *Venus* must submit when *Mars* appears.

Faith, now I think on't, I can tell you how
The State might quickly raise Brave Men enow ;
Would they but find some gentle means to Press
Those Charming Ladies who our Audience grace,
Should such bright Stars in the next Camp appear,
You Generous Gentlemen assembled here,
Would need no Press, but all run Voluntier.

306 *A Prologue spoken by Mr. Pinkeman.*

Such beauteous Troops new Wonders would afford,
And vanquish with their Charms beyond the Sword;
You only (Ladies) so divinely Bright,
Who Wound with Mercy, Conquer with Delight,
Can the vast Glories won at *Hockstedt* blast,
More Captives take, subdue with greater hast,
And with your Eyes gain mightier Vict'ries than our
[last.]

A N

EPILOGUE

*Spoken by Mr. PINKEMAN, upon
the Back of an Elephant.*

Since *France* with Fool'ries has debauch'd our Nation,
And Foreign Gimcracks only are in fashion,
I oft have study'd till my Brains grew dizzy,
To find out something that I thought wou'd please ye:
I last resolv'd to make a Trip to *Guinea*,
To buy this nimble Pad to entertain ye,
And if you're not pleas'd now, the Devil's in you.
But behold his Comely Looks and Graces,
This a strange Tit, he neither Trots nor Paces.
Observe his lovely Shapes from Head to Foot,
His sturdy Rump, his *Oliverian* Snout,
How plump the Buttocks of the brawny Slouch,
That no *European* Beast can boast of such,
Except some Monster found among the *D--b*.

His Guts, I dare engage, would hold more Forces,
 Stow'd close, than half a dozen *Trojan* Horses.
 Yet, notwithstanding his *Batavian* Bulk,
 In Battle he disdains to run or skulk;
 But has, upon my Word, that Courage in him,
 He'll fight like any *English* Fool, I've seen him.
Gee Dobbin, how the Lazy Lubbard stirs, [*Spurs him*]
 I find the stubborn Jade disdains my Spurs.
 Does he prepare for Speed, and Cock his Tail up,
 'Egad I'd give a Groat to see him Gallup;
 But, *Spaniard*-like, I find his Sullen Pride, [*Whips him*]
 Will not be forc'd beyond his nat'ral Stride;
 But when provok'd to move against his Will,
 Ass-like, he stands, in spight of beating, still.

I ran a dev'lish Risque to bring him o'er,
 Adsheart I bought him just at Hell's Back-Door;
 And, as a means to better recommend him,
 Have brought these Devils* over to attend him,
 Hoping my Tit and I, with our Figaries,
 May please like some new Prodigy from *Paris*,
 Who doffs his wooden Shoes, and, in a trice,
 Becomes the wonder of our Ears or Eyes:

* *Blacks that come in with the Elephant.*

Let him but Play or Dance a new *Sebel*,
Besure 'tis mighty fine, 'tis wondrous well;
What e'er he does; 'tis our kind *English* Nature,
To cry, the Foreign Fool's a Charming Creature,
Whilst Artists of our own, who far exceed,
Can no Applause obtain, or Merit plead;
Therefore I rode about, the Lord knows whither,
Turn'd Jockey, and have brought this Pad-nag hither:
He's fine and smooth, the Rogue's in pure good Case,
I would make you laugh to see him run a Race:
O! how he'd puff and blow, fret, sweat, and waddle,
No Sow is better built to wear a Saddle:
See how he runs, tho' I confess indeed,
[*Cherups to him.*]
I did not buy him barely for his Speed,
But for the Beast to play a Comick part,
In a dull Age ungrateful to Desert,
When foreign Monsters please much more than Men }
[*of Art.*]

A

Musical Entertainment.

SCENE a Wood, at the further end a Cave.

Enter English Genius in Armour, with a Sword drawn in one hand, and a Shield in the other representing the Warlike Disposition of the People

Genius.

M *Agus* where art! rouse from thy Anchorite [Bed]
 I am no wand'ring Mortal, but a Shade,
 From human Race I know thou art retir'd,
 And liv'st obscurely, like a Soul expir'd.
 Quit thy nocturnal Cave for one short space,
 And shew the Light once more thy meager Face.

[Enter Magus from the Mouth of his Cave, habited like a Hermite, in his Hand a Magician's Wand.]

What unknown Voice is that, and why so rude,
 To thus disturb my Peace and Solitude:

If thou'rt **Infernal**, thou must surely know,
Magus has Pow'r o'er all that dwell below.
If thou art **Man**, approach me not too near,
For Ghosts and Dæmons my Companions are.
Long since have I abjur'd all Flesh and Blood,
I hate the World, and all its jarring Brood,
The Feuds and Discords which they raise each Day
Make Midnight Spirits safer Friends than they.

Genius.

No gross terrestrial Substance do I wear,
But am, by Heav'n, compos'd of Fire and Air;
And thus appointed by the Gods Command,
I watchfully attend the *British* Land.
In haste from her delightful Shore I came,
Good is my Nature, *Genius* is my Name;
And thro' the misty Night I'm flown thus far,
To know if you by Magick can declare
The future Issue of her present War.

Magus.

Since thou'rt a Christian *Genius* thou'rt free,
No Magick can extend its Pow'r to thee:
No Art can drive thee back, or force thy stay,
What thou command'st old *Magus* must obey.

Such Truth and Goodness in thy Nature shine,
That makes my Pow'r subservient unto thine,
Demand in full what you would have me do,
And I'll foretel thee all that Art can shew.

Genius.

Then let me know what Fortune or what Fate,
Does on the Grand *Eurepean* Quarrel wait?
What black Designs th' infernal Pow'rs have laid?
What will succeed, what Projects be betray'd?
And how far *Britain* will be happier made?

Magus.

What thou requir'st no Magic can disclose,
Future Events no'nfernal Pow'r foreknows,
The Fate of War determin'd is above,
And falls pursuant to the Will of *Jove*,
Spirits can only guess how things may be,
But cannot truly any thing foresee.

Genius.

But Spirits can incline the Heart of Man,
Ransack his Thoughts, and all his Actions scan;
Inspect all humane Counsels, and from thence
Make wise Conjectures of their Consequence;
Therefore, tho' doubtful, I desire to know,
Th' Opinion of the subtile Powers below.

Magus.

Since that's thy Errand, I am free to shew
What mortal Man by Magic Art can do ;
For tho' (like you) celestial Spirits tow'r
Aloft, beyond the reach of human Pow'r ;
Yet, by my Spells and Charms I'll make you know,
That *Magus* has Command o'er all below :
But when the subteranean Ghosts appear,
And sing those tragick Songs you want to hear,
Let not their Gueſſes be too far believ'd,
For thoſe that credit moſt, are moſt deceiv'd.

Genius.

Your Caution I'll obſerve, exert your Art,
The Minutes fly apace, my Time's but ſhort.

[*Magus* flouriſhes his Wand towards the entrance
of the Cave and ſings.]

Arise Caſſandra from thy Gloom,

Haste thou diſcerning Manes *haste*,

Return from thy Infernal Home,

In this Inchantèd Wood ſome Minutes waſte.

Arise

*Arise ye Sybils and attend
Upon the wise Cassandra's Ghost,
Whose Prophecies no credit gain'd,
Till Illium was entirely lost.
Arise, and with a speedy flight,
Surmount the limits of eternal Night.*

[Enter Cassandra from the Mouth of the Cave,
attended by the Sybils.]

Cassandra sings.

*O Magus! why dost thou disclose
The Gates of Death so strongly bar'd,
And call us from that sweet repose,
The jarring World could ne'er afford?*

*Long have our Spirits been at rest,
Secure from Envy and from Fate,
What makes thee in such wondrous haste,
Remand us to a World we hate?*

Magus sings.

*In former Ages you were wise,
Renown'd for those just Prophecies*

*Which were too late believ'd,
I therefore call you to declare
What you foresee of Europe's War,
But let's not be deceiv'd.*

**Since Souls by Death more Knowledge gain,
Let what you speak be true and plain,
That Britain's Genius may depart,
Pleas'd with your Foresight and my Art.*

Cassandra sings.

*The Grand Old Tyrant now declines,
The Flow'r d' Lis shall fade away;
And he that grasps the Indian Mines
Shall be dismounted from his Royal Place.*

*Their trusty Friend**

**Bavaria*

Shall in the end

His fruitful Country lose.

*The Gallick Pow'r shall be restrain'd,
And all that do assistance lend,
Britannia bravely shall defend,
From being trampil'd down by wooden Shoes.*

Chorus

Chorus by the Sybils.

*Old Albion be merry,
Thy Arms shall succeed,
The Kingdoms that fear ye,
When e'er they come near ye
To try for the Laurel, shall bleed.
The Hero that's chose
To humble thy Foes,
Is brave to the highest degree:
He's blest with the Love
Of the Powers above,
And for ever successful shall be.*

Cassandra again by herself.

*The Sable Bird shall spread her Wings,
And stretch her Talions forth,
To threaten those united Kings,
That rob the Eagle of her Worth.*

*Hispanian Fields will be manur'd
With crimson Show'rs on this account;
And whilst the Rival draws his Sword,
Britannia's Sons shall bear the Brunt.*

Bartavia's Soil shall grow so fat,
No Nation shall compare;
But when she's thought to be too great,
'Twill be her time to have a care.
For States, tho' ne'er so bright they shine,
Must have their Zenith and decline.

Chorus by the Sybils.

Britannia, altho' that thy Arms are so blest,
As to settle all Europe in Peace,
Yet beware of a Serpent thou hug'st in thy Breast,
After all Foreign Discords shall cease.
When thou lay'st down the Sword, then take up the Rod,
Dread no open Force, or the cunning of Rome,
Thou need'st not to fear any Power abroad,
But beware of the Hydra at home.

Magus sings.

Return ye Spirits to your peaceful Gloom,
Where Malice, Pride, or Envy never come;
Where no alarms of War disturb your rest,
Nor humane Discords penetrate your Breast;
But where for Refuge downy Peace is fled,
And with her Palm secures the silent Shade.

[The Spirits vanish.]

Genius.

Genius.

Magus may I depend on what I've heard,
By those Prophetick Ghosts harmoniously declar'd.

Magus.

Spirits by past and present things can guess
At future Disappointments or Success.

They know how humane Projects are agreed,
What Plots are laid to our Designs impede;
And wisely from these Interviews infer
The Good of Nations, or the Fate of War:
But still they nothing certainly foresee,
Can only guess what the Event may be.

Man may Project, and Spirits may Instruct,
And in some things are suffer'd to Conduct:
But none but God foreknows the hidden End,
Whose Eyes to all Eternity extend;
Who can at pleasure baffle humane Pride,
And give the Battle to the weakest side.

Genius.

Farewel, old *Magus*, thank you for your Art,
Th'approaching Minute calls me to depart.

[*Flies away.*]

Magus

[*Magus alone.*]

How blest am I, from all Contentions freed,
nothing have to lose, yet nothing need.
Nature's wild Products are my daily Food,
Which sweet Contentment makes divinely good.
The Crystal Stream my mod'rate Drowth supplies,
and lets no headstrong Passion tyrannize,
sweet Contemplation elevates my Soul,
and bears me on her Wings from Pole to Pole;
shows me those Wonders, does such Wisdom teach,
Which Crowds can never learn, or Princes reach;
nor Subjects gaze with Envy at the Crown,
Whilst those that wear it, with Contempt look down.
Nor can each make their Happiness compleat,
Where Envy and Contempt thus clashing meet;
therefore how sweet does my Retirement prove,
free from all Malice or extreams of Love,
from Pomp and Grandeur, which is all but Dream,
and the worse Plagues of Popular Esteem,
that curse of Princes, that deceitful Noise,
that cheats their Ears, and interrupts their Joys.
O! who that knows the Pleasures of a Life,
exempt from Treach'ry and secure from Strife,

Would

Would not disdain a pompous lofty State,
Attended with such Clamour and Debate;
Forsake the dainty Fare on which they Dine,
Their artful Sauces, and their far-fetch'd Wine,
To feed, like Anch'rites, with a peaceful Mind,
On Nuts and Acrons scatter'd by the Wind?
Farewel, say I, to all those vain Delights
That raise, but ne'er suffice our Appetites.
I'll study to Command those Pow'rs below,
Which do, for worldly Minds, too powerful grow.
Th'infernal Fiends that lead Mankind astray,
And governs others Wills, shall mine obey:
By Magick's force I'll keep my Nature free,
From th'influence of Demonian Subtilty;
Live here retir'd within this lonely Wood,
Study to conquer Ill and cherish Good;
Admire those shining Lamps that hang above,
Consult those Orbs that in such order move,
Learn Wisdom from each Wonder in my view,
And with a quiet Breast each Day pursue
That humble Path that to Contentment leads,
For Greatness is not worth the Care it breeds.

The Religious Turncoat :

O R,

The Trimming Parson.

I Lov'd no King in Forty One,
When Prelacy went down,
Cloak and Band I then put on,
And Preach'd against the Crown.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,
That Cants to admiration,
And prays for any side to gain
The Peoples Approbation.*

Shew'd 'em Paths to Heav'n untrod,
From Pop'ry to refine 'em,
And taught the People to serve God,
As if the Dee'l were in 'em.

A Turncoat, &c.

Y

When

When Brewer Noll, with Copper Nose,
The stinking Rump dismounted,
I wisely still adher'd to those
Who strongest were accounted.

A Turncoat, &c.

I Preach'd and Pray'd for Oliver,
And all his vile Abettors,
But Curs'd the King and Cavalier,
And cry'd 'em down for Traytors.

A Turncoat, &c.

When Charles return'd into the Land,
The English Crown's Supporter,
I shifted off my Cloak and Band,
And then became a Courtier.

A Turncoat, &c.

The King's Religion I profess,
And found there was no harm in't:
I Cog'd and Flatter'd like the rest,
Till I had got Preferment.

A Turncoat, &c.

I taught my Conscience how to cope
With Honesty or Evil ;
And when I rail'd against the Pope,
I sided with the Devil.

A Turncoat, &c.

When Royal *James* began his Reign,
And Mass was us'd in common,
I shifted off my Faith again,
And then became a *Roman*.

A Turncoat, &c.

With passive Doctrine now I clos'd,
Like any Priest of *Dagon*,
And prov'd, no King should be oppos'd,
Tho' Papist or a Pagan.

A Turncoat, &c.

I sided with the Church of *Rome*,
And read the Declaration,
That by degrees the Land might come
To Transubstantiation.

A Turncoat, &c.

His Holiness the Pope to please,

I gave him my Assistance,
And to bring Pop'ry in with ease
I Preach'd up Non-Resistance.

A Turncoat, &c.

For th' Prince of *Wales* I loudly pray'd,

Until the headstrong Rabble
Grew angry with the little Blade,
And overturn'd the Cradle.

A Turncoat, &c.

When Popish Cause grew sick and lame,

I fell from Priest to Pagan,
Just as the *Belgic* Lyon came
To quell the Popish Dragon.

A Turncoat, &c.

When *William* had possess'd the Throne,

And cur'd the Nation's Grievance,
New Principles I then put on,
And swore to him Allegiance.

A Turncoat, &c.

I then Preach'd up King *William's* Right,
Pray'd for his Foes Confusion,
And so remain'd a *Williamite*
Till another Revolution.

A Turncoat, &c.

But when Queen *Ann* the Throne posselt,
I then, to save my Bacon,
Turn'd High-Church, thinking that was best,
But found myself mistaken.

A Turncoat, &c.

For soon discerning very plain,
The Whigs had got the better,
Turn'd Low-Churchman, so remain
A Trimming Moderator.

A Turncoat, &c.

Therefore all you, both high and low,
Let me for once direct ye,
Serve no Cause longer than you know
The Party can protect ye.

A Turncoat, &c.

Upon the Alteration of the
C O I N.

Good People what will you of all be bereft?
 Will you never learn Wit whilst a **Peny** is left?

We're all like the Dog in the Fable betray'd,
 To let go our Substance and snap at a Shade;

Our Specious Pretences,

And Foreign Expences,

In War for Religion will waste all our Chink,

It's Snip'd and it's Clip'd,

And it's Spent and it's Lent,

Till it's gone to the D---b and the D---l I think.

We pay for our New-born, we pay for our Dead,

We pay if we're Single, and pay if we Wed;

Which shews that our merciful Senate don't fail,

To begin at the Head and Tax down to the Tail,

We pay thro' the Nose

For Subjecting our Foes,

Yet for all our Expence we get nothing but Blows;
Abroad we're Defeated,
At Home we are Cheated,
The End, O the End on't, the Lord above knows!

We've parted with all our Old Money, to shew
How we foolishly hope for a plenty of new:
But should have remember'd when't came to the push,
That a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush:
We silly poor Wretches
Are kept under Hatches,
At Rack and at Manger, like Beasts in the Ark:
Since our Burghers and Knights
Make us pay for our Lights,
Why should we, like Madmen, be kept in the Dark.

The Vanity of Upstarts:

OR,

An Honest Enquiry into Ignoble Greatness.

AN O D E.

I.

WHat is it to be Rich and Great?
 It is to be a Tool of State;
 A mighty Slave by Honour ty'd
 To outward Grandeur, and to Pride;
 An Idol worship'd by his Slaves and Spies,
 Who, for their own ignoble Ends,
 Are Flatterers, not Friends,
 Unthankful Traytors in Disguise;
 Who, like their Masters, whom they serve for Pay,
 Will fawn one Minute, and the next betray.

2.

It is to shew to lofty Thrones
 Dissembl'd Rev'rence and Respect,
 To humbly bow to glitt'ring Crowns,
 And humour mighty Kings in what they most affect;
 But when they've Wealth and Honour gain'd,
 And their own private Ends obtain'd,

Then

Then to cajole some Factious Sect,
And basely recompence
The Bounty of their Prince,
With odious Treach'ry and Neglect.

Thus, like the Snake, Ingrateful and Unjust,
Offend the Royal Hand, that rais'd 'em from the Dust.

3.

It is to frown, with awful Scorn,
On Mortals in an humbler Sphere,
To loudly boast how nobly born,
And think they're what they never were;

To talk of Families and Blood,
And vainly fancy they're deriv'd
Of some celestial Race;

Some ancient venerable God,
By Poets or by Priests contriv'd,
To give their old fictitious Tales

A more prevailing Grace :

But should the skilful Herald trace

Their late obscure Originals,

Some of their mean Descents would prove as base

As theirs, who sweat and slave in *Paul's*;

And that their Honour, which they dream

Has so refin'd the purple Stream,

Wa

Was at first owing to the Charms
 Of some bright Harlot's luscious Arms,
 And their great Ancestor, the spurious Son
 Of some fair *Lais* of the Age,
 Tempted to quit the publick Stage,
 To quench the lustful Rage
 Of some enamour'd Cousin to the Throne.

4.

It is to raise domestick Heats,
 To gratify their Pride,
 And then employ their restless Wits
 T' impose a thousand Cheats
 On the tame Asses that they ride.
 It is to think themselves alone
 The Fav'rites of the Gods,
 And claim from them a Right of Pow'r
 To punish and oppress the Low'r,
 And awe whole Nations with a Frown,
 To tremble at their threatening Nods;
 That Crowds of Slaves may at their Elbows wait,
 To make proud Ignorance appear more great.

5.

It is to vainly patronize
 That Wit themselves could never boast,
 And to be prais'd above the Skies,
 By Rhiming Flatt'ers, to their Cost;

Who wanting Merit, purchase Fame
Of needy Poet, and of Priest,
Who labour by their tuneful Lays,
And swelling Sounds of fullsome Praise,
To gain the mighty Thing, a Name;
Who is, perhaps, possesst
Of ill-got Riches to his Shame,
Drawn by Collusion from the publick Chest.

Thus Atheists oft are pious made,
The Fool accounted wise,
And Knaves reported just, who have betray'd
Their King and Country, that themselves might rise.

6.

It is to share the gainful Weight
Of all those intricate Affairs,
That busy and perplex the State,
And fill the Bosoms of the Great
With jealous Fears and noisy Cares.
It is to palm the publick Wealth,
For nobler Ends design'd,
And to impose, by Treachery and Stealth,
A thousand base ignoble Things,
Upon their Country and their Kings,
If they can Royal Wisdom blind;

Pretending still the Peoples Good,
In all the crafty Ills they do,
Tho' thro' a costly purple Flood
Of their own Nation's Blood,
Their own ambitious Ends unweari'd they pursue.

7.

It is to do a thousand Wrongs
To serve their Int'rest or Revenge,
Yet study Arts to be believ'd
By those they've o'er and o'er deceiv'd
By their bifarious Tongues,
As subject as their Minds to change;
And tho' of Promises they're free,
Their Words and Actions disagree,
Unless to serve themselves;
And then they fawn and lay aside
That awful Scorn, and nauseous Pride,
Which on their Looks and Carriage wait;
But to a well-deserving Friend,
Who on their Favours shall depend,
Their frothy Vows are sandy Shelves:
Such shall sollicit long in vain,
And undergo the slavish Pain
Of fruitless Cringes, to augment the State

Of him so proud and great,
Among a crowd of Duns, who haunt his starving Gate.

8.

It is to talk profusely loud
Of Merit, which they ne'er reward,
And preach up Vertue to the Crowd,
But see it starve without regard;
To use the Church for Fashion's-sake,
Dissemble Piety at Pray'rs;
But yet such secret Measures take
As may the Union of her Members break,
And fill her with destructive Feuds and Jars,
That her impatient Enemies
May grow too pow'rful by degrees,
And triumph o'er her unawares.
So the swift Hawk, with eager Wings,
Climbs o'er the Prey he would confound,
Then with a swooping Stroke he brings
The weaker Quarry to the Ground.

9.

It is to fill their Tradesmens Books
With num'rous Articles, and then
To make 'em wait with fretful Looks,
And dun 'em twice a Week in vain;

Whilst

Whilst the proud Debtors from above,
Look down upon the patient Crowd,
Who near their Gates caballing move,
But want the Courage to complain aloud ;
Tho', in their Hearts, they wish unfold
Those costly Goods they were so free
With humble Fingers to unfold,
Before such awful Quality ;
Who, tho' they graciously reward
The fawning Pimp, or rhiming Bard ;
Yet 'tis a Point of Grandeur to be slow
In paying what they justly owe.
Thus the poor Creditor shall wait in Pain,
To know what Time to come again,
Whilst Bawds and Minions shall their Ends obtain,

10.

It is to ride in Pomp about,
Expecting Homage from the Rout,
Who, at the gaudy Sight, conceives
The swelling Idol of the Crowd
To be divinely knowing, and believes
He must be wise and just, because so proud.
His fine gilt Coach, his pamper'd Brutes,
His brawny Slaves in costly Sutes,

His flaxen Wig, his scarlet Cloak,
His lolling Ease, his awful Look,
Convince the Fools, who gaze upon
The Grandeur of the mighty Don,
He must be Good, because so Great,
And Happy, 'cause so Fortunate;
When all his Pomp, that we behold,
His large Estate, his heaps of Gold,
May from the Publick be unjustly glean'd,
And he a mercenary Fox,
From Justice by some Int'rest skreen'd,
When he has wrong'd the Box.
Thus spurr'd by Avarice and Pride,
Some crafty Knaves have got the start,
And thro' the Streets in Coaches ride,
Who well deserve a Cart.

II.

To Battel one conducts his Slaves,
Another turns the Wheel of State,
A third in Triumph ploughs the Waves,
And boasts at Sea some mighty Feat;
A fourth in Senate talks aloud,
And with his Rhet'rick gulls the Crowd
To credit what he speaks or pens;

A fifth

A fifth projects some grand Design
To make the Nation part
More freely with their vital Coin,
And sooths them by some subtle Art
T'approve his Ways and Means;
Not that the Publick Good excites
The active Hero to be Brave,
Or moves the Learn'd to rack his Wits,
Or tempts the chosen K---t to prove a Knave.
Their own By-ends alike they seek,
To be secure of Wealth and Ease,
That when aloft the Vultures tow'r,
And grasp sufficient Pow'r,
They may oppress the Weak,
And injure whom they please;
Challenge extravagant Rewards,
They scarce can think they have deserv'd;
And when become our mighty Lords,
Complaining Thousands must be starv'd.
Thus the Bold triumph o'er the humble Herd,
Some by their Craft, and others by the Sword;
Whilst pious Knaves, who all that's good despise,
Share in the Booty, and to Greatness rise.

T----- B-----'s

LAST

LETTER

TO HIS

*Witty Friends & Companions.**Dear Friends and Companions;*

THE Muckworms of the World, who have always liv'd Miserably to die Wealthy, may afford to bequeath their Ill-got Sums to Charitable Uses, in hopes their directing Hospitals in their Wills to be built for a parcel of Crippled old Porters, and Super-annuated Basket-Women, will at the Last-Day make an attonement for the cursed Sin of Covetousness, besides their Frauds in Trade, and lying Protestations daily practised behind their Counters : such Money-loving miserly Curmudgeons, I say, may Illustrate their Exit with large Legacies to such Persons when they Die, that whilst they Liv'd, they would not have given Three Pence to have sav'd from Hanging. But I, in hopes to oblige my Friends, after a more grateful Manner, have bequeath'd to them, as the last To-

A ken

ken of my kindness, no *Meander* Streams or barren Acres of *Pernassus*, but such good wholesome Advice and necessary Cautions, which if I had but always taken, as well as now given, I know not but I might have liv'd as great as a High Constable, or a Deputy Alderman; and when I had Died, been so prodigally Charitable, as to have out-built *Ask's* Folly, eclips'd *Sutton's* Glory, or done some remarkable Piece of penitential Extravagance, that would have perpetuated my Pious Simplicity to all succeeding Generations. Besides, Gentlemen, you may be assur'd, if I had Died worth a Bushel of Money, I would at least have left you half a Peck of *Memento Mori's* out of *Fauster-Lane*, to have adorn'd your little Fingers, and have put you in Mind, over your extravagant Cups, that as soon as the King of Skeletons pleases, you will have a worse Reckoning to Pay than that at the Bar; but you all knew my Circumstances, and how the Case stood, so I hope you will accept of such a Legacy as I was able to leave you; for you know the old Proverb, *viz. You cannot have more of a Cat than her Skin*; therefore I beg you to not only receive, but observe the following Admonitions, and I question not but I shall rest in my Grave the better satisfied, where neither importunate *Dun*, implacable *Scribler*, or impertinent *Phillis* can disturb my Peace, or interrupt my Silence.

If you would have good Wine, and a great deal of Respect in a Tavern, use it but seldom, and be sure pay ready Money; for if you Wed yourself to a particular House, or suffer your Name to fully but one Page of their Bar-book, it makes the Master familiar, and the Drawers saucy: Besides, it is a certain Maxim in their Politicks, *to impose most upon their best customers, and always to treat them with the greatest Respect that are their smallest Benefactors.* For the Devil and a Vintner are both of the same Temper, and will not be industrious to oblige the Persons they are sure of.

*Repenting Fools have oft confest,
That thriving Vintners make lean Guest;
As they grow Rich, there's nothing surer,
Than that you Toapers prove the poorer.
Therefore whene'er they're saucy grown,
Complain not, for the Fault's your own:
'Tis Nonsense at their Pride to grumble,
Since you yourselves may keep them humble;
Spend warily, and you will find
Yourselfes more happy, them more kind.*

Whenever you have occasion to borrow Money, surprize the Lender with a sudden opportunity: for no Man will care to weaken his Pocket, that takes time to consider what it is he is doing. Never ask for more than you think may be easily spar'd; for every Man but a Block-

a Block-head will take care to keep the better part of his own to himself ; besides, few Men are such Fools to lighten another's Burthen, by laying the Weight upon their own Shoulders ; for indeed who would be such an Ass as to carry another's Budget. Whenever you attempt to replenish your Pockets by this sort of Stratagem, one thing more you must be careful to observe, that is, be sure you mistake not your Man, lest you meet with the Wench's Misfortune, who endeavouring thro' Simplicity to milk a Bull, was only Piss'd upon for her Pains.

*He that goes sneakingly to borrow,
And tells his Wants with Care and Sorrow,
Is like to little better be,
For Friendship flies from Povertie.
Dear honest Will won't care to trust
Insolvent Jack, tho' ne'er so Just ;
But answer thus his poor Complaint,
I vow I wou'd, but that I can't.
Therefore observe this blunt Direction,
Whene'er you try your Friend's Affection:
Z---ds, Jack, mine's empty, I must borrow,
Bl--d, lend's a Guinea till to Morrow.
Attack him but in this bold way,
He'll scarce know how to say you Nay.*

Beware of Women, for you know they are ticklish Commodities, and their Affections as brittle

brittle as the *China* Ware they delight in.
 If you chuse a Woman for a Wife, take care
 she be neither over Wise or over Handsom,
 for generally the more Beautiful they are,
 the more Proud, and the more Witty, the
 more Wicked; but above all, if ever you ven-
 ture to step into the Ecclesiastical Shackles,
 be sure you are well paid for wearing them,
 for you ought to consider that they are much
 worse than *Newgate* Fetters, for the Merce-
 nary *Cerberus* that rivets on those, for a lit-
 tle Greasing in the Fist, will knock them off
 again: but the other are lock'd on so con-
 foundedly fast, that nothing but Death or A-
 dultery can release the Prisoner from his Con-
 finement; therefore I advise you to look very
 warily before you leap into this Thicket of
 Brambles, Wedlock, lest you soon find Cause
 to praise Matrimony with Tears in your Eyes,
 as Men do Mustard. If you have a mind to
 escape Cuckoldom, never let your Wife go to
 Church by her self, for Lust and Devotion
 are as often Companions at Church, as Reli-
 gion and Bawdy are over a Bottle at the Ta-
 vern: Leave no Man at Home to Play at
 Cards with her whilst you step to the Coffee-
 House to Read the News; for remember the
 Business of Cuckold-making is always done
 with a Jirk. In the Choice of a Mistress, shun
 Rabby Flesh as you would Rats-bane or the
 Devil, for be assur'd she has Whor'd away her

Youth, Pox'd away her Health, and Flux'd
 away her Substance ; whatever you do, cor-
 rupt not the Innocent, or deflower Virginitie,
 for tho' you may think it a sweet Nut to
 Crack, yet it's ten to one but you will find
 the Devil in the Kernel ; perhaps in the first
 place a Child, in the next place the Plague of
 the Parish, in the third place the Noise of
 her Relations, in the last place the Curses of
 herself ; which Bundle of Torments, I would
 advise you to avoid as carefully as a suffering
 Fornicator would Pepper and Vinegar, or a
 Strumpet the Clutches of a Reforming Con-
 stable. If Dr. *Butler* like, you have not the
 Gift of Continnence, and the Label of Morta-
 lity, for want of humbling the Flesh in due
 Season, begins to turn Stargazer, venture half
 a Crown upon his Head, like a bold Gamster,
 and match your Cock with the next fair
 Sports-Woman you meet, for it is better to
 manfully run the Hazard of a Surgeon, than
 it is to fall into the Hands of a Couple of
 Capon-eating Church-wardens, and a prag-
 matical Constable.

*If any will not be forewarn'd,
 But run the Risk of being Horn'd,
 Ne'er let him Wed because she's comley,
 But chuse a rich one, tho' she's Homley ;
 Then if she proves Slut, Whore, or Scold,
 Perverse, Rebellious, Ugly, Old,*

Or any other Plague that's worse,
 Her Coin will Counterpoise the Curse :
 But if you Wed with Bagless Beauty,
 In hopes she'll prove both kind and true t'ye,
 And 'tis your Fortune to be Poor,
 You're then a Cuckold to be sure ;
 For do but see what Charming Witches,
 When low in Purse, by Men of Riches,
 Are daily tempted to be Bi----bes. }
 And you may easily judge from thence,
 Poor Beauty can't resist the Pence :
 The Golden Dart will surely wound her,
 And Knock her flat down as a Flounder :
 The Youthful and the Fair for Gold,
 Will Hug the Ugly and the Old ;
 Bed with Distemper'd Men of Title,
 Whose frozen Limbs can do but little ;
 Use all their subtle Charming Arts
 To please their Age and win their Hearts ;
 Stroke with warm Hand the Part affected,
 To make what's pendant stand erected,
 Do any thing to Coax the Toney,
 For that prevailing Evil Money :
 Therefore if Rich you chance to prove,
 Your Gold will Purchase Female Love ;
 Then who to one would be confin'd,
 That may command all Women-kind.
 And if you're Poor, it's ten to one
 But if you Wed, you're worse undone.
 Therefore be whatsoe'er your Station,
 Don't Marry but with wondrous Caution,

*For who, methinks, except a Novice,
Would Wed a Wife, tho' fair as Goddess,
That may have almost any Bodies.*

Whenever you have any Money in your Pockets, that you dedicate to the use of *Bacchus's* Vicegerents, before you take care to spend it in good Company: Men of Wit, are both diverting and informing; and Wine better worth Half a Crown a Quart in an Edifying Conversation, than Twelve-pence a Gallon in a dull Cabal of stupify'd Mechanics. Never keep a Fool Company at your own Expence, or suffer your selves to be plagu'd with his troublesome Impertinence, except he treats ye; for he has no way of discerning your Merits but thro' his own Folly, and the greater Bubble he finds you make him, the more he will extol you for Men of Ingenuity. If a spunging Friend is apt to be too burthensome to your Pocket, every time you see him, complain first of your own Deficiency, and you will find it a ready way to get rid of him. You that are Men of Wit and Fortune, should always stand fast one by another, and never rail behind one another's Backs, except it be at one that has got the Start of you; and then if he shuts his Fist against your humble Requests, cry him down for a Blockhead, ridicule every thing he writes, as we did Prince *Arthur*, that the World may see neither

her Knights or Nigards will be allow'd by
 Criticks to be the true Sons of *Apollo*, for
 tho' they once were, yet they forfeit their A-
 doption by the Change of their Condition, as
 Alms-Men do their Pensions when they lay a-
 side their Badges. For Poets ought to be poor,
 and those that disdain the Station, can have
 no true Title to the Honour. Upon the Initi-
 tion of a new Brother just come from the U-
 niversity, make him but a Journey-Man to
 your Society, till he has spent his Patrimony,
 that is, do you make his Pains your Profit,
 and suffer nothing to be entirely his own,
 without your Perusal and Correction, that if
 the Whim takes, the Reputation may be yours;
 but if the Darling dies an Abortive, let the
 Blame fall upon the Parent; and when he
 has spent all in the Service of the Muses, give
 him a Character for his Wit, and let him go a
 Begging for himself in *Apollo's* Name among
 the Bountiful *Mecænas's*. Whenever you
 Dedicate a Book, pick out a generous Fool
 for Patron, and the less Merit he has, besure
 the more you flatter him; for the more Ver-
 tues you ascribe to him that has none, and
 the more you magnify his Wit, that has but
 little, the more he will think himself oblig'd
 to you for your Kindness, and will certainly
 reward your Labours with the more liberal
 Gratitude. Talk soberly and sparingly among
 Wife

Wife Men, vainly and viciously among Beauties
 and Blockheads, wittily and warily among the
 Cheatful and Facetious, respectfully and pleasantly
 among the Female Sex, and merrily
 and loosely among your own Fraternity, and
 you need not doubt but all Parties will be
 pleas'd with your Company.

*Where Learning, Wit, and Money meet,
 It does a happy Man compleat.
 But he that is of two possest,
 And is not with the other blest,
 Is often forc'd, in time of Need,
 To truckle to an empty Head:
 For it has long since been agreed on,
 Wit's but a barren Soil to feed on:
 Altho' it very oft produces
 Both useful Flatteries and Abuses,
 Such as may even touch the Senses
 Of mighty Heroes, Kings, and Princes;
 Yet what the Author chiefly gains,
 To Crown his Meritorious Pains
 In this fine Poem, that Translation,
 Is little more than Commendation:
 As if a Wit was thought a Creature
 Of so refin'd a God-like Nature,
 That needed no Terrestrial Food
 To fill his Veins with common Blood;
 But could maintain his Guts in quiet
 With vain Applause, that airy Diet.*

But

But Wits can't find, for all their Cunning,
 That Cooks will treat 'em for their Punning;
 Or that a Vintner's so possessest,
 To swop a Bottle for a Jest;
 Nay, the Town-Miss will prove more willing
 To yield her Favours for a Shilling,
 Than exercise her pleasing Trade
 For the best Distich ever made.
 Since Money most Men thus bewitches,
 And every Blockhead aims at Riches,
 Let me intreat you to be Wiser,
 And listen to your good Adviser.

Doat not on Charming Female Objects,
 Nor waste your Wits on Trifling Subjects;
 But exercise your pregnant Brains
 On Themes more worthy of your Pains;
 That every Poem you devise,
 May instruct Fools, and please the Wise;
 To shew Britannia's Sons inherit
 The Old Poetick Roman Spirit.

No more sing forth Pedantick Lays
 In some dub'd Sheriff's poultry Praise,
 And fawn and scrape to Coax the Ninny,
 Perhaps, but out of one poor Guinea;
 Nor with a Scrowl of Bombast wait
 On London's bulky Magistrate,
 To welcome some old doating May'r
 Into his Lordly Elbow Chair;
 Who, if he sees you're mighty humble,
 In's Pocket then begins to fumble,

*And drops a Scandal to the Giver,
That should be scorn'd by the Receiver.
But Wits too oft have heard it said,
Half a Loaf's better than no Bread.*

*Descend not to so low a Pitch,
To flatter Fools because they're Rich;
Nor rattle forth Ten Thousand Lies,
To make a Blockhead think he's Wise.
But Sing of Mighty Kings and Heroes,
Of Cæsars, Pompeys, and of Neroes;
And Grace your Poems, and your Books,
With Eugenes, Malboroughs, and Rooks;
And when the loud-mouth'd Hawkers cry 'em,
Gentle and Simple both will buy 'em:
Then ev'ry Bookseller would thrive,
And Authors make a Shift to Live.
You'd find it would be better far
Than Scoring here, and Spunging there;
Or vainly lavishing your Wit,
To please some Blockhead for a Treat.
Ne'er cast your Pearl before such Swine,
On Free-cost to Carouse or Dine:
Scatter no Flirts, when o'er your Glasses,
To please a Pack of Brainless Asses;
Nor for their Golden Ears adore 'em;
So yours, in Sæcula Sæculorum.*

*From a Gentleman in London, to a
Friend in the Countrey*

S I R,

THE Knowledge I have of your Temper, assures me nothing can entertain your Curiosity with a more acceptable Collation, than an Account of the present State and Condition of our Bulky *Metropolis*, the Town, which in all Ages has been allow'd to be the very Epitome of the Universe; wherein the various Actions of the World are more narrowly contracted, and where the darkest *Mysteries*, both of Church and State, are made the common Subjects of every Blockhead's Tittle-tattle.

Our Foreign Wars are here most lively represented by our Domestick Differences, which are so zealously carry'd on in every Coffee-house and Tavern, that whosoever ventures to sit down among half a Dozen Gray-headed Citizens, is sure to have his Ears Surging'd with as many false Reports as Malice can invent, or her Lying Ladyship *Fame* blow into the credulous World thro' her Brazen Trumpet. News is the general Topick of all publick Discourse, and we have every Day some politick Imposition or other projected by contending Parties, in order to seduce Fools,
and

and make them malicious Instruments of their Base Designs, and Diabolical Practices. Strange Tidings in abundance, some false, some true, flow down with a hasty Current from the Statesman's Table, to the Cobler's Cottage, that the poor Soul can scarce eat his Pottage in a Morning, till he has enquir'd what News from the Duke of M----gb. The illiterate Porter cannot rest quietly on a *Gazette* Day at a Street Corner, with his Knot upon his Shoulder, till he has clubb'd his Farthing with three more of his Bretheren, to buy the News, which is laudibly blunder'd over; upon an Ale-house Bench, by some more Learned Lick-spigot, to the great Satisfaction of the listening Fraternity.

Politicians in all parts of the Town, are grown as numerous as Hackney-Writers, and Solicitors in *Chancery-Lane*; infomuch that every City-Lobcock, that has not Conduct enough to keep the Horn-plague out of his Family, will pretend publickly in Coffee-houses to direct the State, over their Ninny Broth, and make it as facile a thing to take the *French King* by the Whiskers, as it was for *St. Dunstan* to take the Devil by the Nose with his consecrated *Forceps*: If a divided Kingdom cannot stand, sure *England* must be but in a tottering Condition; for let Providence bless us with what Success soever, it pleases but one half of the Nation, and dis-pleases

eases t'other. . Backbiting and Slandering,
 e become as epidemical Evils as Fornication
 and Adultery, and indeed, are as highly in
 teem among the Low-Church, as if they
 ere Cardinal-Vertues. The whole Town
 over-flow'd with such an Inundation of
 ews-Papers, that one half of the Coffee-
 ouses are almost beggar'd by receiving them.
 blishers are grown so Rich, that their full
 gs, as well as Books, lie pil'd up, like
 cks in a Meal-shop; and Mercuries are be-
 me so very Prodigal, that they generally
 ke Coach to disperse their Pamphlets; the
 ry Hawkers of late have so much mended
 er Circumstances, that they Cry their News
Spanish-Leather Pumps and Silk Stockings,
 d scorn to Drink any thing worse than right
French-Brandy for a Morning's Draught, and
 od Clarret to their Dinners : In short, all
 ople concern'd in News, thrive in this in-
 sultive Age, like Swine upon Acorns, ex-
 ot some Coffee-men, who are forc'd to spend
 ore Money every Week in Paper, than they
 afford out of their small Takings to keep
 er Families in Necessaries. This Itch af-
 News, has so universally spread itself,
 at People cannot, even at Church, forbear
 quiring after it; and their Teachers, in a
 e of scarcity, are forc'd to tell them some
 their Pulpits, that their Congregations may
 part the better satisfied. As I was one Day
 sitting

sitting in a Coffee-house near *St Martins-le-Grand*, a Pragmatical *Shoomaker* coming into the Room, set himself down at a Table opposite to a Gentleman, who appear'd by his Garb, to be some Considerable Officer: *What News, Sir*, says the *Shoomaker*, *you look like a Man of Intelligence?*—*I tell thee this for true News*, says the Gentleman, *that if thou troublest me with such another impertinent Question I shall Cane thee for thy Saufiness.*—Lord, Sir, cries another that sat by, *that would be no News at all, for I have seen him serv'd so half a dozen times in a Week.*

I only Instance this Story to let you see how every Blockheadly Hound is so apt to run a News-hunting, that a reserv'd Man shall be worse punished in a Coffee-house, than a Bawful God-Father among Twenty Gossips at a Christening. Old Fools shall be begging you to read to 'em, because your Eyes are younger; and young Fools asking your Opinion, because, as you are older, they will think you wiser; so that no Body can come where the News-mongers Rendezvous, but he must be plagu'd with their Impertinence, and either read to please them, or give his serious Attention when they read, and report something that's ridiculous or strange, to amuse them, or else be amus'd by their strange or ridiculous Reports. Whatsoever pleases the Church and the Dissenters knit their Brows at, and what

fove

ever pleases the Dissenters, the Church has
 little reason to rejoice at. Thus, like *Hera-*
clitus and *Democrates*, one Side is always laugh-
 ing, and the other sorrowful. *What News*,
Brother Sweep, is become the Chimney-
 sweeper's Salutation, when he meets with
 another of the Sooty Fraternity; and scarce
Spittle-Fields Weaver, that gets seven Shil-
 lings a Week to maintain a Wife and half a
 dozen Children, but what, forsooth, must
 neglect his Business two Hours in a Day to
 creep into some Hedge Coffee-House to read
 the News-Papers: Every Scoundrel is grown
 so saucy, that he shall have plain *M-----* in
 his Mouth upon every turn, without his Ti-
 tle, as if he had been taught by the Dissen-
 ters to Undignify the Peers of the Realm, as
 well as to Unsaint the Apostles. The main
 inquiry upon *Change*, is now, *What News?*
 instead of, *How goes Trade?* and the chief
 business when they meet, is, to lay their
 row-Antlets together, and hatch false Re-
 ports, to propagate the Interest of their Par-
 ties. Besides abundance of Fanatical Hot-
 heads, who are for Railing all honest Men
 out of their Employments, to make room for
 their own Hypocrites to succeed them, we
 have such an ungovernable Number of scrib-
 bling Asserters of the Peoples Liberties, who
 do such so much Villany under their honest
 pretensions, that a discerning Judgment would

B

imagine

imagin from their Writings, they were endeavouring to make Tyrants of one half of the Nation, in order to enslave the other. Here are many Designs in Agitation, and Wise Men are apt to think, more than are good; but it is hop'd, in a little time, the Projectors will be justly rewarded, and that it will be thought necessary by the Nations Physicians, that their Scurrilous Advocates, for all their Wit, should at last be cut for the Simples. In short, the Nation is so strangely divided and corrupted, that it is almost as dangerous for a Man to speak up for the Church of *England* in publick Company, as it is for a Man to praise the Vertue and the Beauty of one absent Woman in the presence of several others; for it is ten to one but you will be talk'd into a Frensy, and hear abundance of more Faults ascrib'd to both, than either are deserving of; the Malice of Men, as well as Women, being both such, they will scarce give you leave to speak in the praise of God Almighty after any other manner than that themselves shall approve on. We have so many Paths to Heaven, which have been lately cut out by the *Act of Toleration*, that the main Quarrel amongst us, seems to be about, which is the nearest way; but if the truth were known, I believe our Contentions would appear with another Face, and prove to be rather about the Felicity of this World, than

the Happiness of the next. The common people are so desperately confounded in Matters of Religion, that it is become their Abuse Talk much more than their Practice; and their Devotion is more shewn in railing at the Discipline of another Community, than in keeping up to their own. Abundance of Wolves are crept into Sheeps clothing, but by a Learned Gentleman they have been so well strip'd of late, that they are pretty well known by this time, notwithstanding their Disguises. The Successes over our Enemies abroad, have been no little Disheartening to those at home, who were in great hopes of a new Ministry, and a new Parliament, had not the conduct of the Present put a full Stop to their intended Clamour, which I hope will be always punish'd for the Future, instead of listen'd to. In short, the unreasonable Ambition of some dissatisfied Persons, have put the Nation into such Confusion, that nothing but the Wisdom of so good a Government as we are now under, would be able to reduce us into a peaceful Unity; and let Mens Pretensions be what they will, our Corruptions and Divisions, are chiefly owing to the inordinate desires of some unreasonable Persons.

*When Babel's Tow'r was rais'd so high,
It almost touch'd the very Sky,*

To save old Noah's Sons and Daughters
 From Drowning in Tempestuous Waters;
 The Gods displeas'd with their Invention,
 Thought fit to spoil their good Intention,
 That Humane Ignorance might see,
 No Project a Defence could be
 For Man's poor weak and wicked Nature,
 Against the Wrath of the Creator;
 Who with an angry Eye beholding
 Their foolish and presumptuous Building,
 At once confounded in a trice
 Their Tongues, as well as their Device,
 That no Man's Meaning truly cou'd
 Be, by his Gaping, understood;
 But ev'ry one was plagu'd to find
 The Intention of another's Mind,
 And what he honestly design'd.

Methinks this Age, thro' strange Delusion
 Is fall'n into the like Confusion;
 For tho' Relation, Friend, and Neighbour
 Walk Cheek by Jole, and Talk and Jabber
 And with their Tongues keep such a Potber
 Yet no man understands another:
 For since Plain-dealing's out of Fashion,
 And Knavery o'reflows the Nation,
 Each Man, to be the more secure,
 Is building to himself a Tow'r,
 With Bags, not Brick, in hopes by Stealth
 To Climb near Heav'n upon his Wealth.

For Money, I'll be bold to say't,
 Tho'tis a Matter of great Weight,
 May in Tempestuous Times herea'ter,
 Keep a Mans Head above the Water:
 This makes the Great, such sordid Wretches,
 To build their hopes upon their Riches,
 Because, like Babel's Fools, they're thinking
 'Twill save them in a Storm from sinking;
 When Love of Gold's the only thing
 That does Mankind's Confusion bring:
 For Money is the Root of Evil,
 That steers us headlong to the Devil.
 The Man is bad that does abuse it,
 And he's much worse that will not use it;
 That is, in Case he has good store,
 And will not spend, but covet more.

Tho' many do the Dross condemn,
 Yet all Mankind at Riches aim.
 'Tis Money makes us all contend,
 And Friend so Jealous of his Friend.
 That no Man is so just and free,
 To let his Tongue and Heart agree;
 But when he talks, tho' to his Brother,
 He says one thing, and means another.
 'Tis only Int'rest that confounds us,
 And with a Thousand Plagues surrounds us;
 Nay, makes us of so vile a Nature,
 We dare not trust our Fellow-Creature,
 Lest he betrays or undermines
 Our Mighty Hopes and Great Designs;

*By which we do expect, (God Bless us)
In time, to be as Rich as Cressus.
These Fears and Jealousies, God knows,
That oft beget ill Words and Blows,
Have so bewitch'd both Good and Bad,
The Wise, the Merry, and the Sad,
And spread their Poyson thro' the Nation,
Mong Knaves and Fools in ev'ry Station,
From the Court Noble, to the Rabble,
That we are worse confus'd than Babel.*

*From a Reserv'd Gentleman in the
Country, to an extravagant King-
man in Town.*

Dear Cousin,

THE Duty of a near Relation, together
with a serious Consideration of your
future Welfare, have press'd me to take this
Freedom, in hopes to reclaim you from those
Liberties, which, I hear, if you continue in the
Practice of much longer, will certainly effect
your utter Ruin. Your Father, I am sensi-
ble, took care in his Life-time to bless you
with a liberal Education, becoming a Person
of your natural Wit, and a Gentleman who
had the Happiness to be born of not only so
Ancient, but so Eminent a Family. What

strange

Strange Delusions could hurry away a Man of your Parts into so vicious a Course of Life, as I am truly inform'd you now lead, I cannot possibly imagine. Therefore, before you are too far degenerated from the Principles of Honour and true Vertue, I beg of you to take the following Reflections into your early Consideration, and suffer not yourself to be so irrecoverably lost, as to become an indigent Spendthrift, despicable in the Eyes of the World, burthensome to your self, scandalous to your Family, odious to all sober Conversation, and ridiculous to those very Jilts and Sycophants that have hugg'd and flatter'd you to your own Ruin.

Your Father, when he Died, left you large Possessions, free from all Incumbrances; therefore pray consider with yourself, how wretched a thing it is for a Man to foolishly embezzle such a plentiful Patrimony in pursuit of those abominable Vices, which are certainly attended, if continued, with Shame, Poverty, and Distemper, that do not only make Life burthensome, but Death terrible; And how miserable must the State of that Man be who when he is past the Happiness of this World, has not so much as the reasonable Hopes of a future Felicity left him for his Comforter, but is forc'd to swallow down the nauseous Dregs of a painful Life, mingl'd with

the bitter Remains of a doubtful Repentance?

In the first place, I hear you are so bewitch'd to the Bottle, that it is as hard a matter to draw you out of a Tavern till you are Drunk as it is to lug a Dissenter to Church, or a Quaker to the Play-house; and that the Follies you commit in your Liquor, are so very extravagant, that a *Don John of Austria* would blush to see you, in your vain Excesses and acknowledge himself, in Comparison of you, but a meer Stripling of a Libertine.

But remember, Dear Youth, in the sobriest of thy Intervals, that Drunkenness is a loathsome Vice, that extinguishes the Light of Reason, and turns the Image of the Creator into a dangerous Brute; leaves him destitute of all those Heavenly Gifts, by which he is distinguish'd from God's meaner Creatures, and renders him only fit Company for that Herd of Swine which the Devil once distracted. Children fly a Drunkard as they would a Monster, and sober Men shun him in his Cups, as they would a raving Mad-Man. Dogs bark at him as a common Enemy, and Watch-men who are the very Dregs of Human Race, to shew their Aversion to Ebriety, disdain to be Civil to him: The Vintner that gets by him, is glad to be rid of him; and the very Flatterer that sponges on him, will rather spend his own Money in sober Company, than humour him in his Drunken Frolicks.

ticks for the sake of an extravagant Treat, but
 leave him in his Cups expos'd to the Freaks
 and Whimsies of his own ridiculous Intempe-
 rance. Whores Jilt him; Sharpers bubble
 him; Drawers cheat him; Coachmen im-
 pose upon him: In short, he is so disarm'd
 of his Senses, that he knows not what he does
 himself or what others do unto him; besides,
 is so strangely Metamorphos'd, both in Person
 and Temper, that his Looks are pale and lan-
 guid, as if Death had seiz'd him; and his
 Actions as irregular and wild, as if the Devil
 had possess'd him: His Joints are as feeble as
 a Rickety Infant's, he staggers as he walks,
 and jostles every thing he meets; falters in
 his Speech, like a Stammering Changeling,
 and pumps up more unsavory belches, than
 a Dutch Skipper over-charg'd with *Burgoa*,
 running Post hast to his Brandy-bottle; nei-
 ther is he fit Company for any Body but a
Bedlamite, or a fit Bed-fellow for any Body
 but a Beast; nor ought he to be admitted to
 any other Lodging, than a Stable or a Hog-
 styte, where he may Battle in his own Filth,
 without damaging those costly Necessaries
 which he is unworthy of the use of.

In the next place, I hear you are grown
 such a Fury at the Petticoats, that scarce a
 Tavern Sweaty Cook-wench, or Draggles-
 Tail Oyster-whore, can fall opportunely in
 your way, but you are ready to run the Ha-
 zard

zard of Fathering some Drawer's Bastard, and proving there is no Wisdom beneath the Waistband of the Breeches; and that you are well known by the Play-House, *Seraglio*, and at all the Bawdy-Houses in the Town, as an old Offender is at *Newgate* or the *Old-Baily*.

You may be assur'd, your Relations cannot, without the deepest Concern imaginable, hear that a Gentleman of your Qualifications, Comly Stature and Deportment, should dishonour yourself and your Family after so odious a manner, as to exhaust your youthful Vigour in the treacherous Embraces of a parcel of common Strumpets, who have neither Gratitude enough to value any Man, but for their own Interest, nor Modesty enough to refuse the meanest Scoundrel their infectious Favours, that can but bribe their Mercenary Fists with one prevailing Shilling. Would not a Man of Worth and Honesty disdain to mix with Bullies, Thieves, and Pick-pockets; or scorn to glut upon the Scraps or Refuse of inordinate and scandalous Rascals? How then can you so basely submit, as to suck up the loathsome Dregs of every Pimp and Pandar's Vices, and hazard the Imbibing of such poysonous Filth that may destroy your Health, and ulcerate your Limbs after so miserable a manner, that you may become a nauseous Spectacle to all Mankind, punish'd beyond help
with

with the terrible Effects of your sad Debauches?

If you have not the Gift of Continence, single out a Woman from the Fair Sex that you can think worthy of your Affections; let her be eminent for her Vertues, and of a good Family, tho' her Portion be inferiour to your own Fortune; and rather venture to Marry, than hazard your Health among a parcel of Lascivious Harlots who value not who they injure.

I have had the experience of a Married State, and can assure you, a good Wife is able to make it a great Happiness. Let not other Mens Misfortunes fright you from engaging in it; *for the Bear is not so ugly as it is sometimes painted*: I have always found my Wife, notwithstanding the mistaken Notions of some Libertines, upon all occasions, my truest Friend, and most faithful Confident, and have always thought my Children the greatest Blessings of my Life: Therefore let me advise you to Marry carefully, and you may Live happily; and withdraw yourself betimes from that sinful Course that will certainly make you miserable.

In the third place, I hear you are a great Gamester, and take as much Satisfaction in hazarding your Money, as some Men do in securing it. Heavens be prais'd, you have enough

enough already, if you would manage it but prudently: Pray therefore consider how ridiculous an Indiscretion you are guilty of, when you hazard that which you cannot be without, in hopes to win that which you have no occasion for; the Ods against you are so great, that if you lose your Patrimony, you are certainly undone; and should you double it, you could not be more happy than now you may be; *for enough is as good as a Feast*; and I am confident, no Gentleman of your Quality can in Reason desire a more plentiful Fortune than you are already possessed of; and would you be but content to live within the Bounds of Moderation, were you ambitious of growing Richer, your Estate would improve itself without the least Hazard. Why therefore will you trust your Substance in the Power of the Dice, who are never constant to any Man but the Rascally Sharper, who uses them with Advantage? Whatever you do, trust not *Fortune* with your Wealth, for if you do, some time or other you will surely find her a Jilt. An Itch after Play, is the effect of a covetous Humour, and Covetousness is the Root of all Evil. Consider Gaming, beside the Ruin of a Man's Forttne, is attended with many dangerous Vices and Inconveniencies. Every Man's Anger, when he loses, is in proportion to his Desire of winning; and he that solicits *Fortune* with

with the greatest Eagerness, is always most vex'd when he meets with a Disappointment. How common is it to see a losing Gamester biting his Nails, and raving like a Mad-man, tho' perhaps his own Hand threw the Cast that has occasion'd his Passion: Therefore, has he not more Reason to Curse himself for a Fool, than *Fortune* for a B---ch? for 'tis by trusting to her Kindness, that you give it into her Power to deceive you. Therefore the only way to master her, is, not to court her, and the best way to prevent her Frowns, is, not to covet her Smiles.

To make yourself a compleat Libertine, I hear you are also become an absolute Master of that Diabolical Science, Swearing, and can grace a Bawdy Story, or illustrate a profane Saying, with as fashionable an Oath as e'er an Atheist in *Christendom*. How Beaus and Blockheads came at first to affect this Infernal piece of sinful Prodigality, is not sure in the Power of Humane Nature to imagine. Other Sins have their Temptations, and carry along with them either Profit or Delight; but this fantastical Misusage of the Devil's Jargon, is a Vice so unaccountable, that the wittiest Profligate in the World, is unable to defend it with one tolerable Argument; it is a Sin that is neither pleasant to him that uses it, nor him that hears it; nor can it possibly conduce to any Body's Interest, except the Devil's.

Devil's. Indeed I am aſham'd to hear a Gentleman of your Senſe and Education, ſhould, amongſt the reſt of your Vices, contract ſo ſenſeleſs and ſo wicked a Habit, that is even ſcandalous in a Porter. Wiſe Men turn their Ears from the ingrateful Sound, and all Men of Modeſty and good Manners, ſhun the Damning Reprobate, as they would Infection: Beſides, a common Swearer has always the Reputation of a common Lyar; for no Man, certainly, that values what he ſays, would ever give his Tongue ſo odious a Liberty, that renders him a perfect Bugbear to the generality of Mankind, and frights all well-bred Perſons of both Sexes from coming into his Company: Therefore, pray, dear Kinfman, let me beg you, for the future, to keep ſo ſtrict a Guard upon that unruly Member, the Tongue, that by a ridiculous uſe of thoſe abominable Habits, viz. Swearing and Profane Talk, you may not render your ſelf obnoxious to all Civil Societies, but avoid all Companies where you hear them practis'd; for remember, *it is evil Communication that corrupts good Manners.*

Would you once but Marry, and come and experience the Satisfaction of a Country Life, I am confident it will ſoon work ſuch an alteration in your Temper, that you would look back with ſuch Contempt upon your preſent Practices, as would ſatisfy the World you reflected

reflected on your past Follies with as commendable an Abhorrence, and as perfect a Repentance as did the Wise *Solomon*, when he cry'd, *All was Vanity and Vexation of Spirit*: Therefore let me entreat you to raise your Head above the Surface of those vain Delights, in which you are now drowning, that so worthy a Personage may not perish in Sensuality, to the Distraction of your Friends, and to your own Eternal Misery; but let my serious Admonitions so induce you to recollect your self, and consider how dangerous a Road it is you are now travelling, which terminates at so dark and dreadful a Precipice that will trepan you headlong into utter Destruction. Therefore, dear Kinsman, for the Love of Heaven, yourself, and your Relations, deliberate a little upon the unhappy Course you are now steering, that you do not plunge yourself into those dangerous Gulphs from whence there is no returning. Pray let me hear as early as you please, your Sentiments of the good Advice I have here given you, and you will oblige your aged and affectionate Uncle to always remain the most faithful of your Friends.

T. G.

Postscript.

Postscript.

D(know)ear Youth, didst thou by sweet experience
 The peaceful Pleasures that from Vertue flow;
 From her delightful Paths you'd never stray,
 But trace her Foot-steps, and her Rules obey.
 Vertue the Soul from Perturbation frees,
 And makes Men bear the painful'st Fate with ease:
 It cheers the Body, and delights the Mind,
 And yields us all we can desire to find:
 It palliates Grief, and softens all our Toils,
 Makes Fortune's Frowns as welcome as her Smiles
 By Vertue, Satan's Pow'r we overthrow;
 It upwards leads, and blesses us below.
 Vertue, the worst Misfortune soon removes,
 And the best Friend in our Affliction proves;
 Keeps us whilst Living in a prosp'rous way,
 And bears us Witness at the last Great Day;
 Whilst Vice begets 'twixt Soul and Body, strife,
 And is the Bane of Peace, and Curse of Life.
 From her foul muddy Springs, such Plagues arise,
 That no Pandora's Box could equalize.
 It maims our Bodies, and our Wealth decays,
 And punishes our Minds ten Thousand ways.
 It stifles Reason, Reputation stains,
 And for short Pleasures, gives us tedious Pains.
 It's Front looks charming, but the dreadful Rear
 Makes Life a Burthen, and our Death severe.
 In the next World, 'twill our accuser be,
 And rob us of a blest Eternitie.

W^ho

*Who then would derogate from Vertue's Rule,
To be an amorous Beau or drunken Fool?*

The young Libertine's Answer to his Uncle.

Worthy Sir,

I Must confess I read your Evangelical Epistle with about as much Satisfaction as ever I did a Sermon, and cannot but believe you have been at the Expence of imploying some superannuated Spintext, to rattle off your poor Nephew for takiug a little Juvenile Recreation. I am very ready to acknowlege you have oblig'd me with one of the most precise Satyrs against Drinking, Whoring, Gaming, and Swearing, that ever I met with in my Life; and if ever I live to find the Consequences of 'em by Experience, to be as bad as you have reported, I will leave 'em off as you have done, and rail as heartily against 'em: But till then, I shall never be able to drink Small Beer, as you do, for my Evening's Draught, and go to Bed by *Nine a Clock* at Night, in order to get up early enough to see the Sun rise the next Morning. Midnight, among Men that rightly understand the Delights of the Bottle, has been always approv'd as the only Season to celebrate our *Bacchanals*; for nothing but Wedlock, and the Cares of the World, as I imagine, can drag a Man to his Pillow, when he has no inclination to sleep. If I

live to be Old and Crasy, I know my Body will require less Drink and more Rest; but by *Bacchus's* Rummer, as long as I am vigorous and youthful, I could no more spend a Night without a dear *Phillis* in my Arms, or a Drawer at my Elbow, than I could sit an Afternoon at Church without Sleeping, or an Evening at the Play house without prattling to a Punk; for I assure you, Sir, I find such incomparable Qualities contain'd in good Claret, that it makes me as Wise as a *Solomon*, as Strong as a *Sampson*, as Stout as a *Hercules*, and as Great as a King, and withal so very kind and obliging to the Female Sex, that, in short, a Man cannot be any thing that is truly Brave and Generous without it. If you were but to compare one of us Fuddling Caps in our Airs, to one of your precise Small Beer Solitudinarians, you would find one would appear with the Majesty of an Emperor and the other with the sneaking Humility of a Slave; therefore what penitential Sinner, that has but the Spirit of a Cobler, would renounce brisk Claret, if he could but come at it, for the insupportable Juice of nasty Hops and Grain that is fit for nothing but to make a Man's Head a Block, and his A---se a Trumpet?

You seem, Sir, also to be very angry that I give my self the Liberty of scattering a few loose Coins among the Ladies. I protest, Sir, if you were but to see what a parcel of Animalical dear Creatures we have about the Town, none of them above the purchase of half a

Our

Ounce of Silver ; I dare swear you would think
 half a Crown could not be better spent, than
 in procuring their Favours: They are such
 pretty, witty, arch, obliging Company, that
 they will Jest with you, play with you, kiss
 you, tickle you, or be drunk with you, or
 do any thing to please you, that a Man in Mo-
 desty can desire of 'em; nay, if you strain a
 Point, they'll not be angry with you, but stand
 as quietly as your bald-fac'd Cow when the
 Bull's upon the Back of her. And who do you
 think, that has Money to spare, can forbear
 flinging away a little of it in such winning
 Conversation; besides, the more I keep them
 Company, the better I shall understand the
 Temper of the Female Sex, and know the bet-
 ter how to deal with a Woman, if ever it should
 be my Fortune to be plagu'd with one; that is,
 to be wedded to one, I mean, which you are so
 kind to advise me to in all haste. I thank you,
 Sir, for your good Counsel, but I think I shall
 scarce Marry; *Not so mad neither*, as a *Bedla-*
mite reply'd to a Gentleman, who ask'd him,
 why he did not marry the Woman he had run
 Distracted for,) unless there was a Law made,
 that a Man might have as many Wives as *Solo-*
mon; and then too perhaps he would have some
 Difficulty to meet with one good one amongst
 them, notwithstanding the largeness of their
 Number: Therefore what Man that has but a
 Nutshel full of Brains, would run the ha-
 zard of being curs'd with a bad Wife, when it

is ten to one against him, that he never meets with a good one? If she be Chast, she may be a Scold; if she be good-natur'd, she may be a Fool; if she be Witty, she may be a Whore; if she be Pretty, I should be Jealous of her; if she be Ugly, I should hate her; if her Fortune be but small, a Man had better be without her; and if it be great, it's a hundred to one but she'll be as proud as *Lucifer*; and as Imperious as the C-zar of *Moscovy*. Thus I have weigh'd Matrimony with abundance of deliberation, and cannot as yet a while make the State of **Duplication** agree in any measure with my Latitudinarian Constitution; for like a good Husband, I have very savingly consider'd, that I, who am a wonderful Lover of Variety, can have a hundred pretty Female Dandiprats in one Year, for less Money than it will cost a Man to maintain a Wife in Gloves, Fans, and Topknots, besides the confounded Expence of Pin-money, and fine Petticoats, *Flanders-lac'd* Heads, and Silver-lac'd Shooes, fine Mullin Night-rails, and soft *Holland* Smocks, Furbulo'd Hoods and Scarfs, Rich Girdles, Silk Stockings, Diamond Rings, Pearl Necklaces and the Devil and all. What Fool, I say, would be at the Charge of these things to oblige one Woman, when I can have the Choice of five hundred pretty Creatures ready dress'd for half a Crown apiece, that will be industrious to oblige me, and do twenty pretty Tricks to curry Favour with a Man, which a Wife would

be ashamed to do, and her Husband as much ashamed to let her? Therefore who do you think, Uncle, that understands Trap as well as your Nephew, will ever suffer himself to be lock'd into the Matrimonial Bilboes? In short, Uncle, I hate a melancholly sober Life, worse than a Plow-man does lean Pottage, and abominate Wedlock more than a poor Whore does the *Reforming Society*.

As for Gaming, Sir, that you so much exclaim against, I assure you 'tis as great a Pleasure to him that loves it, as Scratching is to a *Scotch* Pedlar troubled with the *Scrubado*; and as for my own part, I must confess I think the Rattling of a Box and Dice, to be as good Musick as you can possibly find in the Lowing of your fat Bullocks, or the Yelping of your Fox-Hounds. Gaming is become the chief Diversion of Quality, insomuch, that there is not one Great Man in ten, but what spends more time at the Noble Game of Hazard, than he does in the Service of either Queen or Country, and flings away more Money in pursuit of Fortune at the Groom Porters, than in good House-keeping; nay, the very Ladies spend more Time at Cards, than they do at their Prayers, and often toss away the Money at *Bank of Volet*, which should pay the Exchange-Man and the Mercer. Therefore since all People of Fashion use it, pray, Uncle, give me Leave to behave myself like a Gentleman; besides, Sir, it's a very healthful Exercise, for it

stirs all the Humours of the Body, as well as the Faculties of the Mind, much better than a Mornings Huntings, or a solitary Walk after Supper; for it will make a Man Storm and Swear, Fret and Fume, Laugh and be Joyful, Quarrel, Kick and Scramble, and do twenty pretty Tricks that never were done by a Monkey, and seldom leaves a Man in the State of Indifference, but generally either pleas'd or angry. In the next place, Sir, it's an excellent Pastime for a Man to Moralize upon; for nothing can put him more in Mind of the Fickleness of Fortune, or the Uncertainty of the things in this World, than the sudden Changes of the Dice, which if I could but bear without a Grumbling in the Gizard, I might be so bold as to say, I had excell'd *Job* in Patience, and was become as fit a Man to enter into the State of Matrimony as ever forgave his own Cuckold-maker, and made him his Bosom Friend; or as ever suffer'd himself to be made a good Husband by his Wife's Scolding at him.

Swearing, Sir, as contemptibly as you speak of it is of late become such a fashionable piece of Gallantry, that in Town we can scarce know a Man to be a Gentleman, but by this blustering Qualification. Learning we no more value in a Man, than we do Vertue in a Woman; for every sorry Mechanick, and Scoundrel Ale-house-keeper, have the prodigality now-a-days to breed their Sons either Parsons, Lawyers, or Physicians: Therefore we Men of Honour
esteem

esteem one another for only such Acquirements as are commendable in a Camp, as Whoring, Drinking, Blustering, Fencing, but more particularly, Swearing; which does not only give a graceful Air to what we speak, but such a Manly Force to our Expressions, that shews us to be Men of Courage, that neither fear any thing in this World, nor Damning in the next.

I would not have you think this laudable Ornament to Speech, is only crept in among Beaus and Courtiers, but also into the City, and is as much practis'd even from the Scarlet Gown, down to the Crop-ear'd Prentice, as amongst Men of Honour and Quality; which makes us fear in a little time it will be so much us'd by Mechanicks, that it will be as scandalous for a Gentleman to drop an Oath out of his Mouth, as it would be to drop a Sur---ce into his Breeches, and the former offend the Ears, as much as the latter would the Nostrils. The very Ladies are grown such Infidels, and Encouragers of this piece of Gentility, that when you talk of Love to 'em, not one word you say will be cordially believ'd, till you have bound it with as many Oaths and Protestations as would serve a Bully at a whole Evenings Play, or a drunken Butcher at a Bull-baiting.

But however, dear Sir, after all, my unmannerly and frothy Answer to your kind Reproofs and generous Instructions, I do assure you your just Resentments of my Follies and Extravagance, together with your excellent Reflecti-

ons and indearing Counsels, have made so deep an Impression upon my Mind and Memory, and have given me so penitential a Sense of my past Error, that with Heaven's Assistance, I have sincerely resolv'd a Reformation for the future; and in order to further strenghten those vertuous Inclinations, which I must own are kindled in me by the Wisdom and Piety of your convincing Letter, I do design to wait upon you in the Country within a Fortnight, where I question not but to be always happy under your good Directions. Therefore pray, Sir, be not offended at the Loosness of my Drollery, which I used at first only to surprize you, that the subsequent Promises I have made might yield you the greater Satisfaction.

*London, farewell, and all thy vain Delights,
That burry on our Days, and drown our Nights.
Adieu fair Mifs, and all your tempting Airs,
With Freedom now can I disdain your Snares;
No study'd Smile, or kind inviting Look,
Shall please my Eye, or draw me to your Hook;
Nor shall the Charms of Beauty, join'd with Wine,
Rob me of Reason that is more Divine.
Truth I'll pursue, and rural Pleasures court;
Wrong not my self, or do my Neighbour Hurt;
Attone for all my youthful Follies past,
And live each Day as not to fear my last;
Tho' wicked once, the carping World shall see
A Youth, tho' wild, a happy Man may be;
And shake off vain Delights for true Felicity.*

A Letter

*A Letter from a High-Church Chapman
in the Country, to a Low-Church
Trader in Town.*

Grave Sir,

According to your Request I have
look'd over your Account, which I
find so notably enlarg'd by your self-edify-
ing Conscience, that I could scarce persuade
myself to believe, but I had been all the
while dealing with a *New-England* Factor,
or an *Amsterdam* Jew; for I little expected
such unreasonable Usage from a Man of
your affected Gravity, singular Piety, and
pretended Probity; but I now too plainly
perceive, by the extortion of your Bill,
that your puritanical Looks, your sanctify'd
Deportment, and Cant of Moderation, are
but so many hypocritical Cloaks under
which you hide those Talents of Self-In-
terest, which would make a Tally-man
blush, tho' a reputed *Jacobite*. I must con-
fess, 'till now I had a favourable Opinion
of the majority of the *Dissenters*, but I can-
not judge otherwise from your unconscio-
nable Practices, but that there are some a-
mong 'em too like yourself, who only put
on an external Holiness, as notorious Bawds
do precise Apparel, for no other purpose,
but

but to deceive the Innocent, and to carry on their wicked Designs, without suspicion or detection.

Your wonderful Pretensions to a punctual Honesty, and the shaking your grave Noddle at other Mens Failings, were the chief Motives that induc'd me to believe you an honest Man; but now, alas, I find, too early by woful experience, that your Hand upon your Breast, the paralytick Motions of your Head, the turning up of your Eyes, and your pathetick Groans for the Sins of *Israel*, are but fanatick Graces, copy'd from a Tub-Orator, and most industriously acquir'd, as the true Embellishments of a Hypocrite, or else you would never have reckon'd me Forty Shillings a Pound for *Cochinele*, at a time when I could have bought as good among those terrible Bugbears call'd *High-flyers*, at Twenty Nine Shillings, and have been thank'd heartily for my Custom; but then, perhaps, my Letters would not have been fill'd with such large Encomiums upon our *Spanish* General; nor should I have had so many pious *Memorandums* into the Bargain, to have put me in mind of Mortality: So that, barring those Advantages, which, tho' they are no Article in your Bill, I understand I must pay for, I think it not sinful to believe, that I might have met with more Honesty in a Libertine, than in so demure a Saint, that talks so much of Grace and Acts with so little Conscience,

As your Bill is Jewish, your Dealings Knaveish, your Temper Avaritious, and your Circumstances Craving, I have order'd you your Money, which I intend as a period to our Commerce, and a final Bar to our further Correspondence: And all the satisfaction I propose to myself, for the sanctify'd Frauds you have impos'd upon me, is, to let you know what an extraordinary Opinion I think I have just reason to conceive of you, *viz.*

You are a Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing, or rather, a mercenary Hypocrite, cover'd over with the Shell of Religion, a meer ravenous Aligator, in Impenetrable Armour, who, whilst you prey upon others, preserve your own Welfare by your superficial Sanctity: Like a Parish Passing-Bell, you are full of nothing but doleful Sound; and as that, when it is Rung, moves one way, and the Clapper the other, so always have your Actions and your Tongue a quite different Tendency: *In the Name of the Lord you begin all your Fallacies*, and with your bitter Exclamations against the Pope and the Devil, hide all your Villanies: Sanctify'd Nonsense and spiritual Effusions are the subtil Preliminaries of your Holy Cheats; and whenever you talk sighingly of Grace and Good Works, you are contriving bad ones: You are jealous of all Men, but the confiding Saints of your own Party, and think it now more a Sin to overreach a Church-man, than a Jewish Infidel does to cheat a Christian: What's a wonderful Crime
in

in a *High-flyer*, you have the Vanity to believe meritorious in your self; for how horrid a Papist would you reckon him, that should Cozen a Saint, and how zealous a Brother do you account him, that can oppress a Neighbour of a different Kidney? You are seldom talking of God, but you are acting the part of the Devil; and when ever you writ me most Scripture in your Letters, I always found the most deceit in your Parcels: Riches are your only aim, and Cozenage and Hypocrisy your chosen means to attain it; for you will neither serve God without Gain, nor Man without Extortion: Study'd Prevarications, mental Reservations and Equivocations are the Logick and the Sophistry that you principally deal in; by the use of which, you make it your endeavour to trick both Man and the Devil. Contemptible Smiles, and the shaking of your Ears are the Graces of your Resentments, and the Tokens of your Revenge; for after the same manner that honest Men show their Pity, you discover your Contempt, and are never more likely to cut a Man's Throat, than when you Simper in his Face. What you condemn in others, you yourself practise with the greatest violence: You love dearly Persecution, but you hate to be persecuted; and can no more talk of Moderation, without shewing your inveteracy, than a *Billingsgate* can talk of Patience without Scolding: 'Tis true, you hate Cursing and Swearing as bad as a young Whore does the House of Correction,

but

but love Lying and Dissembling as dearly as an old Bawd does burnt Brandy: Above all other Creatures you live most like a Hedge-Hog, for you wrap yourself up in your own warm Down, and turn ont nothing but your Bristles to all the World besides: Religion, which you chiefly talk on, to sanctify your Knaveries, you use just as a Maggot does a Nut, you devour the Kernel, whilst you protect yourself in the Shell: The time you can spare from your own Profit, like a *true-blue Protestant*, you dedicate to your Devotion, but chiefly out of a niggardly Temper to keep you from Expences; so that the chief end of your Holy Exercises are to serve yourself more than your Creator. The Reasons why I think so are these two, *viz.* Because I am well inform'd you are often at Prayers when you should pay Money, and at the Meeting-House on a Holiday, when a poor Relation comes to visit you; by which Holy Stratagems you defer Payments, and preserve your Victuals. I know you are as subtil as a Serpent, and as frugal as a Miser; too wary to be out-witted, and too niggardly to be Charitable; which excellent Qualifications make you a fit Merchant to deal with the Devil or his Broker. I understand, you are a great dealer in Statutes of Bankrupt, and, like a merciful Christian, have made as many Beggars in your time as would have fill'd *Sutton's Hospital*. Notwithstanding your great aversion to the *Whore of Babylon*, I hear a Harlot of your own making has lately laid a Male

Mele Bastard to you. *Pray God bleſs the Child, and make him an honeſter Man than his Father.* Lying, 'tis true, I have often catch'd you in, but lying with your own Maid I thought a Sin too damnable for a Saint to be guilty of: But warm Zealots have hot Codpieces; and notwithstanding their profeſt Purity, will be wicked in a Corner. Cant and Inſinuation are your working Tools, and Profit or Pleaſure the end of all your Labours. In a diſſembling Age you make Hypocriſy your Intereſt; for your ſanctify'd Looks draw Customers into your Shop as the Eyes of a Baſilisk decoys the Squirrel to tumble into his Mouth. The Univerſe is the Theater, the Earth the Stage, the Tragedy acting thereon may be call'd *Villany*, and the part I find you have choſen, is to play the Devil between God and Man. I know you are very Rich, but very Covetous, as if, in ſpight of the old Proverb, you were reſolv'd, whatſoever you've got o'er the Devil's Back ſhould be never ſpent under his Belly: You are only a kind of Jeſuit turn'd inſide outwards; for the very Principles they privately ſuggeſt, you openly maintain, and the dangerous Poyſon they conceal within 'em, you carry at your Tongue's end, as an Adder does her Venom, which you are too ready to dart forth upon the Church without a juſt occaſion: Your Heart is the very Store-houſe of Envy and Ill-nature; and you are never better pleas'd, than when you have a fair opportunity of ſhewing its Commodities to

a Church-Dealer: Your Mouth is an unswept Oven over-heated with the Firebrands of Revenge and Prejudice, that bakes nothing but crusty Sayings, to be flung in the Teeth of a true Church-man: Your Hands are the Mammonites that convey unlawful Gain out of other Peoples Pockets into your own Till; and the greatest Service that you look upon your Legs can do you, is to carry you a Moneyhunting. In short, take you all together and you're a dissembling bundle of Self-interest, ready pack'd up for *Charon's* Ferry-Boat, when the grisly Churl, like a *Brentford* Waterman, shall call for the sinful Burthen to go *Downwards* ho! In which condition I shall leave you, till your Words are less designing, and your Actions less Knavish; and then, perhaps, you may have fresh Dealings with your humble Servant

J.S.

*The Low-Churchman's Answer to his
High-Church Chapman.*

Most angry Friend,

I Receiv'd thy reproachful Letter, or rather, scurrilous Invective; for, like a true high-flying Pamphlet, it is stuff'd as full of Calumny and Ill-nature, as if it had been written by a Jesuit, in order to stigmatize the Lord's chosen People, and to render them obnoxious to
their

their true Protestant Brethren. I believe thou hast dealt with me for no other reason, but to have a better opportunity of picking a Hole in my Coat, and doing damage to my Reputation; just as the Under-strappers of Reformation often pick up Harlots, pretending to humour them in their unlawful Dealings, when the End of their Design is no more than to plainly detect 'em, and afterwards expose 'em to open Shame and Punishment. I am sorry thou should'st give me so much reason to suspect thee to be a downright *Jacobite*; for sure nothing but a rank Papist, or at least a *Perkenite*, could have us'd a Protestant Subject after so Jesuitical a manner, as thou hast scoffingly treated me in thy malignant Epistle. If thou thought'st I had over-reach'd thee in the Price of my Commodities, thou might'st have sent me a civil Letter, to have told me wherein, and perhaps I might have abated thee something in my Bill that might have prov'd to thy satisfaction, and have preserv'd our Friendship; but to arragin me for a Knave before thou hadst made an ample tryal of my Honesty, I must needs tell thee it favours so highly of Antichristan Principles, that I can scarce believe thee to be otherwise than a Popish Idolater. If every Man must be accounted an ill Man, that charges in his Bill a little more than in strict Justice he ought to take, then every Shop-keeper must be a Knave in his Dealings; for its a Custom universal among all Traders, to insist upon one Price and comply with

with another; therefore if thou hadst thought thyself too hardly us'd, had thy Letter been modest, and thy Complaint moderate, perhaps thou should'st have found I would have redress'd thy Grievance; but since thou hast sent me an Order for my Money, wrap'd up in the bitterness of thy Wrath, and most shamefully defiled with the frothy Scum of thy over-boiling Passion, I shall abide by my Bill, and take the liberty of acquainting thee, the Goods I sent thee are worth the Money thou hast order'd me; for to tell thee the truth of it, 'tis a Maxim with me never to receive bad Words, or give good ones, but when ever I have opportunity, to make him that gives me the one, or receives the other, very handsomely pay for't: so if you want any more Goods at the same price, let your Anger be never so great, or your Letters never so abusive, I am still ready to deal with you: But I tell thee this for thy comfort, that I shall always set thee down two-pence a Line for thy ill Language, because I care not to pay thee in thy own Coin. As for my falling upon the Bed of unlawful love with my own Servant, which thou tak'st upon thee to unjustly upbraid me with, it is as false as thy other wicked Suggestions; tho' the brazen-fac'd Harlot most shamefully accus'd me of using her as my Handmaid, and most sinfully begetting a spurious Issue on her polluted Body, in the Act of Abomination; yet I plainly tell thee, as I'm an honest

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Man,

Man, I never in my Life committed the heinous Sin of Fornication with her; or did I ever use the temptation of Kissing, the unseemly practice of fingering the Flesh or any other indecent freedom, whereby to let her understand, that the Flesh was in rebellion against the Light of the Spirit; or that Satan, by his subtle Insinuations, had prevail'd upon me to step aside, contrary to the Convictions of my own Conscience. I not only say, but most solemnly declare, I do not remember that ever I offered any of these Abominations or unrighteous things unto her; and without these sinful Beginnings, how could a Man be decoy'd into so filthy a Transgression: It is true, when the Wine has been in me, I know not what advantage the Father of all Mischief might then take of my frail Indisposition, who is always lurking to betray the Righteous into his Evil Snare when the weakness of our Natures are less guarded against his subtle Devices; and then I say, I do not know how far I might be tempted to humble the Flesh, after a sinful manner when that faithful Guide, the Spirit, was departed from me; but I still protest, that I do not remember I ever defil'd my self with the opprobrious Strumpet, who, like a reprobate Hussy, has laid her vile Offspring to my paternal Charge; therefore I do verily and indeed believe, it was the wicked Contrivance of some notorious *Jacobite* against me, purely to expose a hater of Popery, and a true Protestant

to the Shame and Scandal of the Low-Church; for which reason, in Justice to my self, I shall return thee my Opinion of a High-flyer, that thou may'st see I am able to give thee a *Rowland* for thy *Oliver*.

As our Teachers tell us, He is a Jacobite Reprobate, that has a Knave in his Sleeve, a Pope in his Belly, and the Devil in his Conscience: He's a Slave to Loyalty, and a violent pretender to much Honour and Honesty, and will rather neglect to serve himself or his Country, than to sacrifice his Principles to the Interest of either. He's a Bishop-ridden Ass, that is always braying against Presbytery; yet to once that he goes to Church, he walks ten times to the Tavern; the greatest part of his Religion lies in drinking of Healths to the High-Church, and the best part of his Devotion is paid daily to the Bottle: He dreads a Commonwealth as bad as a Beggar does a Whipping-Post, but loves Arbitrary Government as dearly as a Jack-Daw does a Church-Steeple; he admires no Monarchy but that which is absolute, and would rather a whole Kingdom should be Vassals to the Throne, than the Prince answerable to the People; we, the Saints of the Land and Saviours of the Nation from Popery and Slavery, he distinguishes to be Hypocrites, and would rather ten Papists were admitted into Authority, than one Dissenter; he values his Integrity so much like a Fool, that he will rather starve than forfeit his Character, by hold-

ing a Candle to the Devil: He is as much an Enemy to a Meeting-House, as a Goose is to a Fox's Kennel; and thinks there is more Religion in a good Play, than in a Low-Church Sermon; a Cloak and a Band, a demure Countenance and grave Deportment, are the Objects of his Scorn, and the Subjects of his Banter; and the Soul-saving Doctrine deliver'd to the Saints, is as frightful to his Ears, as the pop of a Gun in Cherry-season to a shy Magpie: He makes a heavy grunting against the Act of Toleration, and hates that Protestant Wind that blows down Windfalls for the Dissenters: He has a wonderful veneration for the Tacking-Gentlemen, and hopes for as many Benefits from the Occasional-Bill, as we do from the Doctrine of the Bible: He's a great Memorialist, and pities the hard Fate of that High-Church Remonstrance, as much as we do the Whipping of Doctor *Oates*, or the Martyrdom of *Colledge*: He's an inveterate Scourger of the Calves-Head-Club, and hates any Man that eats Veal upon the Thirtieth of *January*, especially if it be done in contempt of that memorable Action which thou know'st we Glory in: He's a stiff Prodigal that desires the Law, and will be govern'd by nothing but the dictates of his own Conscience: He's too stubborn to be drove, and too steady to be tempted, and despises nothing more than the gainful Compliances of those Men, who have Wit enough to prefer their own Welfare to a starving Obstina-

cy, and think Conforming Principles of more advantage to a good Christian, than a threadbare Conscience: He's the Mock of the Dissenters, the Laughing-stock of the *Review*, and the Railing-Mark of the *Observer*, the subject of our Scandal, the Theme of all our Satyrs, the umbrage of our Plots, the Scare-crow of our Mob, and the very Chorus of our Ballads. and if thy self art fond of wearing the familiar Character I have here given thee, I wish it well may fit thee; for Jackets that fit close shew the shape the best; and if well sew'd, always last the longer. Which is all at present from your Loving Friend

T.S.

*A Letter from a Moorfields Conjurer
to a Country Astrologer.*

Brother Philomat,

HAVING lately met with a very scornful Banter upon our infallible Art of Astrological Prediction, I thought my self oblig'd, in Friendship, to communicate the unlucky Satyr to your judicious View, that you who are retir'd into the Country, for the better Consultation of the Celestial Bodies, might see what dissenting Infidels we are daily attack'd by in this Town, who have no more Faith in the powerful Influence of the Seven Planets, than a true-blue Saint has in *Transubstantiation*,

or a Christian in the *Alchoran*. O! what an unhapy Air do our Fraternity live in, when the *Egyptian Learning* is thus trodden under Foot, and made the Sport and May-game of every Buffoonry Scribler: As to my own part, I profess I am hourly so engag'd in the profitable pursuit of Stol'n Goods, stray'd Cattle, mislaid Spoons, and lost Bodkins, besides furthering Matches, making Sygils, and Calculating Nativities, or otherwise I would have taken the pains to have convinc'd the World, of the verity of our Art, in answer to that Merry Gentleman, who has so Comically endeavour'd to render it ridiculous; but as the hurry of my Business will afford me no leisure for so serviceable an Undertaking, I hope the perusal of so disparaging a Piece will animate a Man of your Polite Learning and great Judgment, to consider it so well as to give the Enemies of Astrology your Sentiments upon it, that the Publick may at once behold, in your shining Style, the Truth and Glory of the Stars, and the stupid Ignorance of those unthinking Mortals who oppose their Influence. I confess, cannot but wonder how so many compleat Masters of the heavenly Sciences, as this Learned Town to my knowledge abounds with, can remain in their Studies so patiently and silently and see their Art decline under the Scourges and Abuses of every Jocular Penman, without so much as gracing their Almanacks with one spit-fire Answer to any Invective or Lampoon

written

written in prejudice to the Planets: But from you, dear Brother, we have all great hopes, and question not but the Sarcastick Jeers you'll find in the inclosed, will readily inspire you with the true Spirit of a *Gadbury*, and then we need not fear but the ancient Art of Astrology will once more find an indefatigable Defender. With the desire of which, I remain

Your Loving Brother in

Physick and Astrology,

T. T. Philomat.

Merry Observations upon every Month, and every remarkable Day, throughout the whole Year.

J A N U A R Y.

*This Month keep near the Fire, or you'll find,
Your Noses Frost-nip'd with a sharp cold Wind.
And as for those who in Love's sports engage,
A warm Bed's better than beneath a Hedge.*

ON the first Day of this Month, will be given many more Gifts than will be kindly receiv'd, or gratefully rewarded. Children, to their inexpressible Joy, will be drest up in their best Bibs and Aprons, and may be seen handed along Streets, some bearing *Kentish* Pippins, others Oranges stuff'd with Cloves, in order to crave a Blessing of their Godfathers and Godmothers. Flatterers will be very busy in bestowing their small Presents, where they are well assur'd of greater in return. Hypocrites in Churches will be ostentatiously liberal to the Poor's Box: And Poets fulsome Panegyricks will be more costly to their Patrons, than a Lawyer's Breath to a warm Client, or a Physician's Visit to a rich Patient.

I cannot foresee, by the Stars, that any thing will remarkably happen till the sixth of the Month, yet, in respect to the Holy Dozen of Apostles, it will be call'd *Twelfth-Day*, a warm spicy *Arabian Breeze* will blow thro' *Wood-street*, from early in the Morning till late at Night; the wonderful Climate of which place will be worth the greatest Traveller's Observation; for their Cakes, tho' drawn hot out of the Oven, will, in a little time, appear ic'd all over. The great Affairs of this Evening will be very strangely canvas'd, many a real *Knave* will be honour'd with the Title of *King*, many a *Shut* be saluted with the Dignity of *Queen*, many an *honest Man* be laugh'd at for a *Knave*, and many a *cleanly Damsel* be disparag'd with the Name of *Shut*. Much Drinking, Kissing, Card-playing, and Merriment till Twelve at Night, and great dancing of Father *Adam's Jigg*, both in *London* and the Country all Night after.

The next remarkable Day in this Month is the *Twenty third*, upon which the Farmers of the Law open their *Hilary-Harvest*, in order to reap the benefit of that Contention sown between *Knaves* and *Fools*; who, because they are Rich, oftentimes fall out, and will never be made Friends till the *Lick-penys* of the Law have made 'em poorer. Many a promoter of Differences distinguish'd by a diminutive Band, will see several golden Apparitions every Morning, except *Sundays*, for this three Weeks,

Weeks, without being frightened; and many an empty *Black-Jack* will be tipt with Silver; who can say but little to the purpose. Students, during the Term, will return every Day from *Westminster*, to their respective Inns of Court by Twelve, sit down with hungry Stomachs to their Commons, about half an Hour after, and eat as heartily as so many ravenous Bumkins, at a Feast of Harvest-Home, whilst the Steward, standing by, peeps over 'em with as evil an aspect as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*, wishing heartily, in his Thoughts, the Lord who sent 'em Food, wou'd be pleas'd to take away their Stomachs. Many a contentious *Coridon* will sell a Barn full of Wheat to contend for a Straw, whilst the wise Men of the Law will laugh such Fools out of their Livings, as cannot keep their seditious Spirits from wronging their Neighbours.

On the *Thirtieth* of this Month, some sanctified Chips of the Rebellious old Block, will keep a *Calves-Head* Feast, in derision of the Sufferings of the Blessed *English* Martyr, over which they will saucily talk Treason, drink Confusion to Monarchy, wish Prosperity to a Common-wealth, commemorate the Villanies of their Ancestors, and highly commend the good old Pious Times of Anarchy, Domestick Wars, and Depopulation: whilst all better Christians will repair to their Parish Churches, endeavour to avert, with Prayers, Heaven's Vengeance for the black Offence, and beg the Protection of the Almighty from the like Disorders.

F E B R U A R Y.

*He who would, in this Month, be warm within,
And when abroad, from Wet defend his Skin,
His Morning's draught should be of Sack or
Sherry,
And his Great Coat be made of Drab-de-berry.*

TIS not without reason this Piss-tail Month is call'd, by all rural Observators of the Weather, *February-fill-Dike*; for Country-Attorneys will find such unwholsome Travelling to *London*, about the middle of this Term, that there will be as much Coughing as Lying in *Westminster-Hall*, in spite of hot *spic'd Ale*, *Methridate*, and *Venice-Treacle*.

I find by the Sun's entrance into *Pisces*, upon the *Eighth* of this Instant, that Fishmongers, if they been't narrowly look'd after, will go down in *Wherries*, much in this Month, but more in the two following, to *Gravesend*, in order to forestall the Fish-market at *Billingsgate*, to the profit of themselves, and Prejudice of the Publick, whilst their scolding Adversaries, the Thumb-ring'd Flat-Caps, thro' their Christian Charity, will pray, that Providence will send some of the Woollen-Apron Fraternity to fat *May-Crill* against next Season, before they come back again, for their unlawful Practices.

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The cold Rains that are likely to fall about the middle of this Month, will so chill the Hearts of abundance of out-side Christians, towards all manner of Beneficence, that *Charity* in the Street may beg two Hours of a Clergyman, before she will get the Tythe of Two-pence-half-peny, to succour her Babes: And a Client in *Forma Pauperis* have a just Cause depending till he's quite cozen'd of his Right, before he will find Honesty in a Lawyer, without a full Fee; or Justice to be had without paying for't.

On the *Twelfth* of this Month, the *Corporants* of the Law shut up their Shops of Equity and Common-Justice, at their usual Market-place, where neither of the precious Commodities will be to be bought or sold till after *Easter*; and Lawyers will now be as scarce to be found in *Heaven*, during the *Hilary Vacation*, as a protected Debtor in the *Palace-Yard*, above forty Days after the Dissolution of a P ———.

As for the remainder of the Month, if the Snow happen to fall but a Foot thick, there are like to be seen in *Fleet-street*, *Cheap-side*, and *Cornhill*, such an amazing Train of formidable Monsters as *Bulls*, *Bears*, *Lyons*, *Dragons*, &c. that many Citizens will be afraid to stir out of their Houses, and walk up as far as *Poultry-Compter* for fear of being snapped; and at last will be so abominably frightened, that they'll be forc'd to cross the Water to the
King's

King's-Bench-Rules, or else fly to *Ludgate* for Sanctuary; and many a Watch-man, in the Night in *Bishopgate street*, or *White-Chappel*, will be glad to creep into a Hovel made of frozen Snow to defend himself from the coldness of the Weather.

M A R C H.

*This Month Physicians Fees come in apace,
And Patients flock in shoals to Doctor Case.
Old Sinners will their painful Skin-bones rub,
Until made easie by the Powd'ring-Tub.*

MARCH, according to its usual Custom, will make its terrible entrance so like a roaring Lyon, that it will go near to scare the Powder out of every *Beau's* Wigg, that exposes himself to its Fury, to the blinding of many People who walk behind 'em, if they run not the hazard of breaking their Necks, by stumbling along with their Eyes shut.

Few Ladies, beneath the Quality of a Coach, will care much for visiting till this Month be over, but stay at home and save their Commodities for calmer Weather; besides, they wisely think it is subject, like themselves, to such Changes and Uncertainties, that they dare not venture to trust themselves abroad in't: And as for such Women who are forc'd to face its blusters

blusters, in the open Street, if they don't take care to wear Plummets in the bottom of their Petticoats, as well as in their Gown-sleeves, they may chance to show what colour their Th--s are on, before they come home again.

A great difference will arise, and bloody Wars be proclaim'd between *Cocks* and *Cox-combs*, about the beginning of this Month; but the Day appointed for the great pick'd Battle, will be *Shrove-Tuesday*, upon which there will be much breaking of Shins amongst Porters, Coblers, Weavers, Journy-men Taylors, and Prentices, and a great slaughter of Warlike *Chanticleers* in the *Upper-Moorfields*. The fatality of this Contention, as in most other Wars, will fall the heaviest upon the most Brave, for many a Cuckoldy-Coward will knock down a nobler Enemy than himself, and sell him into further Slavery; and many a cruel Combatant will be so barbarous to his Adversary, as to kill him first, and, Cannibal-like, devour him afterwards.

Eggs and Apples will be as valuable Commodities, on the same Day, as Brandy and Tobacco on Board a Ship: And the Cholerick Tenders of the Dripping-Pan will lay a heavy Tax upon the droppings of Roast-Beef, to the great Oppression of Her Majesty's poor Subjects. Panacakes and Friters will be as highly in esteem, as Custard upon my Lord-Mayor's Festival: And boil'd Cock and Bacon, amongst those
that

that can get it, will be as fashionable a Dish, as Chine and Turkey at *Christmas*.

When *Shrove-Tuesday*'s over, Old-Ling, Oil, and Mustard, will be very much in request in all *Roman-Catholick* Families; yet many a good Christian, who is bound Prentice, by his Priest, to a Fishmonger but for Seven Weeks, will be so grievously troubled with the Lust after the Flesh, that he'll go near cozen Infallibility in a Corner, and forfeit his Indentures before half his Time be expir'd; and, with a *By your leave* Mr. Pope, mitigate the severity of his Penance, with a slice of Roast-Beef in a strange Cook's Shop, believing himself never the worse, since his Priest is never the wiser.

Many Holy Fathers will so over-heat themselves in this and the next Month, by Confessing of Harlots, that their Crowns, in a little time, will grow bald of their own accord, to the great impoverishing of a great many Barbers. Abundance of poor Butchers, who must be forc'd to live upon the Borrow till *Lent* be over, will be as great Enemies to this Melancholy Fast, as those good Christians are to the merry Festival of the Nativity, who call *Christmas*, *Curstmas*.

On the *Tenth* of this Month, the Sun will have conquer'd his Twelve Labours, and make his re-entrance upon the first Minute of the Equinoctial Sign of the *Ram*, whose Horns stand at such a distance, that they divide the Day and Night into an equal proportion: It may

may be heartily wish'd, the Horns of our Citizens would measure out their Dealings with as much Justice; but instead of that, I plainly foresee, if not by the Stars in the Heavens, by their vile Practices on Earth, that as long as there's a rich Tradesman in his Shop, there's a K---- not far from his Counter; and as long as he has a pretty Wife in his House, it will be no hard matter to find a C-----d in his Family.

Aquarius being a liquid Sign, and chief Water-Bayliff over all the Rivers in the Universe, fore-sheweth, that *Southwark*-Brewers, as well as those in *Thames street* and *Westminster*, will make great havock of *Thames* Water in their *March*-Beer, incurring the backward Prayers of all Carr-men, Coach-men, Water-men for drowning their Malt in too great a quantity of Liquor; to the weakening also of strong-back'd Porters, Cole-heavers, and Dray-men, who proportion the weight of what they carry, to the strength of what they drink; so that if the Kn-----y of Brewers ben't timely prevented, by the Worshipful Company of *Ale-Conners*, we shall have our Strong-Drink be made as weak as Water, the Gyants of our Age become as puny as Pigmies, and the Brewers take their Horses out of their Drays, and put 'em into their Coaches.

On the 25th many Sums will become due that will never be paid; and many crabbed Cúrmudgeon, instead of his Rent, *will find nothing but the Key under the Door, and an
empty

empty House to diffract on. Much dishonesty will be us'd by Tenants, and as great severity by Landlords; yet many who expected their *Lady-Day's* Rent, would be well content if the Lord would send it 'em by that time Twelve-Month.

A P R I L.

*The Stone-Horse and the Bull now rampant grow,
And Maids to silence turn their modest No.
Which shows, the Heart's consenting to the bliss,
And serves as well as if she'd answer'd Yes.*

IN the beginning of this Month there will be great repetition in Coffee-Houses of many excellent Sayings, glean'd by sober Christians, out of the notable Sermons of the *Lent-Preachers*. Much searching after *Old-Ling* at *Moll Fillpot's*, and *Mother Cook's* by the young Limbs of the Law, who will go to near find the Oil so rank, and the Mustard so strong, that it will be apt to bite 'em by the Nose, if they dabble much in the Sauce.

Many superstitious Zealots, towards the latter end of *Lent*, will look as thin with keeping on't as a tail-bitten Sinner, just risen from a Flux; and many will have the Prudence to take the opportunity of this Fasting-season, to mortifie themselves into a recovery of that evil

E

Distem-

Distemper, which begins in the middle, and often plagues both ends, if not timely prevented.

On the 9th of this Month, the Sun enters *Taurus*, by which is portended great Fortune to Cuckolds, insomuch that they will never believe the wickedness of their Wives, except they see it; and will always have the luck, by their Jewel's management, to be far enough out of the way whenever their Horns are grafted; so that he who will believe himself no Cuckold, unless he actually sees it, will doubtless be a Buck to his Wife's content, long enough before he is likely to know any thing of the matter; so that C-----m will be advanced into most married Families in *London*; yet Men and their Wives live as peaceably together, as if the Vertue of the one, was as great as the Credulity of the other.

Good-Friday, I foresee, will prove but a very bad Day with such poor Christians, that have neither a Cross-Bun to put in their Bellies, nor a Cross to put in their Pockets, they may happen, for ought I know, to make a Virtue of necessity, and suffer Abstinence all Day, like good Christians, because they can't help it; for I cannot foresee by the Planets, where they will break their Fast.

On the *Saturday* before *Easter*, I find by a mercenary Planet, enter'd into the Sign *Libra*, there will be great handling of Scales, tho' with very little Justice, in most Grocer's Shops about Town, in weighing out of Plumbs and
Spices

Spices for *Easter-Sundays's* Puddings, Lamb-Pies, &c. Chamber-Maids will smell so of Brimstone, with clearing their Ladies Muslins, and Cook-wenchs stink so of scowring Oil, that the Butler must run the hazard of Sneezing, when he Kisses the former; and the Footman wont dare to give the latter a Lip-token of his Love, without his Frock on, for fear of incurring his Lady's displeasure, by greasing his new Livery. A great deal of stew'd Beef will be devour'd in good *Protestant* Families; but strict Fasting among some *Roman Catholicks*, to the last Hour of *Lent*, partly upon the account of Religion, and partly upon the account of double Taxes.

On the next Day, (being *Easter-Sunday*,) Thousands will assert, before Ten a Clock, they see the Sun as merry as a Morris-Dancer: More Loking Glasses will be brought into the Street, than will find their way home again unbroken; and more Lies be told in this one Morning, about what Capers the Sun cut, than were ever told in *Westminster-Hall* in two Terms, or printed in a whole Twelve-month. The Churches in the Forenoon, will be every where very full; for as many, especially Women, will repair thitherto shew their new Finery, as to edifie from the Doctrine of the Day.

Also great puffing of Locks from Seven till Nine in the Morning, to the great consumption of sifted Lime, as well as perfum'd Powder; and many a poor Whores Foretop, for want

a *Saturday's* Cully, will be beholding to the Drudging-Box. Great enquiry amongst Old Women and Apprentices after the Text, in most Churches about *London*, after the Clock has struck Eleven; much spoiling of Scripture Pages, by turning down to the Proofs with horny Thumbs and clumsy Fist till Twelve. Great sopping in the Dripping-Pan, amongst Apprentices and Serving-Men, and much masturbation all over *England* till One, or after. Loud snoring in Churches, with full Bellies, till Four in the Afternoon.

Islington, for the most part of this Week, will be so over-run with Journey-men, Apprentices, and Servant-Wenches, that many a loving Couple will be forc'd to cool their A----s in an open Yard, who design'd to allay the heat of their Premises by other means, if Fortune had but favour'd them with luckier opportunity. Great numbers of the Strap-Order of *St. Crispin* may be seen occupying the Shovel-boards and Nine-pins in most Villages near *London*. Bottle-Ale and Cakes, hot Buns, and some Butter'd, will slip down as merrily, as fat Pork down the Gullet of a hungry Plowman: And old Women will fold up their Red-Petticoats in great order, till the next good Time, as soon as the Holidays are over.

Great doings at *Windfor* will happen on the 23^d, being *St. George's-Day*, a very gay Assembly of Noble Lords will be very much admir'd by a glorious Train of Beauteous Ladies,
and

and both gaz'd at like so many Gods and Goddesses, by inferior Spectators; each Noble K----- in his Diamond-Garter, will be apt to think (notwithstanding the Solemnity) from whence the Dignity was at first deriv'd; and when once his Thoughts are crept up as high as a fair Ladies Gartering-place, if he be not restrain'd by more than ordinary Virtue, (which indeed is commonly the Gift of Great Men) he will nigh to elevate his Thoughts a little higher, notwithstanding the severe threatenings of the *Motto*.

M A Y.

*This Month reigns beauteous Goddess of the Spring;
And to its Beauty does kind Nature bring,
Lovers in Fields will enter into Leagues,
And blooming Hedges bide their sweet Intrigues.*

MOST Damsels who, on the first of this Month, rise by Five a Clock in the Morning, to ramble into Woods a *Maying*, had best ease themselves of a heavy burthen they are glad to be rid of, and leave their Maiden-heads behind 'em, that they may go out the lighter Houfwives; for those that carry it with 'em, for fear it should be lost, will have as hard a matter to bring it home again, without scattering on't under some Hedge or other,

as they would have to carry half a Pound of Butter under each Arm-pit, without melting on't before they came back again.

On the same Day, and the next following, Milk-maids will put on their double-foal'd Dancing-shoes, in contempt of *Spanish* Leather Pumps; and will be loaded with so much Plate upon their Heads, that if their Heels should chance to run away with it, they would ruin as many Families as the breaking of the Bank of *England* or shutting up of the *Exchequer*. Much sweating of Udders, and rigling of plump Buttocks before every bodies Door that has but a Milk-sop in their Family, and most laborious scraping amongst blind Fiddlers, to no Tune, till the second Day be over.---On the 7th Day begins the Lawyers *Easter* Offering, where Clients must be sure to come with their Pockets full of Money, or return with their Hearts full of Grief. Small Troubles in *Westminster-Hall*, will be rowl'd about from one Court to another, till, Snowball-like, they gather into a Load, enough to break the back of him who is to support it. Much business will be dispatch'd this Term, in order to make further mischief: And poor Clients will have scarce Vacation enough to gather Breath in, before another Term will catch them by the Purse-strings; therefore I'd advise 'em to take care of themselves, lest they buy Patience enough at too dear a rate, to hear a Lawyer call'd Knave behind his back, without taking

up the Cudgles to revenge the Injury.--- On the 10th the Sun, with considerable Power, enters into the Twin-Sign *Gemini*, by which I have good reason to guess, that poor Men, who are least able to provide for 'em, will get Children by pairs, whilst rich Men would be glad to hav'em single; and that there will be more squaling of Brats in one Cottage in *Kent-street*, where the Wife is not past Childbearing, than in many two Noblemens Families in *St. James's-Square*, to the great discomfort of their Ladies; yet notwithstanding many a marri'd Couple will want the fruits of their Labour to Inherit their Possessions. Multitudes of Bastards will be got in Fornication, by those who han't a shilling to maintain 'em, to the pleasure of their Prrents, tho, to the plague of the Parish. Gard'ners and *Kentish-Pippin-Planters* pray more in this Month, than in any other Season in the Year, against high Winds, Blasts, and Frosty Mornings, till their Friuts are knit and past danger; and then they can sleep as quietly as a Farmer after a good Harvest, without troubling themselves to say so much as Lord have Mercy upon 'em, between that and *Christmas*.---The last remarkable Day that happens in this Month, is the 29th. being the Nativity and Restauration of that worthy Prince of Pious Memory King *Charles II.* On this Day there will be much talk amongst the Whigs, of Madam G----, and the Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, and the sham

War against *France*, tho' they have had one since in good earnest. Adultery and Fornication will be grievously rail'd against in some Coffee-Houses in the City, by a parcel of *Superannuated* Lechers, who us'd it very much in their Youth. Many bitter Words by ill Men, will be ill spoke; and further it will be violently asserted, Its more for a Kingdom's Good, that a Prince should maintain an Army at a National Charge, than a Mistress or two at his own. *Cromwell*, *Bradshaw*, and *Ireton* wont quite be forgotten; and many a backward Prayer, by many a forward Cuckold, will be given the brave and inobliviated *Monk*, for bringing in his Royal Master, causing the *Rump* to be roasted, and making the *Oliverian* Party piss backwards.

J U N E.

*Maids will their Smocks turn up above their Knees,
In this warm Month, to persecute the Fleas:
Whilst some Arch Youth, thro' cranny peeps with wonder
To see the strange faw thing that's hid under.*

FROM the second of this Month those that love Law, and want Money to spend in it, will have little above a Fortnights time to provide it against next Term; and those that happen to have the wrong Sow by the Ear, will be very apt to curse the shortness of the Vacation.

Vacation. Notwithstanding the warmth of the Season, Women will be as loath to lie without their Husbands, or somebody else in their room, they may like better, as if it was as cold as at *Christmas*; and will be as angry with any body that should preach up the Doctrine of Forbearance in hot Weather, as a Woman you should Complement and tell her, her Breath stinks, or that she'd a Face like a Monkey.

The beginning of this Month, if we may believe an Almanack, will prove *Whitsunday*; upon which Day many will put on New-Cloathes, that could not have 'em at *Easter*. More bodily Sustenance will be taken in at the Mouth, in one Hour at Noon, than spiritual Food in at the Ears all Day long. Much walking in the Fields, after Sermon, by Women and their Husbands; and more Cuckolds to be found at the *Horns* at *Pancrass*, than honest Men in *Long-Lane* any day in the Week. As for the rest of the Holidays, they will be spent very slavishly by some, and very lazily by others; for many will labour at Nine-pins till they sweat, purely to avoid Working; And many loiter about the Fields, without a Penny in their Pockets, rather than spoil a Holiday to supply their Wants by their accustomary Labour. The common People will grow so very Hoggish, that in spite of *Jews*, they'll devour more Gammon of Bacon at the adjacent Villages, in one Day, then ever has been
eat

eat in *Scotland* since the Union of both Kingdoms. Many wrangling Disputes will happen abroad between Man and Wife, about, whether two two-peny Cakes are not better than one Groat Cheese-cake; and whether a Pot of Ale for three-half-pence, is not much cheaper than the same quantity for three-pence put into a Stone Bottel, and ripen'd in the Oven. If you would know whether the Grey-Mare be the better Horse, observe who carries the Child: And a poor spirited Cuckold may be known from the rest of his Neighbours, by carrying his Wife's Pattens.

The 11th of this Month, if Astronomers are not short in their Judgment, will be the longest Day in the Year; upon which, the Sun taking up his Inn in the Solstitial Estival Sign *Cancer*, according to Astronomical Computation, begins the Summer; but as for my part, I rather conclude, that Summer makes her entrance into our Horizon, when the Weather is found so warm, that Beggars quit their Barns, to sleep under the Hedges; and when a hot-breech'd Lady may cool her Buttocks upon the Grass, without the danger of an Ague.

Mumpers and Cadators will now set forth to go their several Circuits. The Weather, towards the middle of this Month, will prove so very warm, that abundance of Cloaks and Muffs will take up a Lodging at the Brokers till next Winter. And many insolvent Citizens

zens will find it so very hot upon Change, that they'll choose rather to leave the Kingdom than endure it; yet he that will trouble himself to enquire into the matter, notwithstanding the heat of the Season, shall find Men frozen towards Honesty and Justice; and Charity to be still as cold as in the depth of Winter.

About the middle of this Month, the third of the fourth great Plagues of the Year, will so trouble the Purse-strings of poor Clients, creep into the Hoards of the Litigious, and ferret out the Money from the Pockets of spiteful Adversaries so fast, that many will be weary of their Cause, before they have proceeded half way to Trial.

The Pole-Cats of the Law will claw many a Man out of his own Hole, and force him into a worse, before the Term be over. And many a cross-grain'd Bumkin, who has vow'd revenge upon his Neighbour, tho' it cost him all he's worth, will be made as good as his Promise, before his Attorney has done with him, if he has not more Wit than his Lawyer Honesty.

About the latter end of this Month, Citizens Wives will be mighty out of order, and nothing will restore 'em to their former ease and quietness but drinking *Epsom Waters*; with their Husbands consent they will flock thither in great numbers, where, instead of mending, they will grow worse and worse; and tho' with dissembled Looks they can outwardly

wardly appear much better to their Spouſes, yet were their Hearts to be examined where their Diſtemper lies, they would be ſtill found as ill Women as ever they were.

J U L Y.

*The thirsty Traveller this Month will fry,
And Northern Maids without their Smocks will lye.
The Country Laſs on Hay-Mow hugs her Clown,
Whilst Lords kiſs Ladies on their Beds of Down.*

A Little after the beginning of this Month, many a Clients Troubles will have an end, and many a Lawyers Vexation a beginning; for that terrible Perſecutor of Vintners, Victuallers, Whores, and Pettifoggers, the *Long Vacation*, will follow the heels of *Trinity Term*, and begin to ſhow its Teeth, threatening many of the Sons of Parchment with empty Pockets and ſmall Credit, between that and *Michaelmas*. There will be great Complaints before this Month be over for want of Trade, and greater for want of Money: Phyſicians will follow the Gentry to the *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, as Vultures do Armies for Prey; the former feeding upon ſick Bodies, as the latter do upon dead ones.

All ſorts of Tradefmen will now begin to be more than ordinary civil to their Customers, and to uſe that breeding towards their Neighbours, which is only practicable with 'em in a long

long Vacation: A Vintner shall give you more Welcomes for a Pint of Wine, than for a Gallon in *Hilary-Term*. And a Seamstrix shall bring an Inns of Court Gentleman a Neckcloth and Ruffles home to his Chamber, without making a word of Scruple, or so much as tying him up in a Protestation to be Civil.

Great Complaints will be made by People that lett Lodgings in *Drury-Lane*, for their Tail-trading Tenants will have so little to do, that they wont be able to earn a Week's Rent in ready Mony in a Month, for the emptiness of the Town, and the distressed number of their Quality, will make their Sex so cheap a Commodity, that like *May-Crill* fix a Groat, no Men of any Fashion will think 'em worth their purchasing; for vitious Delights, like Food or Rayment, when fallen to a low Price, become contemptible.

Moorfields, for this and the next Month, shall have as many Cover-fluts spread over its Verdency, and appear all in white to do Penance for the Sins of its Inhabitants; for the Shirts of Masters and the Smocks of Maids, the Smocks of Mistresses and the Shirts of Apprentices, will be so promiscuously mixed together, as if they were laid abroad on purpose, to let the Publick see, the Owners lay *biggle de piggle de* at home, after the same manner.

Gard'ners will be now as merry as so many Cuckows in *March*, and bring you the excrement

ment of the Town to Market, in such a disguise, that People will buy it up for Food, and swallow it as greedily as a Sow does a S—nce. Taylors will be thought so knavish in this sharp Cucumber Season, that scarce any body will trust 'em with a bit of Work, but what they must trust for the doing on't; and a general Chain of Credit must run thro' all Trades, to support 'em one by another: he that has Money, if he has not the Wit to keep it, will have enow ready to borrow it out of his hands, upon large Interest, who will never have the Honesty to return the Principle.

Most of Fortunes Minions, the lucky Rattlers of the Devil's Bones, will be gone to *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*; so that the Town will be very thin of Sharpers, and those Sharpers very thin that are in the Town. Also Bailiffs and Pettifoggers must take in the Waistbands of their Breeches, at least a handful, to keep 'em on their A---s; for they will most of 'em become as Carrionly lean, by the latter end of this Month, as a Buck in Rutting time.

On the 19th begins the *Dog-days*, in which sultry Season, the Fire foaming *Dog-Star*, with his flamigerous Tongue, shall lick up the verdency off the tops of Hills, parch the Corn-fields with his hot-liver'd Influence, fear the low Valleys, and dye the Face of *Ceres* as Tawny as a Gypsie.

Maidenheads will grow so rampant in this and the next Month, that those that are their Keepers, will be mightly puzzled to continue

'em

'em in a vertuous Subjection; at Nights and Mornings, they'll be given to such amorous Fits, and unaccountable Uproars, that some of 'em will need as many Men to allay their Fury, as are necessary to hold down a lusty Fellow in a Fit of the Falling-sickness. The married Women too, notwithstanding the great heat of the Weather, will be apt at Night to creep so close to her Husband, that he won't be able to rest for her, till he has put himself into as great a Sweat, as if he had drank up a Treacle-Poffet for his Supper.

AUGUST.

*Now Country Lubbers whet their Harvest Tools,
To drudge like Slaves, and to be paid like Fools.
For Farmers get their Riches by the Pains
Of those who do much Work for little Gains.*

THE Rural Sons and Daughters of Plenty and Industry will now be every where as busie as so many Squirrils in a Nutting-season. Scythes and Sickles will be far more useful Weapons than either Sword or Pistol. Husbandmen, to shew their Strength and Abilities, will down with every thing they come near; for what-ever Field they appear in, nothing will be able to stand against 'em; they will hack and hue till they have cut off more
Thou-

Thousands in a Day, than were ever slain in Battle since *William the Conqueror*: And more Ears will be taken off in a Morning, than ever were forfeited in the Pillory since Perjury has been punishable.

There will be more Eating, Drinking, Pissing, and Sweating, in this Month, than in any six Weeks in the two and fifty. Great Labour requires much Sustenance; and five Meals a Day will be as common in most Counties in *England*, as one in two Days to a Hackney-Writer in this Town, during the long Vacation.

Fat plump young Maids will be of much more use to Farmers in their Harvest-work, than thin Weather-beaten Thornbacks, as dry as a Roll of Parchment; for the former will drip more at Rump and Arm-pits, in one Hours working, than a Surloin of Turnip-fed Beef shall do in two Hours roasting; which fertile Juice will Manure the Ground much better against next Season, than a Cart-load of Sur—nce. Though the Weather will go near to be excessive hot, yet Farmers at their Harvest-Home, will make their Ovens much hotter; which, by the assistance of a Housewife, instead of a Midwife, will be deliver'd of so many Pies and Puddings, as are sufficient to make the Jaws of a gluttonous number of Horse-Godfathers and Godmothers wag, 'till their Bellies are satisfied; then the strong Drink will go about, and the blind

Fidler

Fidler play *Bobbin Joan*, 'till the Men are as Drunk as Brewers Swine, and the Wenches as Lecherous as She-Monkies.

The Hog-men at *Islington* will now be mighty busie in fatting up their Porkers with Guts and Garbage against *Bartholomew-Fair*, and abundance of supernumerary Pigs, which their Sows can't fatten, will be put to Nurse to S—l B—s, to be made fit for the Spit, and to be roasted by the Cooks in *Smithfield*, where they will be serv'd up as fat as Puppy-Dogs, with a Plate full of stew'd Flies, decoy'd by a little Sugar into a Sauce-Pan of destruction.

Tho' *Bartholomew-Day* be dedicated to a Worthy Saint and Martyr, Whoring, Drinking, Playing the Rogue, as well as the Fool, eating Pig and Pork, cracking Nuts and picking Pockets, will be as practicable as ever; and Drolls, the most innocent Diversion of all the Pastimes of the Fair, will be highly exclaim'd against by abundance of hum-drum Zealots and Puritanical Pick-thanks. Bad Wine, worse Women, and intolerable Musick, will greatly abound in *Smithfield* and the Lanes adjacent, during this Fortnight's Carnival. Physicians and Quack-Doctors will be very busie for a Month after.

S E P T E M B E R.

*Callies from Bath and Tunbridge now repair
To Town, much poorer Fools than e'er they were.
Whilst Sharpers bluster with the Sums they've won,
And look with Scorn on those they have undone.*

THE Town will now begin to be much the fuller, tho' never a jot the Honefter; and many Gentlemen and Ladies, who went down to *Tunbridge, &c.* to drink the Waters for their Health, will have so paid one anothers Pissing-places, that they'll return to Town not half so found as they went out on't; but must be forc'd to do three Weeks or a Month's Penance upon a Stool of Repentance, enjoin'd 'em by a Physician, instead of a Priest, as an attonement for their Sins; so that the Stars, thro' their Bounty, have determin'd to bestow, in this Month, Health to the Patient, Gold to the Physician, and a T----d to the Chamber-Maid.

The second of this Month will be the Day of Humiliation for the Fire of *London*; upon which we shall have great railing against the Treachery and Barbarity of base and bloody-minded Papists; much talking in Town, amongst old grisly Fanaticks, of *French* Jesuits and Fire-Balls; great staring at the *Monument*, where the Judgment began; and much Drinking, Swearing, Punning, and Quibbling amongst

amongst St. Bartholomew's Fools, at *Spy-Corner* where the Fire ended.

On the 12th of this Month the Sun enters *Libra*, which equitable Sign holds Day and Night in an equal Ballance, at which time *Autumnus* creeps on like a Foot-Pad, frights away Summer, the Years chief Safe-guard, knocks down her beautiful Attendants, and strips the Right Honourable the Lord *Annus* of all his Finery. He's the most errant *Ragamuffin* of all the four Quarters, that will not have, in a little time, so much as a Fig-leaf to cover his Nakedness; and therefore takes delight to make every thing as naked as himself. The next Day but one after he begins to play his Pranks in our Horizon, he is not content with what Mischief he does himself, but in spight to Woods and Hedge-Rows sends the Devil a Nutting.

Hunting, Courting, Setting, and Shooting, will now grow very fashionable Sports amongst Gentlemen and Porchers; the Deer that's lost by the Hounds, will be but a poor Rascal amongst the Hunters; and the Hare that runs away from the Greyhounds, will be but a dry old Bitch with the Coursers; the Setter, when he misses his Partridge, will curse his Dog for his own over-sight; and the Fowler that misses his Mark, will blame the Shot or the Gunpowder: Warreners will be as proud of killing Pole-Cats, as a Beggar's pleas'd with cracking his Vermine, and Park-keepers

keepers will go near to catch Dear-stealers as the *Scotch-man* did the *Tartar*.

About the latter end of this Month People begin to thrash their Walnut-Trees, which are said, like bad Wives, to grow the better by much Beating; if they do 'tis pity either should want it, as long as the Tree can lend a Cudgel to correct the one, or the Wife a helping hand to bang the other, lest you find to your Sorrow, Wives and Children, as well as these kind of knotty Plants, may chance to be spoil'd for want of due Correction.

Poor Farmers now begin to Thrash out their Corn for their *Michaelmas* Rent; and rich Farmers ingross it into their Hands to encrease their Stocks against a time of Scarcity, which if God wont send, according to their earnest Petition, they'll make one themselves by buying more in and selling none out, 'till they have rais'd Corn to their desired Price, before they will send any to Market. For which unconscionable Practises, may they be doom'd to eat nothing but Chaff Porridge and Bran Bread; their Drink be Whig, and their Beds Straw; and if this wont reclaim 'em, may their Horses die of the Murrain, their Hogs of the Measles, and their Poultry of the Pip, that they may never thrive by the Oppression of their Neighbours.

The Parson and the Farmer will be in great Contention about the Tythes, and both be equally studious to out-wit one another; but,

as near as I can guess, the Farmer will come by the worst on't; for he that can Cozen a Priest may be too cunning for the Devil.

Michaelmas-Day marches in the rear of the Month, according to his old Custom; by which I can easily foresee many Tenants will be very backward in the payment of their Rent, let the Landlord be never so forward to ask for it: Unreasonable Dealings will be now very practical; he that is able to pay his Rent, shall take his own time for the payment on't; but he that wants it, shall be forc'd to borrow it presently, or his Goods shall be seiz'd, if not a Goal made his Lodging.

O C T O B E R.

*Now Brush and Faggot fashionable grow,
None the true joys of Wine without can know,
But shun the Fire that lies in Tails of Wenches,
Quench'd only by Apothecaries Drenches.*

IN the beginning of this Month there will be much talk amongst the Citizens, of the foul Play in the Common-Hall, and worse practice us'd elsewhere in the Election of a Mayor, Parties will spit their Venom at one another, over their Coffee, with as much Indignation as a couple of Boar-Cats contending for a Mistress: The Sons of the Church

F 3

establish'd

establish'd will talk big, but never think of shutting the Stable-Door till the Steed is stoll'n; whilst the Pismires of Toleration will dispatch their Work without Noise, and never quarrel about the Egg till they have first secur'd it in their own Possession.

If it happens not to be fair Weather, we shall have Rain enough about the middle of this Month, to make any prudent Man think a Camlet-Cloak a much better Garment than a pink'd Doublet; and that 'tis better sitting still in a Matted-Chamber, than taking the Air upon the River of *Thamas*, or walking thro' the middle of *Old-street*. Muffs will now be more fashionable than Canes; and a Man may dance thro' the Dirt much better in a double-soal'd Shooe, than the thinnest *Spanish-Leather* Pumps in Christendom.

The next remarkable Day in this Month is *St. Luke's*, upon which the honest Fraternity of House-Painters, in Pious Memory of the Holy Evangelist, will as certainly be as Drunk as the best Liquour their Pockets can compass will be able to make 'em: There will be old drawing of Antick Heads, in Charcoal upon white Walls, when they are half Seas over; and old scoring of Circles, Semicircles, and strait Lines, with Chalk, in the Bar, if their Landlord takes not care to prevent 'em; for I find very few will take a Pencil between their Fingers, or thrust their Thumb into their

their Pallets, as long either Money or Credit will give Colour to their Laziness.

On the the 23d begins *Michaelmas-Term*, upon which Day Law and Equity resume the Scales of Justice into their Hands, to weigh out to the Publick that address 'em, such a proportion of Right as their Cause will bear, if they have but Money to pay those Fees necessary for the obtaining it; if not, they may sue in *Forma Pauperis*, 'till they are as poor in Household-stuff as *Epictetus*, who had nothing but an Earthen Lamp for his Furniture; and except they meet with an honest Lawyer, which is somewhat difficult to be found, they'll at last be as much the better, as if they had spent their Time in soliciting a Courtier for a Place, without a Penny in their Pockets.

The 25th of this Month will be a Day of great Jollity among the serviceable Fraternity of Shoemakers, in honour of the fam'd Memory of *Crispin*: More bak'd Legs of Beef, and boil'd Buttocks, will be devour'd by 'em about Noon, than Gammons of Bacon in a whole *Easter-Week*, or Surloins of Roast-Beef upon a *Christmas-Day*. Great Drinking, Playing and Wrangling at Shovel-Board and All-Fours 'till Ten at Night, and many bloody Noses given when Drunk, in contending who Cuts-out truest, Sows quickest, and makes the best Work: Loud Peals rung about Eleven by their Wives, for 'em to come home to Bed; and

great Repentance next Morning, with aking Heads, for their over-nights Drunkenness.

On the 30th my Lord Mayor's Horse will carry his Master into his May'rality: in which being once seated, twenty stronger Horses than ever drew against *Sampson*, can't pull him out 'till that Day Twelvemonth: The Triumphs of the City will be display'd with as much Splendor as the City Poet and Painter, by laying their Heads together, are able to Project: Abundance of very fine rich Lacker'd Past-board pieces of Pageantry, will be carry'd upon Mens Heads, more gloriously adorned than a Country Milk-Pail on a *May-day*. Truth and Justice, perhaps, may be represented by a couple of *Black-Fryars* Bumfitters; an old blind Bag-Piper, with his Rags hid under a Tinsley-Gown, truss'd up into an *Apollo*; Bells ringing, Dogs barking, Guns roaring, and Mob shouting, will add much Confusion to the Solemnity of the Day, which will be merrily concluded* with Gluttonous Eating, Inebrious Drinking, the Song of *Four and Twenty Fiddlers*, a Nap after Supper, and so *Good Night to ye.*

N O V E M B E R.

*Fire and Good Liquor, 'tis by all agreed,
Defend us from the Cold; but when a Bed,
A Woman full of Beauty and Delight,
Is better far, to keep us warm all Night.*

THIS Month makes its entrance upon *All-Saints*, as if it had been in Purgatory to be cleans'd of *Gun Powder-Treason-Day* ever since this time Twelvemonth, and was just pray'd out by some of the *Romish* Clergy, because the want of it should not confound the *Calendar*. 'Tis conjectur'd, by some Persons of very great Foresight, the crawling of Souls out of Purgatory, upon this Day, will occasion a great scarcity of Crabs, for so many will be bought, to be sowed up in Tiffany, for the service of their Chappels, that we shall have very few hawk'd about Streets, for six or eight a Penny, till the Holy Cheat is compleated.

Upon the 4th of this Month will be great talk of our remarkable Deliverance from *Popery* and *Slavery*; and by some politick Grey-heads of the nonthinking Fraternity, great enquiry will be made what became of the many Thousands of Monsters brought out of *Terra Incognita*, cover'd with Bear-skins, and arm'd with double Harquebusses; and were Soldiers
of

of such Experience, that they had been in all the subterranean Wars that had happen'd this fifty Years, without so much as having been shaven, that their Beards hung down to their Saddle-skirts, as they were mounted on Horseback? Also what is become of the vast number of bloody-minded *Irish*, who were cutting the Throats of all the People in the Kingdom in one Night, and were yet at last so merciful that they hurt no body; about such like Affairs, and Prayers for our Deliverance, will the Day be spent, succeeded by another Holiday.

The *Fifth of November* (as the Song says) *most Men will remember, but few the Thirtieth of January.* This Day, amongst all holy, pious, and well-reformed Christians, is the greatest Thanksgiving in the whole Year; and rather than the Street should want Bon-fires to light the Mob into a remembrance of *Guido Faux* and his Dark-Lanthorn, they will heartily bestow some of their necessary Household-stuff, that their Zeal may blaze forth amongst their Neighbours, for fear of being wrongfully branded with the odious Title of *Church-Papist*. Many a bitter Word will be belch'd out against Popery this Night, o'er half a Pint of Canary; and many a Health drank to the Noble Prince that so bravely defended us from the Miseries that attended it.

The 19 of this Month will prove another true Protestant Holiday, dedicated to the
Pious

Pious Memory of that *Antipapistical* Princess and Virgin-Preserver of the Reform'd Churches, Queen *Elizabeth*. This Night will be a great promoter of the Tallow-Chandlers welfare; for marvelous Illuminations will be set forth in every Window, as Emblems of her shining Virtues; and will be stuck in Clay to put the World in mind, that Grace, Wisdom, Beauty, and Virginity, were unable to preserve the best of Women from Mortality.

The 22d of this Month is Dedicated to the Memory of a famous *Roman* Virgin *St. Cecilia*, who was so very famous for playing on the *Jews-Trump*, that even the *Protestant* Musicians, as well as those of her own Church, have chosen her for their Patroness. Abundance of Wine and Wild-Fowl will be devoured by the Brethren of the String; and if any part of the Musick be proper for the Foot, 'twill be highly commended by the Dancing-Masters. Gentry may be known by their Deportment; but most of those who distinguish themselves by their Lac'd-Hats, are, you may be sure, either Performers, Players, or Masters of the Step.

St. Andrew, the *Scotch* Patron, brings up the rear of this Month. Oatmeal, Hasty-pudding, Clap-bread, and Bonnyclapper, will, upon this Day, go as merrily down in *Scotland*, as Red-Herrings and Leak-Porridge upon *St. David's Day* in *Wales*; and many a bonny Lad in this Town, will have a Cross in his Hat, that has not one in his Pocket.

DE-

D E C E M B E R.

*The Merry Christmas Season now draws near,
 When all fare well, that can afford good Chear.
 But he that has no Coin or Credit got,
 May play at Cards with his own Wife for nought*

SUCH cold Weather is likely to attend this Month, that a Chaldron of Coals will be as welcome a Present to a poor Man that has a large Family, as a lusty Male Bed-fellow to a brisk young Widow, with a large Concupiscence. Very little Ceremony will be us'd in an Ale-House Kitchen, amongst Porters and Carr-men; for he that has a warm Seat next the Fire, will scarcely, with Cap in Hand, desire another to accept on't. Woodmongers and Colliers will grind the Poor by their Extortion, 'till they make 'em shiver for want of Money to buy Firing. And Vintners will be so unconscionable in the size of Faggots, that a Man may warm his Inside at a less expence in a Brandy-Shop, than he can his outside in a Tavern.

On the 11th of this Month the Sun enters *Capricorn*, and makes the Winter Solstice, at which time, according to Computation of those Wise-Men of *Gotham*, Astrologers, the *Hyemfial* Quarter has its beginning; nor will they allow, till then, that the hoary Churl, crown'd with his Wreath of wither'd Carrots,
 comes

comes blowing of his Nails into our Horizon, tho' a *Dutch-Woman*, were she in *England*, would be glad, six Weeks before the time, to keep a Stove under her Petticoats, to keep her *Modicum* from freezing.

In the Week before *Christmas*, most Families will be possess'd with such a Spirit of Cleanliness, that the Servant Wench that is lazy, and has a Housewifely Scold to her Mistress, will be in as bad a Purgatory, till her Work's over, as a Fellow that drives tir'd Hogs with a Whip, there being nothing but Grunting, Squeaking, and Correction, 'till, with much Pains, he has forc'd 'em to the end of their Journey.

On the 25th according to old Custom, *Christmas* makes its entrance, attended with a Noble *English* Train of roasted Surloins for his Body-Guard, who every one advance to his proper Post, the Table, with a Mess of scalding Plumb-Porridge, carry'd before him to give notice of his coming. A Detachment of Minc'd Pies, by General *Coquus*, will be order'd to bring up the Rear; who, like a parcel of true *English* Worthies, will suffer themselves to be cut in pieces in this Christian War, without flinching; the Enemy they engage with will be an Army of Cannibals, arm'd with Knife and Fork, who eat what they destroy, and always fight upon their A----s till they have gain'd the Victory. The Blood of abundance of *French* Grapes will be also spilt upon

upon this Religious Occasion; to which, because they are of *Romish* Extract, our *Protestant* Priests will shew no Mercy; and the Battel thus begun, will be continued in Skirmishes, till the twelve Days be over.

F I N I S.

